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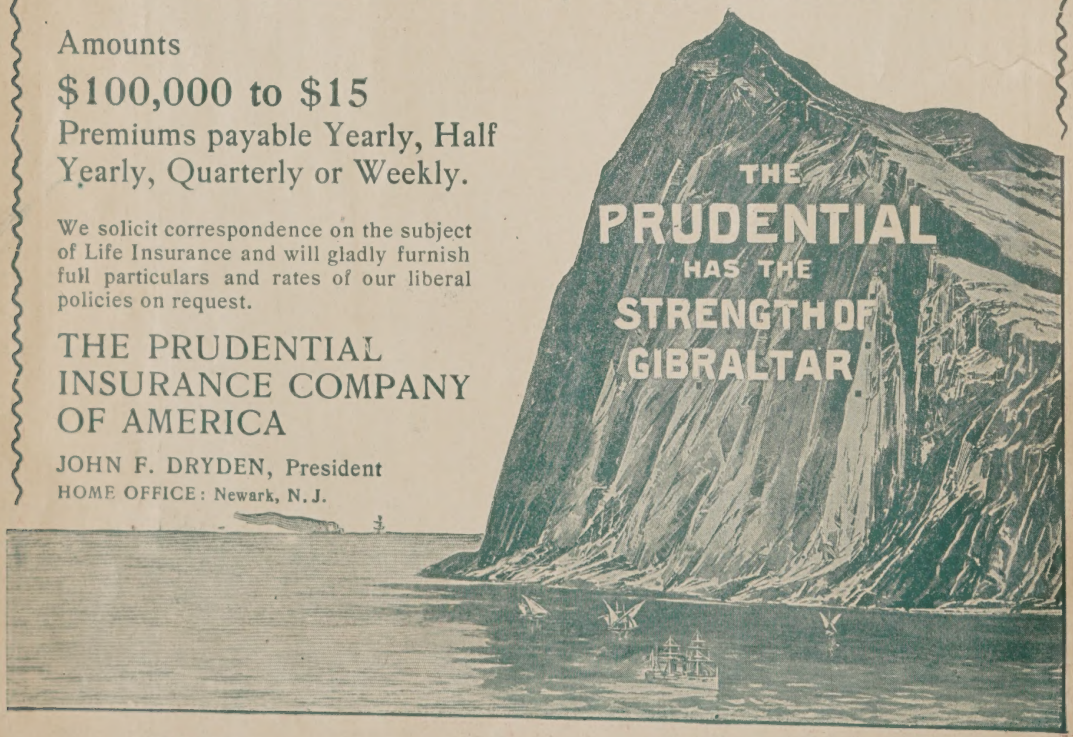

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## ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

N 45
1901

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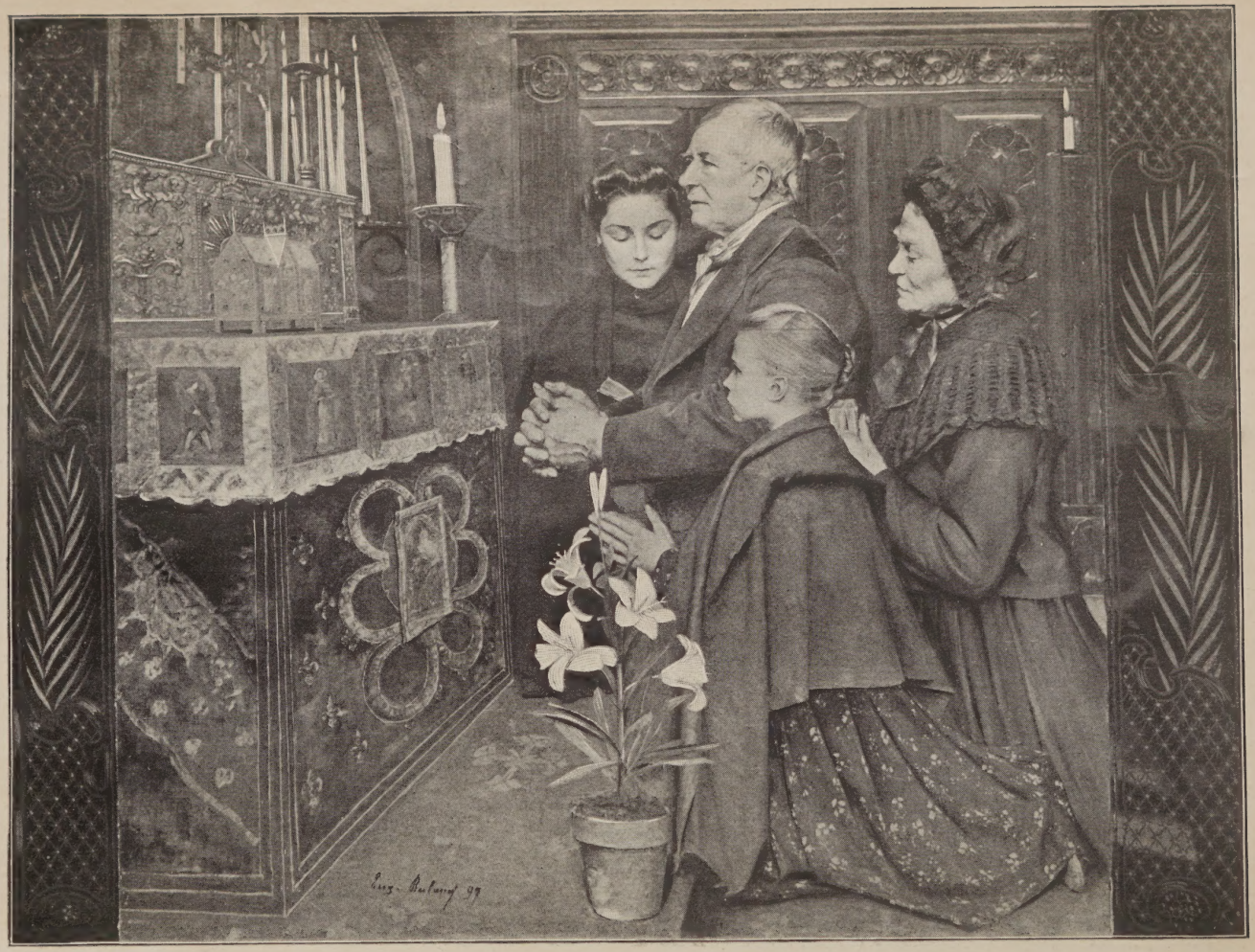
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



"We pray that each may well fulfil
The promptings of Thy grace divine
To do, and love, Thy Holy Will,"

# Donahoe's Magazine.

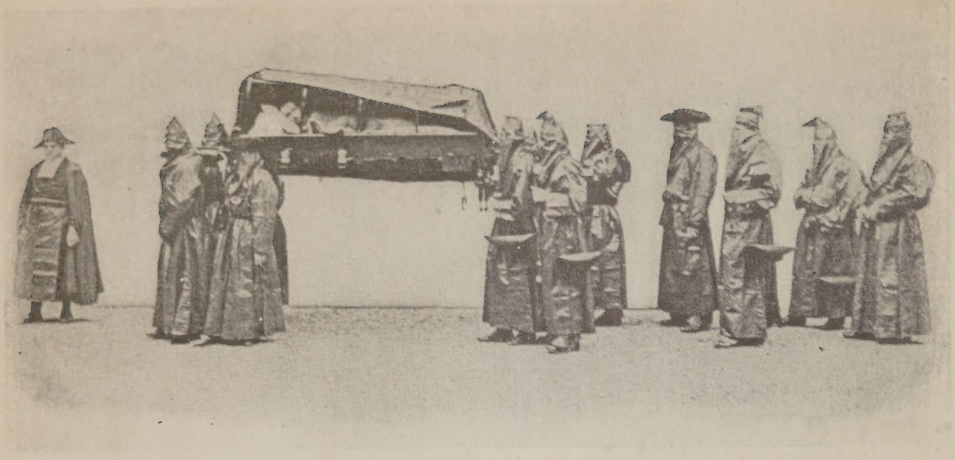
Vol. XLV. JANUARY, 1901. No. 1

## GREETING THE NEW YEAR.

BY AMADEUS.

Father, we can not see the way
That leads before us through the year,
But still we know that, day by day,
Our hearts shall recognize Thee near;
And so, before Thy Sacred Shrine,
We pray that each may well fulfil
The promptings of Thy grace divine
To do, and love, Thy Holy Will.

What dangers in our road can fall,
When Thee we have for Light and Guide?
Thine Eye, that watcheth over all,
Will care for us whate'er betide;
Thus, looking back, we have no fear,
Nor holds the future aught of dread;
We brush away each trembling tear,
And smile, with perfect trust, instead.



BROTHERS OF THE MISERICORDIA CARRYING A SICK PERSON TO THE HOSPITAL.

# THE SOCIETY OF THE MISERICORDIA.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

We were walking in one of the quiet, grass grown streets of Pisa when we encountered our first Brother of the Misericordia. I regret to say that as he came towards us we deliberately turned and fled. The weird black costume through which the eyes alone were visible, filled us with sudden terror. Had we realized that he was a member of that wonderful order of the Misericordia, instead of being frightened by the gruesome apparition, we would have stopped to put a penny in the small box which he carried, for no charity is greater, more in conformity with the spirit of Christ's teaching than that exercised by this world renowned confraternity. The history of the founding of the society can not be better given than in the simple words of an old Florentine chronicler. "About this time (1240) the manufacture of wool had been brought to great perfection in the city of Florence and was in request over all Europe. Twice a year a great fair was held in the town. During the period of this immense traffic, large numbers of porters (facchini) were employed. Whilst waiting for orders these men assembled in great numbers on the Piazza of San Giovanni (now the piazza of the Duomo) and in cold or rainy weather they took refuge in an old cellar, where they lighted a fire and amused themselves in the intervals of labor. The seventy or eighty men assembled there were much given to swearing. Pietro Borsi being very devout was greatly shocked by the blasphemies which he heard on every side, and as the oldest amongst them, spoke to them of the terrible sin of which they were guilty, proposing that henceforth any one who took the name of God in vain should be obliged to put a penny into a box prepared for the purpose, hoping thus gradually to extirpate this evil habit. The proposal was accepted by all of Pietro's companions, who promised solemnly to adhere to it for the greater glory of

the Divine Majesty. After this pious resolution had been in force for a long time and the box contained a great deal of money, it appeared well to Pietro Borsi to make another proposal. At the hour when all the other porters were assembled, he said, "Let us do some good with the money that has been collected. In the streets of Florence there are many accidents—working men are often hurt and sometimes killed. Let us have six zane (a kind of litter) constructed, one for each division of the city—then let us choose the youngest and strongest amongst us to go every day into all parts of the city to carry the sick and wounded to the hospital, and to bury those who have died suddenly in the streets, or the poor who have no one to care for them." All present at once agreed to carry out the wishes of Pietro. Thus was founded, in a damp cellar of Florence, the now famous order of the Misericordia, to which later the wealthiest nobles felt it an honor to belong. The facchini gave their time, their strength, the labor of their hands, but they were very poor, and finding how much money was needed to minister to the sick and dying they determined to solicit alms from all who visited the Cathedral on the feast of San Giovanni—the great fête of the Florentines. "So many devout persons were touched by the simple inscription, 'Give alms in aid of the poor and infirm of this city' that the box placed to receive the offerings overflowed with silver. Four years after the foundation of the society the government granted the men the land di-

BROTHERS OF THE MISERICORDIA BEARING THE DEAD.

rectly over the cellar where they still met. With the money given them by the rich an oratory and hall of assembly was erected by Niccolo Pisano." The Loggia or entrance is today one of the treasures of medieval architecture.

For many years the facchini strenuously objected to increasing their original number of seventy-two or permitting any but working men to join their order; but when the dreaded plague broke out in 1322, they found it impossible to attend to the sick and dying—for the first time therefore the nobility of Florence were permitted to join them in their works of mercy. During this awful scourge one hundred thousand Florentines are said to have perished in five months. Not understanding the science of medicine the people thought that only by direct contact with the sick could this horrible disease be contracted. The strictest quarantine was therefore proclaimed. As the plague developed very suddenly all citizens were forbidden to leave their houses. No one was allowed in the streets except the Priests and Brothers of the Misericordia. All work ceased. The poor were supported from the Public Treasury. In every street an altar was erected where Mass was celebrated each morning, the people hearing it from their windows. After Mass the priests walked from door to door, hearing confessions and administering Holy Communion. The Misericordia followed, carrying food to all the citizens. They alone had courage to enter the infected houses, nurse the sick, and bury the dead. During this terrible time the society which until now had worked so quietly became famous throughout

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

ONE OF THE OLD WELLS OF FLORENCE.

Italy. The wealthy who had become witnesses of their heroic deeds left them large legacies, and the nobility inspired by their self-sacrifice begged to become members of their order. The confraternity was no longer confined to Florence, branches being established in all the cities of Italy. The only requirements for membership were the same as those now adhered to—the applicant must be a Catholic and of blameless life. Since that time they have never failed in their service of love; wherever a contagious disease breaks out they are foremost in offering assistance. As an Italian said, "The greater the need the brighter burns their spirit of charity."

Our visit to their rooms in Florence was exceedingly interesting. In this city alone there are now three thousand members. Their black robes hung in the small closets which lined the walls. All necessary service for the dying and dead was kept there. In one room were several cots where the members who were on duty slept. For they must be ready day and night to go forth and serve the Master. The love of God is the only motive which could inspire such sublime self-abnegation. No glory is attached to it, no honors can be gained by it—being masked the poor do not know to whom they are indebted for charity. In this medieval society we find the true brotherhood of man, for the wealthiest noble often watches beside the dying beggar. There is something inexpressibly awe-inspiring in

a procession of these black-robed figures, especially when at night they carry the dead, the flare of their torches throwing ghostly shadows on the sombre old palaces that line the narrow streets. No ceremonies in Florence are more impressive than the funerals. Those of the rich usually take place in the late afternoon, those of the poor at night. The casket is taken to the church attended by the friends and relatives, and left at the foot of God's altar. A priest and two members of the church confraternity or of the Misericordia remain to pray beside the dead. During the night or early in the morning they bear the body to the cemetery for interment. As a rule the members of the family are not present, they having given their dear one back to God at His altar, and knowing that the Misericordia will see that all the last services are attended to properly.

It is difficult for Americans to realize the extent of the noble charity performed by this society, our working people, with rare exception, being able to provide for their own sick and dead. In Italy few of the poorer class have the least idea of saving money—existing from day to day on their scant earnings, especially in Southern Italy, where a little polenta (corn meal mush) and a small quantity of very poor wine is all they need to sustain life. As they literally live out of doors it matters little where they sleep. The men make shoes, cane chairs, follow all their small trades in the open air;

MENDING SHOES.

while the women do their sewing, their washing, ironing and cooking, even their combing, in the public streets! To be ill and obliged to remain in the dark cellars where so many sleep, is indeed terrible. Often they have no settled place of abode, depending for their night's lodging on what they earn during the day. Our flower man in Florence was eighty years old; his wife was dead, and he had no one to look after him. Often he slept in a cellar with eight or ten men, each paying a few cents for this privilege. Dear old man! his flowers were not always fresh but his radiant smile never deserted him, winning our daily custom in spite of his faded roses. He told us that some times he failed to earn even the few pennies necessary for his night's lodging; then he must steal a shelter where best he could. I used to wonder where he kept his clothes and other belongings until I learned

A PROSPEROUS BUSINESS MAN.

BEGGING FOR THE SICK POOR.

that an Italian of this class possesses only what he wears. When taken ill these people are dependent on the charity of relatives or friends as poor as themselves. The generosity of the humblest Italians can not be too highly extolled. They will share their last crust of bread with those more needy than themselves. Obliged to go to their daily labor, the sick person is left in charge of a member of the Misericordia, who comes to the poor abode and watches with loving care over the sufferer. Often the rich, obliged to go to a hospital, send for these tender nurses to lift and carry them over the roughly paved streets. Who that has lived in Italy has not seen a procession of these black robed figures bearing the sick or dead. In going from the house to the hospital the patient may faint from pain. Restoratives and stimulants for such emergencies are always carried by one of the con-

fraternity. When the distance is great, six or eight extra members accompany the bearers to relieve them when exhausted.

Each district of Florence has a bell which is rung when a member of the Misericordia is needed. Dickens relates that when dining in company with the Grand Duke of Tuscany he noticed him suddenly leave the table. Afterwards he learned that the Duke had heard his signal given and had quietly slipped away—going to the rooms of the Misericordia to don his ugly black gown, in order to conceal his identity before performing his work of mercy. Over the hood, which is attached to the gown, is sometimes worn a large hat, to protect the head from the sun. Usually it is merely suspended by a cord and hangs from the neck or at the side.

The charity administered by the Misericordia is incalculable. Where such poverty exists as you find in Italy, there must always be a great deal of sickness, especially in the cities where our advanced sanitation has not been introduced. In Venice comparatively few houses have running water. The poor must carry it in buckets from the old wells. When these people live up four or five flights of very steep stairs can we blame them for carefully hoarding the precious water to the neglect of frequent bathing? There are some parts of Italy where the country people are too poor to buy salt, it being one of the commodities most heavily taxed by the

A QUIET GAME.

"THE PEOPLE DO EVEN THEIR COMBING OUTSIDE."

government. Those living near the sea used to carry the water into their houses and abstract the salt. This is now forbidden by law, and the entire coast patrolled by the militia. Any one discovered stealing a pail of water is fined, and if the offence is repeated he is sent to jail. The Italian government is so much in need of funds that it is obliged to raise money on the necessaries of life, yet as the lack of salt develops a terrible disease among the peasants, it seemed to us a very short-sighted policy. Another serious cause of illness is the overcrowding in the narrow streets that make the Italian cities so picturesque and fascinating to the traveler. The one redeeming factor that keeps the race strong and well is their love of an outdoor life, their worship of air and sunshine; they make but little provision for the rainy, cold days when they are forced to remain under shelter, and still less for the dreary times of illness. Were it not for the sublime self-sacrifice of the Brothers of the Misericordia the scourges of cholera and fevers in Italy would furnish an unbroken tale of horror. The history of their heroic devotion should be recorded in letters of gold. Surely it is written in that Great Book wherein the angel records the names of those to whom Christ shall say, "Come ye Blessed into Everlasting life" for "I was sick and ye visited me."

## RETROSPECTION.

BY JOSEPH P. LOUGHRY.

My heart doth trace a darksome lane
  Through life's deserted ways,
And mem'ry brings me back again
  To scenes of other days.

Again I sit with thee at home
  And dream my halcyon dreams;
While through the dimly lighted room
  A wealth of music streams.

A symphony of life and love,
  With dainty tint and shade,
Your ivory fingers deftly wove—
  Alas! the visions fade.

I wake to press thee to my heart,
  But thou hast fled away,
And I must dwell from thee apart
  For yet another day.

# AS THINGS ARE IN CHINA.

BY REV. JOSEPH M. GLEASON, PEKING, CHINA.

This authoritative paper from the pen of Rev. Joseph M. Gleason, with the American army in Peking, is commended to the careful perusal of readers. Father Gleason says "I tried hard, I did my best to get at the bottom of things, and herewith I give you the result of my investigation." In view of the contradictory reports circulated by the secular press every Catholic should thoroughly inform himself on the true state of affairs in China, and the opportunity of acquiring such information is afforded in this article.

China is a queer quarter. Interesting of course, just the same as any strange place, but filthy, diseased, rotten. There is now a priest with the German marines, and one with the Italian infantry, but I am still the only English-speaking priest in the outfit. The Welsh Fusileers turned out in great shape at Mass on last Sunday. There were some Poles from the Russian army, some East Indians of various tribes, some French, including quite a few staff officers, as well as Americans. I am now definitely attached to the 1st Brigade under General Wilson. We have more men than horses at the present time in the cavalry, and on this account I no longer have an American horse, but I have a cracker-jack of a captured Chinese pony, fleet as the wind and tough as nails. I have an American bridle, but a Chinese saddle, and it is a sight to behold with its red plush and ornamental brass trimmings and a spotted deer hide saddle-cloth with velvet borders that would make a major-general blush.

My trip to Peking was very interesting. From Tientsin I came to Yang Tsun, and from there I took one of the fleet of small junks going up the Pei-Ho. Billy Otts, the light weight of Company C, League of the Cross Cadets of San Francisco, was with me, and four others. Our little boat (it was only 18 ft. long) was laden with rations, etc., for the command, and we had barely room to sit down during the day. Going up a Chinese river against the current is a strange operation. Two coolies on the bank pull on a rope about 150 ft. in length, which is fastened to the masthead. Another poles the boat, a fourth holds the rudder, and all talk like maniacs, especially when we run into a sand bank, and the whole outfit have to jump into the water and try to get the boat off. At night we put ashore and rolling up in blankets tried to sleep on the damp ground. On two nights, which I will never forget, rain came in torrents. We always had our fire-arms ready, and one man always stood guard. Still we had no trouble. All day long for the five days of tortuous winding up the river we were passing Chinese corpses in various stages of decay. Here and there they were stuck in the mud of the banks, while others sailed along down with the current in the most varied and gruesome postures. One, by its position, struck me like a nightmare. The fellow was floating on his back, his head was thrown back full, his left hand was over his heart, and the right arm raised high out of the water in an attitude of dramatic supplication, while the legs were drawn up sufficiently to heighten the impression produced by the sight of the arms. If the floater were standing on his feet in the same pose of body the expression would be considered striking. Just imagine the same thing on the horizontal, coming towards you with fair speed, then bump into some obstacle, spin around a few times, and cross your path again. I have seen a fair share of things gruesome, but that sight interfered with my dreams for a day or two. Our boat finished its service at Tung Chan,

where I put up over night with Captain Franklin. This is the place that the Japs took without a shot during the advance to Peking. These Japs are professional looters, and scruple not to do worse. Rather than fall into their hands numbers of Chinese women in the city committed suicide. In one yainen there were seven of them who either drowned themselves in the family well or hanged themselves.

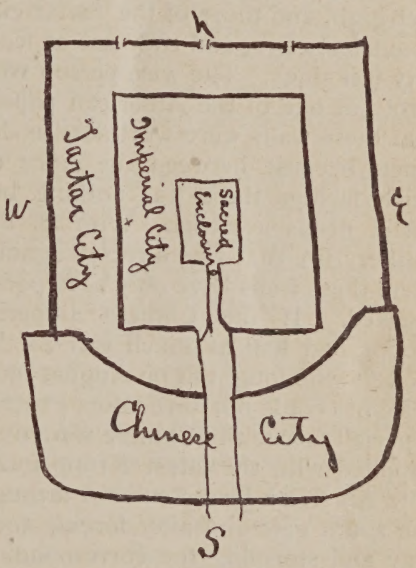
In Tung Chan I fell in with Mr. Jamison, the American civil engineer of the Peking Syndicate. A wagon train was to leave for Peking in two days, but he had secured two carts and would start out that day. This would save twenty-four hours, so I said, "Here goes." The carts carried $90,000, in Mexican silver, and a hundred bottles of beer, all for the American legation. It was eighteen miles to Peking and we had to foot it. Seven coolies went with us, and they were the most worthless rascals to be found. They got us a few miles off the road out, but Jamison dropped a cartridge into two rifles and told them to find the road to Peking and be quick about it. And quick they were. As luck would have it the roads were heavy with mud, and the flimsy Chinese harness snapped like threads under the straining of the native mules. It is a fortunate thing for us that the column had cleared the country, as a sniper would have had a bead on either of us while mending the outfit. But the road was deserted, and the few Chinese who saw us immediately made for shelter. We got into Peking late that afternoon, entering by the east gate. Every village we passed through was silent as the grave, the inhabitants either dead or in parts unknown, every house pillaged, and the idols in the joss temples smashed to atoms. Our soldiers are with all their faults the decentest here and, by comparison with this assemblage of all nations, I think the best in the world. Our men get drunk once in a while, but taking them all in all they have a decent streak in them, and even the worst try to be men. Loot and rape and murder have been carried on in this campaign, as I read when a boy in the classic adventures of the pirates of the Spanish main, but our men have neither rape nor murder to account for. As regards loot, they took very little. As a matter of fact our troops were warned against looting, a lesson from the Philippine campaign. Every other army here was encouraged to look upon looting as a duty of war, and the English legation every day sells at auction the loot of the East Indian vandals.

There are only two things that affect a Chinaman's mind, so they say among old residents here;—1st, decapitation, and 2nd, relieving him of his wealth. The Russians, French, and Japs, who have been in contact with the Chinese before have acted accordingly. The Germans did not arrive here until the scrapping was over, but they are doing the hog act now with a vengeance. Our soldiers have fought harder and have done more real work in this campaign than those of any other power, but that does not prevent them from being played for a "good thing" by the other powers. We may be able to fight, but for bare-faced bunco work, such as they call diplomacy, we are simply boys in the hands of these foreign veterans.

"CONGER CABLED HOPEFUL NONSENSE."

Conger is blamed by everybody for his lack of foresight. Time and time again those who knew brought the real state of the Boxer trouble to his mind, but still he cabled hopeful nonsense to the State Department. Mr. Squiers, the first secretary, is really the brains of the legation. I shall never forget my first impression as I walked around the corner of Peking's walls with a group of Russians guarding the towers, and passed through the gate into the Tartar city. Through mud and dirt and dead things of all sorts, dogs, horses and men, and on through street after street and section after section with desolation worse and more of it staring me in the face at every step! Legation Street, so-called because all the foreign legations, with the exception of the British, were located thereon, was a terrible sight. Not a house is standing at either end of the street; many of the legations were absolutely destroyed, and how in the world the Chinese had not the spunk to blow them all up is a mystery to me. The American legation escaped pretty. Barricades were thrown up of bricks and sandbags and from these points of vantage the Chinese were held off. The U. S. marines who were here, that is those who arrived in Peking in June when relief was first called for, showed wonderful heroism. The British legation, which is on a street at right angles to Legation street, was the centre of attack when the foreign residents made it their headquarters. One man among many deserves mention for bravery and bull-dog tenacity during the siege. He is Mr. Chanrot, the Swiss proprietor of the Hotel de Pekin on Legation street, who, although his buildings were smashed to pieces, yet managed to extinguish fire whenever it broke out, and kept his flour mills running all the time and got bread enough around the corner to the besieged in the legation every day. Seven relays of mules were killed, but he held to it. It is stated that every nation here represented will decorate him. He has been in San Francisco, and his wife, who speaks French and Chinese as well as English, was formerly a Miss McCarthy of San Francisco.

Peking is a peculiar city in its construction. The accompanying plan,




ROUGH PLAN OF PEKING, DRAWN BY FATHER GLEASON.

rudely sketched, conveys the idea better than words. There are three distinct cities, each separated from the other by stupendous walls with large gates surmounted by towers piercing them at regular intervals. The city as a whole is laid out on geometrical lines and runs due north and south. From the south gate of the Chinese city, marked B, a granite roadway, 18 ft.

broad, in the middle of a street as wide as Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, runs on through wall after wall, through the Tartar and Imperial cities into the Sacred Enclosure of the emperor, where none but women and eunuchs live with the kingpin. Each gate is triple, two smaller entrances flanking the large central one, and this is true of all Chinese gates to public enclosures, temples, etc. Asking the reason I was told that the imperial suite only could enter the main gates in time of peace. The walls of the Chinese city appear to be about thirty-feet high, and those of the Tartar city about forty-five, and they are at least fifty feet thick. The wise person who wrote in one of the American papers that these walls were worthless as defence, because between the stone or brick facings there was nothing but earth, needs a medal. With all the artillery fire that was directed against them these walls have only been pock-marked. If the Chinese Imperial troops had half as much grit as the Boxers who fought us on August 19th, the allies could not have taken Peking, especially since the Chinese were over supplied with the latest Krupp guns. The American forces entered through the south gate and after forcing their way and storming the corresponding gate of the Tartar city found themselves in a pen, for the gate led into a circular enclosure 250 ft. in diameter with the walls going all around. Here after hard fighting the next gate was stormed, and it was on the summit of this wall that Captain Reilly of the 5th Artillery, while directing the fire of his guns, was picked off by a sharp shooter on the wall of the Imperial City. There is a succession of three walls in the Imperial city, and consequently as many gates in a direct line. Down the centre rushed our men with the Artillery playing hav c, until they got to the gate of the Imperial City, where they called a halt. The Chinese were slaughtered. The Imperial City walls are covered by a tiling of yellow, as may be said also of the roof of every tower and building within. The Sacred Enclosure, or the Forbidden City, has a parapetic wall, a little higher than the outer wall of the Imperial City, but from the summit of Coal Hill, which is just north of the Sacred City, can be seen inside this a second red wall and a thick yellow wall. North of the temple-crowned Coal Hill is the palace in which Kwang Tsu has been kept prisoner by his wily old aunt since the coup d'etat of last year. West of the Hill is the magnificent Imperial Lotus pond, very similar to that of Neno in Tokyo. To see Peking from the summit of the Hill gives one the idea that Peking is a garden of beauty, but it is vastly different below. They have no sewerage system in Peking, so you may imagine the rest.

"BISHOP FAVIER'S FORESIGHT PROVIDES FOR EMERGENCY."

In the Imperial City, on the west side, is the beautiful cathedral of Peitang. The original cathedral was nearer the Sacred City, but by imperial decree the site was ordered changed, and the present large tract of ground given in exchange. Here are grouped together many buildings; the cathedral; the residence of the bishop and priests, a large, quadrangular Chinese-style, one story affair of brick; the seminary of the diocese, the headquarters of the Sisters of Charity, a large school and the orphanage. Here there was a

siege far more severe than at the legations. Avarroro street leads down to the open space in front of the cathedral, and here, at about five hundred yards, the Boxers threw up barricades and mounted two bronze cannon of old Dutch make, and of five inch calibre and eight feet long. Though they were muzzle loaders they did terrible damage. Off to the north east of the compound three modern guns were mounted on a mound belonging to a pagoda, and from here shells were thrown. On every side was the howling mob. The compound (every collection of buildings which goes to form a unit enclosed by a wall goes by this name in the Orient) was surrounded by a wall, beyond which was an imperial magazine on the north side, and from this the Boxers got all they needed. Ten Italian and twenty French marines were the only garrison for the 3,000 Chinese Christians, who with priests, Marist Brothers, and Sisters of Charity, were all within these bounds. In the seminary was a young Austrian, named Garner, a graduate of his country's military schools, who left it to join the Lazarists, and is now in minor orders. He infused some kind of a martial spirit into the whole outfit of besieged, and showed them how to use to advantage their rifles, shot guns, revolvers, old-fashioned muzzle loaders, etc. Everybody who could shoot shot, and shot to kill. The Boxers and the Imperial troops with them, although they had only six pieces of artillery, had rifles and ammunition without end, and they too could shoot. Worst of all, while the walls hid them the Boxers placed mines by digging unseen under the walls into the ground of the enclosure. Four such mines were fired. The one that blew up the orphan asylum was fully a hundred feet in diameter and sixty feet deep. It is a sight that every one now sees. Six of the Italian marines and some of the French were killed during the siege, besides about two hundred and fifty of the besieged. More than that, the legations were relieved on August 14th; whereas the allies did not get to Peitang until the 16th, and on the 15th the largest mine of all was fired. Bishop Favier's foresight knew what was coming, and knew also that it was necessary to provide for such an emergency. He did so, but for the last three days the ration for all was down to two bowls of porridge a day. Three churches in other parts of the town were razed to the ground,—yes, down to the foundations.

The British colonial troops here are not much good. They may be all right fighting troops like themselves. The Germans look pretty, but they have had no fighting here as they arrived in China too late. Our men have courage that none but the Japs have shown. The Japs have a swelled head, although they have some excuse for it. They are the best equipped army here, and do not make pack horses of their men as we do. Each company is a unit with the Japs, and behind it go a few small carts tnat carry the belongings of the men instead of the large army wagons that follow our regimental unit. I had a little trouble with an army surgeon here, William Lewis, captain and assistant surgeon in charge of the field hospital. He excluded me from the army hospital, and when I asked for his reasons he told me that he did not have to give any. I preferred charges against him

and Generals Chaffee and Wilson promptly turned him down.

"THEY HAD THOROUGHLY LOOTED EACH PLACE."

The Italians have been holding an auction of their loot, every day up to the present. But it has reached its end. What little loot our men got was obtained in abandoned houses in the American district, and this was turned in by order and sold at auction. The sum realized from the whole business was $1,700 Mexican. When I tell you that the English have one-half of their loot still to sell, and have already realized $100,000 Mexican you may gain some idea of comparative loot. And yet the English did not get anything like the loot that the Russians or Japanese got. More than all this the Russians and the Japs knew where to find everything. When the Legations were pressed the Japanese minister called for Japanese officers then in Peking to come to his aid, and eighty Jap officers, who had been working in every capacity from barber to photographer in Peking, answered the call. They had the same system of espionage here as in Japan itself, and as a result the Japs tackled the east gate and though they lost one hundred killed they got the treasury within an hour after storming the entrance. The Americans were the first troops in Peking, in spite of all you may read, and they forced their way in a direct line from the south gate down to the Sacred Enclosure itself, arriving twenty-four hours before the Japs. But as I was saying about the Japs, they got the treasury and a whole lot more. From Tientsin and other places they sent back to Japan 7,000,000 yen worth of silver bullion. Here in Peking I became very friendly with the agent of the Canadian Syndicate which is buying the bullion of the different powers, and though the French got 250,000 in the palace of Prince Li, and other powers got corresponding amounts, the Japs got in Peking 5,000,000. Nobody knows what the Russians got, but they cleaned out everything in their district thoroughly. The Russians are playing a strange game. First they moved their Legation to Shanghai, and turned over the charge of their affairs to the American Legation, thereby making angry their allies and tools, the French. Then they turned over to the Chinese the Summer Palace and the Empress' private palace on the Lotus Pond near Coal Hill, Peking. Of course this was a diplomatic move to pat China on the back. They had thoroughly looted each place first, and after withdrawing their troops from Peking it was to be expected that the other powers would take charge of these places, and they have done so. The Italian and English have the Summer Palace, and the Germans the other. Oh! it is a grand farce.

"THE MISSIONARIES ARE PUT DOWN FOR EVERYTHING."

There is a lot of talk going on to the effect that the missionaries are entirely responsible for this outbreak in China. This is anything but true. It is something that should be refuted, and I give you herewith the key to the whole question. Mr. Dooley has it already. The missionaries are put down for everything in this mix-up, a very short-sighted view of things. It has even been stated that the Catholic priests above all others are responsible

for the harm that has come. Count Cassini has been sponsor for this statement; in fact he gave it in an interview as an actual fact. Count Cassini, former Russian minister at the court of Peking, and now at Washington, is well known in diplomatic circles as an unmitigated liar, and the interview referred to has misrepresentation enough on other matters to throw suspicion on this particular one. Catholic missionaries have been in China for 300 years, and when people in the outside world ponder for a moment on the mulishness of the Chinese people and their tenacity of old systems, the success of these Catholic missionaries, whose native followers today number 1,000,000, is something phenomenal. They have done a good work here that can not be measured. All over the land are churches and church institutions which quietly but steadily during all these years have been doing more towards establishing European ideas and extending our system than all other agencies combined.

Various Protestant missionaries have done good work likewise, and one thing to the credit of the American missionaries is that they have the reputation of not sowing the seeds of strife. This has been attempted only by the London Mission. A correspondent of the New York Journal told me that a London Mission man had stated in the presence of three correspondents, in Shanghai, that Catholic priests acting as mandarins had tried and condemned men to punishment. When asked for proof all the missionary could say was that he heard so. This was an absurd and damnable calumny on the face of it, but I brought this correspondent face to face with Monsignor Favier and put the matter to him point blank. The bishop said it was a ludicrous charge as such a thing was an absolute impossibility. It is true that Catholic bishops and priests, and many Protestant missionaries, have the title of mandarin of a certain class, but this is simply a title of dignity which brings with it no power, and especially no power of a judicial nature, of which the Chinese are very jealous and with which they would part under no circumstances. The bishop told the correspondent that the only circumstances under which priests have ever entered Chinese court-rooms have either been as subpœaned witnesses or as interpreters, but as judges, even in the widest interpretation of that idea—never. Thus you see how calumnies having no foundation whatever are repeated, and the names of good men blackened.

### MISSIONARIES IN THE GROCERY BUSINESS.

One charge that is often made against missionaries here is that they carry on a double business. That is to say they go into gospel business, and do something else on the side in order to swell their purses. They have still to prove a singe instance involving a Catholic priest here. How true this may be of Protestant missionaries of various kinds I do not know, only in as far as I have heard. It is a common rumor here, however, that many of them are unworthy of their calling, inasmuch as they rank higher as sharp dealers than as pastors, and that they chase the fleeting dollar with the hunger of a wolf. One fact I can vouch for, and that is that when the Legations were relieved and before our commissary arrived a num-

ber of them went into the grocery business temporarily in Peking, and sold our soldiers articles of food at fabulous prices. And yet our American soldiers were the first to enter Peking, and forge their way to the relief of these peoples. Taking it all in all, our American soldiers and the various newspaper correspondents in north China today have a pretty shabby opinion of the ordinary Protestant missionary here. Some of them are excellent men, and have done excellent work, but there are enough of the other kind to give good foundation to their present wretched standing in the eyes of the public. During the siege all of the Protestant missionaries of Peking, and many from the surrounding countries, were in the British Legation. When relief came our forces sent down to Tientsien forty-one American missionaries, male and female, by the only available means of transportation, that is by large junks down the Pei Ho River from Tung Chan, the railroad having been destroyed by the Boxers. The trip down the current takes three or four days, and anyone would imagine that these folks would gladly put up with a little inconvenience at this time. But no! first there was a general kick that the army hadn't better junks—first-class house boats—so that they might have something akin to palace car accommodation in America, and yet in the general grab for transportation our army had secured the only boats it could, and as a matter of fact the best of them were used for the moving of the missionaries. But this did not matter to these unreasonable people. The government was not doing for them what it ought to do according to their opinion.

Again they objected because the boats were not manned by Chinese sailors or experienced boatmen, whereas at that time it was necessary to impress the Chinese, who were scarce and unwilling to work for the foreigners until forced to do so. Since then there have been more laborers than the demand. On the way down, with the river crowded with junks and the channel very narrow, there was necessarily a great deal of bumping and colliding, but there was no danger in this as the river was shallow. Yet the missionaries were impatient all the time. It is true that many of the Chinese coolies who manned the junks were clumsy, and on this account the burden of the work fell upon the small detail of soldiers with each boat. A lieutenant told me that he was on one of the boats and the blockheadness of one of the coolies caused one of the soldiers involuntarily to damn the Chinaman in question. Now the soldiers were on their good behavior on account of their pious freight, and the provocation was enough to make a saint swear. But the missionaries could not see it that way. One of the holy men rose up in wrath, resenting the terrible insult that this vile soldier had offered to American womanhood abroad, until the lieutenant begged him to be at ease. On some of the boats they ate of their fancy tinned goods so imprudently as to finish them before the end of the second day, and then had to cause the soldiers to divide their measured rations with them. Yet they never offered to any of these soldiers a mite of the delicacies brought abroad. They told the soldiers with tearful accents that for three whole days they had neither butter, milk, nor

eggs, three things that a soldier does not get during the whole period of his enlistment, even if he is in the army for thirty years. Time and again the missionary ladies, in the hearing of the soldiers, reproved the missionary children for mingling with the dirty soldiers. Again when the death of American soldiers in Peking was once mentioned one of these ladies, with a prominent society name, said, "Pshaw —that is what they are paid for." That saying was known throughout the entire army in a few days.

Don't think I'm making a brief. I am simply stating a few facts of many so that you may understand why our soldiers are ready to swear at the mention of a missionary. They have good reason for it. Yet these were Protestant missionaries without a single exception.

"LOOT BY THE CART-LOAD."

Another fact known to everybody in Peking. When the siege of the legation was raised a large number of these missionaries joined in the mad rush for loot with a keenness that would put the Russians to shame. The only difference was that the Russians smashed everything that could not be transported or of whose value they were ignorant, whereas the Protestant missionaries, with one or two rare exceptions, showed a better commercial sense. The missionaries who decamped for other climes, or who went to Tientsin, packed off as much as was possible, while others of whom Mr. Amment, American Congregationalist missionary, was facile princeps, knowing the palaces of the rich princes boldly took possession of them, even in parts of Peking under other flags. The Reverend Mr. Amment seized a rich palace in the Japanese quarter, and the Japanese authorities out of courtesy to the Americans did not disturb him while he sold at auction the vast quantity of valuable objects of art, etc., down to the last article saleable on the premises. Then as he was established in business and the contents of the palace running short he had tons of loot from other places brought there by the cartload for disposal.

Another Protestant missionary, named Tewksbury, may not be criticized too severely by officers by whom he has come in contact, for the reason that the reverend gentleman is also a correspondent and might break the standing of an ordinary man, inasmuch as he could use his power as a writer for the periodical press for this purpose if criticized. The gentleman is very shrewd and as the soldiers say, "slick as they make 'em." He does nothing for which he could be actually brought to task, but he does many funny things. For instance, by representing that the Chinese outside Tung Chan wished to indemnify him for the losses suffered by his mission in Tung Chan he got a cavalry guard to accompany him. Having lived in China ten years he could bluff the Chinese villagers without the soldiers understanding him, and could even use these soldiers with him as a backing to this threat. At any rate the people gave up eight mule loads of silver which was brought to Tung Chan. Again he claims that he can recognize every brick that was in his destroyed building inasmuch as there was some peculiar mark on them and he has hunted around and recognized thousands of bricks, for each of which he taxes the possessor one brass cash. The marks on those bricks must be

a good one, put on for just such an emergency, as the reverend gentleman has bushels of brass cash as brick money. When he went into the headquarters of the Quartermaster's Department, Tung Chan, he recognized as his bricks a pile 8 ft. high, 10 ft. thick, and about 30 ft. long, which was in the compound. He wished the government to pay him for this brick pile, but that time he didn't guess right, for the gentleman in charge proved that in clearing up the compound they had uprooted vines and bushes over one inch thick which were growing on this brick pile, indicating a growth of years, whereas Mr. Tewksbury's bricks were taken June, 1900. Still he recognized his mark on them. I don't know the mark, but it must be contagious with bricks like smallpox and measles with human beings. If the report of this and kindred expeditions, now in the possession of General Wilson, commanding this brigade, were made public it would make interesting reading. Unfortunately no interpreter accompanied this expedition and no one knows the "jolly" that the reverend gentleman gave the natives in the places visited.

## "THE REAL CAUSE OF THE BOXER OUTBREAK."

Regarding the question of making the missionaries the prime cause of the Boxer outbreak, any man of common sense or sound judgment knows that this is a fallacy or rather more than a fallacy; it is a damnable calumny invented by interested powers to shield themselves. The assertion that the Catholic priests are responsible for it is the bigoted invention of London missionaries and had its origin in Shanghai the source of all nonsensical rumors in the Orient. The real cause of the Boxer outbreak was the innate hatred of the Chinese for the foreign devil, a hatred so intense it shows itself on all occasions and against every form of things foreign. Foreign inventions and appliances, especially of a larger form, have found their way into China, it is true. But how? By the will of the Chinese people? No. Everything foreign that is here has been forced upon the people. The railroads were forced upon them absolutely against their will. The telegraph may be an absolute necessity, but it was forced on the country. It is not merely a question of superstition with the Chinese. It is a case of the labor question only in a far more aggravated form than it has ever appeared in the United States. Take, for example, the railroad which ran from Tonkin to Peking. It may have been a blessing to the country, if you will. It may have employed a great many men. It may have cheapened products at the terminus. But on the other hand, it was the death blow to the river traffic with its terminus at Tung Chan. It was the death blow to the wheelbarrow occupation on that line. Not tens but a hundred thousand men and more lost their means of a livelihood. The best proof of this is that the railroad was destroyed first at Tung Chan, and by the men whose occupation was destined to be of no value to them. As regards the telegraph, it might be quicker, but it killed the occupation of courier which is a very prominent trade in China. Was the missionary the prime cause of all these men turning out en masse to the work of destruction? Well, hardly. Foreign innovations have destroyed not only these, but numbers of other industries

here in China. That may be an absolute necessity, it may be said, in the march of progress, but in the meantime that necessity has stirred the people to the core.

"SYNDICATES, GRABS, LEASES, IN CHINA."

There are two factors to be considered in China at all times. One is the Chinese government, and the other is the Chinese people, two absolutely distinct things. Foreign governments and foreign capital may patch up matters with the Chinese government, but even the Chinese government can not patch up that same matter with the Chinese people, which needs but the slightest cause to explode like so much gun cotton and with equally disastrous results. The world knows that all the railroad concessions in China have been actually wrung from the Tsung Li Yamen. Every foreign concession in China has been a matter of absolute coercion. And as a result these concessions have the heartfelt hatred of all classes in China, from the highest to the lowest, although the classes in power are too diplomatic to show it openly. What I have said is not only true of railroad and telegraph but of all concessions. During the last three years these have become very numerous. There have been formed Chinese syndicates of all kinds for the exploitation of mines, etc., in many parts of the empire. The Peking Syndicate alone controls millions of dollars worth of concessions of this kind, capitalized in London. Did the Chinese make the foreigners a present of their rich mining districts? Not by long odds. Everything of this kind has been forced from them. In past days when a Chinaman had a mine the local mandarin squeezed, as they say here in the Orient, the greater part of the product. The more success a man would have with his mining venture the more the authorities would squeeze him. It may seem paradoxical to say it, but the richer the man would make himself the poorer he became. And the upshot was that this official rapacity caused the shutting down of many a mine. Do you think these provincial officials enjoy the present prospect of all these rich mines becoming syndicate property with no "graft" coming to them? Do you think they have been working hard to quell the fierce anti-foreign demonstrations wherever these syndicate properties are located? Did the missionaries cause this outbreak? Think a little before you guess, yes. Division, syndicates, grabs, leases, etc., etc., have been openly talked of, and actually brought about in these latter days as if the Chinese were the only people in the world without a word to say regarding China. The partition of China has been discussed in the hearing of Chinese ministers in every court of the world. The papers of the foreign world map out the various national slices as they formerly did with Africa. English noblemen write books on the break up of China. The 400,000,000 Chinese are not considered at all. They don't count it seems in the theoretical working of the problem, but in practice they count a whole lot as recent events have shown.

"CONSCIENCELESS FOREIGNERS IN CHINA."

In the mad chase of the nimble nickel the commercial powers of the world sometimes strike snags. And that is what has happened in China of late years. There was a time when

foreigners had far less trouble in China, but that was before the steamship changed things. With modern cheap transportation adventurers of all kinds have come to China from all nations, and they have preyed upon the Chinese people, and caused their own nations any amount of trouble. Even the reputable traders here have scant respect for the Chinese. A Chinaman, speaking in general, had no single right that the ordinary foreigner here felt bound to respect. Men in business may be inclined to deny this, but it is true nevertheless. I saw it myself last February in South China, and I have seen it repeatedly during my present three months' stay in North China. And all disinterested persons in China know the truth of this statement. But even the most conscienceless foreigner in China has not been a whit worse than the foreign nations as nations. They have "flim-flammed" and robbed China, with the pirate instincts, but without the finished grace of Captain Kidd.

Germany led the "mailed fist" troupe of performers with the seizure of Kian Chan; Russia "leased" Port Arthur; England felt bound to take Wei Hei Wei; and France made a grab in the South. And they are all now waiting for a general grab.

Was it any wonder, do you think, that after all this there arose in China a reactionary party whose motto is China for the Chinese? It was at Kian Chan in the Shan Tung province that the Boxers arose, and the governor of that province, a strong anti-foreign hater, encouraged them to their work. On account of his complicity with the Boxers the English government caused his removal, but was he punished? No. He was given the far more important province of Shansi, where he can knock the bottom out of London stocks, and was honored by the noble title of Fu by the Empress.

The old lady, the Empress, is blamed for the whole trouble. She is responsible, it is true. But she is nobody's fool, even though she has been represented as making war on the world. Kwang Hsu, the Emperor, was next thing to an imbecile, it is said. He has been represented as the leader of reform, which means that some of his ministers of state played into the hands of the foreigners. The Empress Dowager saw how things were going, and brought about the coup d'etat by which the Emperor resigned, through fear of his aunt, and she took the reins herself. There was a crisis in Chinese affairs and she thought herself better able to solve the dilemma than Kwang Hsu. On the one hand, she felt the necessity of being fair to the face of the foreigners. This was a diplomatic necessity. She even granted, although it might be said she was forced to it, an audience to the ladies of the various legations. She knew the power of the foreigners and tried as well as possible to stand in with them. But on the other hand, foreign aggression in China, the seizures, the concessions, and all, had created a violent anti-foreign or "China for the Chinese" party, and in order to maintain the dynasty she had to stand in with them, too. Or rather she was heart and soul of the latter party, but at the same time she had to play fair to the foreigners. When all this is considered the so-called Chinese puzzle is not such a terrible puzzle after all. When this is understood it is easy to comprehend why the old lady did not openly condemn the Boxers, and why during the

siege of the legations she sent cartloads of food to the besieged.

It is foolish also to think, as some newspapers far away have said, that all the leaders of the anti-foreign movement are ignorant Orientals. This is anything but true. As a matter of fact many of them are not only able and briliant men, according to Chinese standards, but a number of them are men of college education received either abroad or under the auspices of American or European instructors. They have used the power of the mobs for what they consider right, namely, the maintenance of their country in the hands of their countrymen.

"THE RESULTS OF MY PERSONAL INVESTIGATION."

In presenting this statement of the Chinese question I am giving the results of my personal investigation and conscientious observation, and I must confess that in the bottom of my heart I have a sneaking regard for the Boxers, or rather for the principles which brought them into existence. Once the outbreak came it became with them almost solely a question of loot, and at this it is hard to beat the Chinese. There have been anti-European excitements in China before, but this has eclipsed all other in its magnitude and ferocity. There have been local troubles and provincial messes and in almost every instance the missions and the foreign trading posts have suffered, and they have been thus badly treated because they were foreign. This last revolt, or whatever you may call it, was of gradual growth, brought on by the rapacity of European governments, and the greed of foreign financiers, and during its process of formation it was aided and abetted by mardarins and viceroys, under imperial advice, and its main spirit was Prince Tuan, father of the coming emperor. It was not as so many have written an anti-missionary demonstration; it was purely and solely an anti-foreign demonstration, and would have taken place with equal vigor if there were not a missionary in China in the year of Our Lord, 1900. Foreign traders lived apart from the Chinese as a rule. They had settlements, and, would you believe it! there were numbers in the foreign settlements of Tientsin who had lived there for years, and who during all that time had never visited the native city next them of 1,000,000 inhabitants. The foreigners of the settlements were looked upon as intruders, and just as we look on the Chinese in the United States, even so did they look on the Europeans here. The European came here not to stay —no—he was here to make money from the Chinese, and when he had enough to go home. When the trouble came all foreign interests in China suffered. Because the missionaries suffered also it is very poor logic to lay all the blame upon them. But this is the ordinary depth of a traveling correspondent's conclusions.

"THE METHODS OF THE ORDINARY CORRESPONDENT."

A newspaper man rushes into a country of which he hardly knew the existence before his arrival, takes no trouble to learn a word of the language, corners a few residents, and after a few cigars, and more drinks, closes the interview and writes for his paper. He is paid a fancy salary as special correspondent and must write something for his paper, and this something is, as a rule, superficial generalizing or the veriest rubbish.

Yet the public opinion of intelligent nations sometimes hangs on the presumed omniscience of a correspondent who flits in one day and skips the country the next. What did the ordinary correspondent know or find out about the Chinese question? Nothing, and many of them did not try hard to learn that much. Yet these men have told the general public that the missionaries did it all. They caused the whole row, etc., ad nauseam. The ordinary correspondent who has written to the United States on this matter knows no more about it than Tom Jones' cat. Now I am not writing a diatribe on newspaper men. I have been thrown in quite intimate relations with them for one year and a half, but that does not blind me to the fact that they don't "know it all" and they can't "know it all" in a week or two, and that much of their inflated verbiage is nonsense written simply to fill the bill for the editor who pays them.

The missionaries have been the first foreigners to settle down among these people. The Catholic missionaries have been here three hundred years. They speak the language, they mingle with the people, they accept their costume, and even the queue; they stay here for the period of their natural life. One million Chinese call themselves Catholics and these are not all confined to the poorer classes. Many a rich Catholic has been impoverished by the war. Many a blue button mandarin has lost all. The present minister to France is not the only eminent Chinese Catholic. When the Boxer trouble came along some of the local mandarins gave them no encouragement, and in these places there has been peace. But when the movement took hold everything foreign was made the object of attack. The permanent residents among the foreigners naturally drew most attention in such an intense anti-foreign crisis. Now the foreigners who permanently resided among the Chinese were almost invariably the missionaries, and most of all the Catholic missionaries. From these attention soon turned to the Christian Chinese who were so willing to defend their pastors, and thus the anti-foreign policy of the Boxers became understood outside as an anti-missionary movement. It was simply and purely a case of the foreigners who lived permanently among the Chinese coming in for it.

### THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONARY.

As a matter of fact when things are viewed in a calm way the truth gradually forces itself on the view, and the truth in this case is that the missionaries have made a footing here in China for all other foreigners. They were the pioneers here, and their good work was not alone in a spiritual line. They have done more for geographical and other scientific knowledge of this vast empire than all others combined. Fifty years ago Father Huc wrote his work on "Christianity in China" and its companion volume "China, Tartary, and Thibet." He penetrated into the very secret recesses of occult Llamaism. Landor and others have since tried to get into the sacred city, Chassa, but have not succeeded. That work is still the standard authority. His work in making China known to the world has been carried on by his successors just as he carried on that of his predecessors. Perhaps not one foreigner in 10,000 in Peking today understands

that the wonderful Chinese Imperial Observatory in the Tartar City with its stupendous creations in bronze was the work of the Jesuit missionaries, 140 years ago. And so with many another institution in China. The historical footprints of the Catholic missionary are on all sides. And their glory of labor is by no means a thing of the past. Today there is not a part of the vast Chinese empire without its Catholic priests, native or European. And their frugal lives, and the fact that in the provinces their expenses do not amount to one hundred dollars Mexican per year is a marvel to the syndicate explorers who of late years have followed in their tracks. Each of the missions has a central house in some large city of south, central and north China. By judicious investment of the money donated by the Propaganda, and other sources, especially in city real estate in Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Tientsin, the Catholic church is maintaining twenty missions for the same amount of money that the Protestant missionary societies expend on one. The great contrast between the Catholic and Protestant missionaries is that the former stay here for life, the latter for a stated term of service. The latter look upon their temporary service here as a time to work for the Lord and for themselves on their return. I am speaking in general, let it be known, for there are self-sacrificing exceptions.

In order actually to encourage the ordinary Protestant missionary to stay here the Boards of Missions pay a salary not only to the missionary but a second and a third salary, according to a graded scale, to his missionary wife and missionary children. This not only increases the family allowance but promotes marriage and swells the population. The Catholic Church happily does not have to look out for a missionary family. Even those men who openly avow their disbelief in missionary enterprise at the same time openly admit and admire the self-denial and success of the Catholic priest in China. Time and again have men of business here, old residents according to the standard of China, said to me "the Catholic priest is the only true missionary in China and I am not Catholic who say it."

If we ask why they do not believe in missions, as I have asked many, their answer is a halting one, namely, that these Chinese have their own religion; let them have it, and do not try to teach them a new one that will probably not suit their national character so well. As regards suiting national character the Catholic Church has thrived for 2,000 years under every possible form of government, and never yet has it unfitted its members for the best citizenship under the most varied constitutions. The practical Catholic among the Chinese is as good a Chinaman as one at home is a good American citizen. Of course there are good, bad, and indifferent here as well as in the United States and elsewhere, and it is very poor logic to condemn all for the misdeeds of one who disgraces his faith. To the men who have urged the fact that the Chinese have a religion and let them alone in it, I have always replied that if that policy existed two thousand years ago there would not be a Christian nation in the world today. Our ancestors were converted by men like these same Catholic missionaries in China. Men who flit into China today and go away tomorrow sometimes grow eloquent when condemning the Catholic priests and some few Prot-

estant missionaries for wearing the queue and Chinese garb in order to get closer to the people. They say it is prostituting Europeanism. Well, I do not know. St. Paul advised the missionaries who were to continue his work to "be all things to all men" in order to win them to Christ. I have seen politicians in San Francisco doing stranger things than wearing a queue in order to win votes, and business men pursuing the delusive dollar will grovel in the mire of self-degradation. Now I think that a human soul is worth more than a vote or a dollar and so does the missionary priest. Let him wear his queue.

"GETTING AT THE BOTTOM OF THINGS."

I have been three months now in North China and after noting, towards the end of July, the tendency to throw all the blame of this outbreak on the missionaries, I tried hard, I did my best, to get at the bottom of things, and herewith I have given you the result of my investigation. Of all the rumors started by London mission bigots and American consul in Shanghai regarding French missionary priests forcing consular trial for Chinese converts or interfering with Chinese courts in their cases I have yet to find one proven. But even if one were proven, or a dozen were proven, there is an old saying that "one swallow does not make a summer" and this in no way could account for the Boxer outbreak. I have given you above what I know to be the true nature of the outbreak. It was anti-European and brought on by individual and national European greed and disregard of the fact that China belonged to the Chinese. If any one fact would prove that the affair was purely anti-European it is this incident I may relate to you. During the siege of Peitang Cathedral an arrow was shot into the inclosure by the Boxers. On that arrow was a message in Chinese to the 3,000 Chinese Catholics there that if they would surrender Monsignor Favier and the Europeans, priests, and brothers and sisters of charity, the Chinese laity, priests, brothers and sisters of charity could rest there in peace. This is an authentic incident of that siege, far worse in every respect than that of the legations and an incident that can throw the sharpest light possible on what I have said.

People who arrive here are filled the first day or two with expletives denunciatory of the missionaries in general, and the Catholic priests in particular. You can't blame them. It is the result of their reading in a press that has no more stability than that of a soft boiled egg. These people rush to conclusions just as people do the day they arrive in the Philippines. If these persons remain a few weeks they discover that they did not know it all when they arrived just as people discover in the Philippines. And a reaction sets in with them just as it has done with the American army here. Our men know who are the true missionaries and they know also that they have not been the cause of the Boxers uprising. The only pro-European party today in China is that of the Christian Chinese.

As I have been the only English-speaking Catholic priest with the army in China since July 28th, and the English-speaking world has not received its quota of truth in this matter I have felt it my duty to write the above, all of which is fact observed by my own eyes. Let the world now judge.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

SIGNING THE RED TICKET.

# THE IRISH DOCTOR.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

He has had a busy day of it, so far, but, although the afternoon is well advanced, his work seems less than half done. He started early and attended to fully half a dozen red tickets—the epidemic in Ballyshoneen is growing—before he dropped in to the meeting of the board of guardians to plead for the repairing of the dispensary windows. It would only cost a few shillings, he assured them, and the matter was urgent; but to demonstrate their shrewd economy for the edification of their constituents—the reporters of the local press being present—they said they would send a committee to investigate and report. They would, as usual!—and by that time the weather would have got in its work through the broken panes and there wouldn't be enough undamaged medicine left to physic a sick baby. Oh, those tantalizing boardroom Solons! The gods had driven them mad enough to destroy, but as yet their destruction seemed most unsatisfactorily remote.

"Bob Martin," he said severely to the keeper of the half-way house, "is it true what I hear—that you're going to make your son a doctor?" And Bob blushingly and fumblingly admitted the impeachment.

"You are, you omadhaun! You tell me to my face that you're going, you unnatural parent, to make poor Tom the innocent victim of this terrible sacrifice? And this with my example and the example of others straight in front of your eyes."

"But, in troth now, doctor, I don't see any reason why"—

"You don't, indeed! Why, man, look at young Mulligan—prowling round here not able to earn a sixpence ever since he got his diploma Look at Meehan—in daily danger of delirium tremens out among the lonely black bogs, where, for a society-loving fellow like him, solitude and poteen-drinking are bound to go hand in hand. Look at little Barlow—beguiled into marrying a rich but cross and powerful widow who'll beat him black and blue every little excuse he gives her. Look at myself—but from so. A gloomy Esculapius would make a sorry impression in the home of the Irish peasant.

"Good morrow, neighbors," he continued, turning to a little group that had followed him, gently and almost silently as shadows, into the half-way house. "You're all looking well, which means of course that some of your multitudinous relatives are sick, for you're never happy unless when chasing this unfortunate son of Galen from post to pillar. Why, in the name of patience, can't you come and see

"SURE, IT'S HIMSELF IS THE PROUD MAN!"

my experience I needn't tell you, if I had my choice over again, I'd rather be a donkey to an oysterman than be a dispensary doctor."

Truly he needn't have told it. If there is a genial cynic who rails picturesquely at fate and fortune and looks upon poor-law guardians as his natural enemies it is the Irish dispensary doctor, at least in the earlier stages of his career. Yet his hearty voice belies his affected pessimism. His manner is cheery. Necessarily me at the dispensary? Ha, you're after me again, Sibby O'Neill—what is it this time?"

"Musha, then, 'tis poor Honor Scanlan, docthor," replied the matron addressed. "She went to the fair of Ardnaree last Monday and came home, Lord save us, with 'the rose' in her head. Bessie Golden was up measuring her to cure her, and she says her head is six inches open."

"Oh, anam an diaoul! Tell Bessie Golden I'll open her own head with

a shillelah, not six but two dozen inches, if I catch her at her pishtrogues in this part of the parish. All right, Sibby; I'll call over and see poor Honor. And you, my good woman?"

"'Tis poor Norah Durkan, docthor, yer honor."

"Had ye anybody to see her?" sharply inquired the doctor.

"Why, then, nobody but a knowledgeable ould woman who thried to cure her with a butt of a candle on a pinny piece undher a tumbler"—

"Yes, to be sure, with a little cake of oatmeal around it, with bits of rushes stuck in the rim to protect us from the fairies. Well' I'll come and see Norah, but heaven help that 'knowledgeable ould woman' if I lay hands on her. What's the matter, gossoon?"

"Me father has the dhropsy—he thinks it is—and he sent me out to Inniscoe for the cure"—

"Yes, and you came back with it rolled up in a newspaper tied round with a red thread to keep off the evil spirits. Yes, I know, gossoon, I know!"

"And my mother is outside gettin' a red ticket from the guardian for you to come to our house."

"Red thread—red tickets—red tape—bedlam!"

The doctor glanced out the door. On a jaunting car sat one of the poor law guardians of the district, elected popular representative of the "organized charity, crimped and iced," by which England claims to look after the interests of her pauperized Irish subjects. Mr. Mullarkey, P. L. G.—a man is not considered of much account in Ireland unless he has some mystic letters attached to his name—was signing a "red ticket" for a woman who stood waiting. The "red ticket" is a peremptory order on the

"ANOTHER CHRISTENING, SOON, TERRY."

RETURNING FROM MARKET.

dispensary doctor for immediate medical attendance. The guardians are elected by the ratepayers of each poor-law "union," and the dispensary doctor is elected by the guardians, who have the privilege of issuing "red tickets" to those who are too poor to pay doctors' fees. If the doctor fails to act on the tickets he is popularly supposed to be in danger of losing his job and his salary, but this he rarely or never does, for the investigations held by that high shrine of red-tape officialism, the Irish Local Government Board, are usually profound farces. But to be just to the average Irish dispensary doctor, he is diligent in his duties.

The guardian entered the half-way house and he and the doctor took a drink together. They talked on the weather, the crops, the price of stock, the Boer war, the United League and finally the broken windows of the dispensary.

"For heaven's sake get them glazed, Tom," urged the doctor; "it's not alone the damage to the medicine, but I'll take my death of cold coming on the winter."

"Well I'll do what I can, doctor," reluctantly said the guardian, with a portentous nod of his head, but 'tis little expinse I can approve of, with everybody watchin' me like a cat watchin' a

WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

mouse, and the rates six and ninepence in the pound on Ballybroony."

"Did you want to see me, Mrs. Duffy?" to a woman who hesitatingly entered, smiling and blushing prodigiously.

"No, indeed, Misther Mullarkey—'tis the docthor. Sure I beg pardon for inthrudin', but its lucky and in time he came, seein' that he's just wanted over at Tom Flynn's."

"Faith, it's about time," remarked the guardian.

"Is it a boy or a child, Kitty?" inquired the doctor.

"Bad manners to you, doctor, but you're pleasant. You'll be the first to to know that same, if you hurry. The mother-in-law is waiting for you down the road."

With brief leave-taking the doctor re-entered his antique trap and drove on. He met a man and his wife riding on their horse from market.

"Hullo, Mick, so you're up and well again?"

"That's what I am, doctor, thank you kindly."

"I suppose that bottle I sent you did you a lot of good?"

"In troth I suppose it would if I took it."

"He's that stiff-necked, docthor, that he wouldn't take his good medicine," explained the woman, "and if he's better, it's more by good luck than good guidance. But never mind," she added apologetically, "he'll be sick again soon, and then I'll make him take it whether he likes it or not." And the couple jogged along.

By the roadside, about a quarter of a mile on, a typical old Irish mother was waiting for the doctor, a peasant woman, but even stately in her white cap and blue cloak, her face grave and furrowed with the long, hard, honest battle of life—the kind of woman Grainne O'Malley, queen of the western sea, might have been in her old age.

"Good evenin', and God save you kindly, doctor," she said. "It's the very welcome man you are indeed. I'm waiting for you."

"THE GOSSOON IS LOOKING DELICATE."

MOUNTAIN HOSPITALITY.

"Just a minute, ma'am," he said, and he approached a woman whose wheel was whirring busily, her young children looking quietly on. The doctor loved children, but in some instances the feeling was not reciprocated: there is a natural juvenile prejudice against a man who vaccinates one and gives one nasty-tasting medicine.

"Fine little girl, God bless them"—the benediction is customary, one might say obligatory, in peasant Ireland—"but the gossoon is looking delicate. Put out your tongue, my boy. Aha!"

"Indeed he's not feeling well lately, doctor," said the mother anxiously.

"Come over tomorrow to the dispensary and I'll give you something for him. And be sure you take it, Johnny. I knew a little boy once who wouldn't take his medicine, and his father put him out on a shovel in the back window, and the fairies took him clear away, and now he's out early every morning with the leprechauns, making brogues in the old fort at Pulaphouca."

A journey through a boortree-lined boreen and over a stretch of mountain road, fragrant with blossomed heather, his guide walking with quick, firm step, and chatting as she went.

The visit seemed to arouse special local interest. A stout grand-dame, holding her grandchild by the hand, intently viewed the pair as they passed and then remarked to a man sitting on a pile of turf:

"Another christening, soon, Terry."

A cabin among the rocks received our Esculapius and held him a considerable time, while a new life opened like a flower in that wild mountain glen. When the doctor emerged it

FRIENDS FROM TOWN.

was with a relieved look on his face. A neat housewife in spotless cap and apron hurled laughing blessings after him as he went, then turned to a boy loitering near:

"Run over for Mrs. Murphy. Sure it's himself's the proud man!"

There is more driving for our doctor ere the day is done, long and dreary driving on the road that winds like a white ribbon over the brown moors, while the bog-holes alongside that layer of gravel over elastic peat burst into ripples at the passage of his "old shandradan," as he calls it. It is a bleak life, a monotonous one; it would be productive of hypochondria but that habit has made it second nature. But there is a not infrequent gleam in the gloom, a welcome sensation of variety, as for instance when the two Irish mountain angels, neat and modest young girls who minister to the wayfarer at the hillside caravansary, inform him that there are tourists at the lake, and he is delighted to find that the said tourists are lively young friends from town who have driven out to visit him. And he giveth them boisterous greeting.

Such is the average daily routine of the Irish rural dispensary doctor, characteristic product of the country and the times.

He is usually a good doctor—but from remote times Ireland has been the country of good doctors, as we find if we incidentally trace his evolution. The celebrity of some of the very ancient ones runs into splendid legend. Thus, when King Nuada of the Tuatha de Dananns, lost his arm in the great battle of Moytura, in which 100,000 men fought for possession of Ireland, Credne, the king's artificer, made him an arm of silver,

which the physician Diancecht, whose name signifies "the god of curing," fashioned on by his surgical skill, the latter's son, Miach, subsequently improving it so that Nuada of the Silver Hand could use the artificial limb to grasp and hold—"infused feeling and motion into every joint and vein of it," says the ancient chronicle. And subsequently, in another great battle, Diancecht and his daughter and two sons prepared a great medicinal bath, with herbs gathered in Lusmagh (the plain of the herbs, in the present King's County), which healed the wounded warriors who plunged into it.

The fiery swordsmen of the Irish heroic age had their skilled physicians, and sadly they needed them most of the time. The ancient Irish called a physician liagh, or leech, whence the family of O'Lee, who were hereditary physicians to the O'Flahertys of Connemara, as were the O'Hickeys (O'h Icidhe, descendant of the healer) to the O'Briens, the O'Ferguses to the O'Malleys, the O'Shiels to the O'Neills and O'Donnells and the O'Cassidys to the Maguires. The office of family doctor to any of these old warlike clans was no sinecure; many were the gashed craniums to be stitched after a raid on or by the Englishry, and sore wounds and bruises to be poulticed. That the liaghs gave their patients close care is poetically vouched by that intense antiquarian, the late Sir Samuel Ferguson:

"Lee, the gentle-faced physician, from his herb-plot came, and said,
'Healing is with God's permission: health for life's enjoyment made:
And though I mine aid refuse not, yet, to speak my purpose plain,
I the healing art abuse not, making life enure to pain.
"So with herb and healing balsam, ere the second month was past,
Life's additions smooth and wholesome circling through his members vast,
As you've seen a sere oak burgeon under summer showers and dew,
Conall, under his chirurgeon, fill'd and flourish'd, spread and grew."

There was, according to the historian Keating, one treacherous doctor of the royal household who basely endeavored to do away with his illustrious patient. The great warrior, Thady of Munster, helped King Cormac the Long-haired to his crown, the king having promised Thady all the land he could encompass in his chariot on the day the battle was decided. The clangor of conflict had scarce died out ere Thady, although with three spear wounds gaping in his powerful body, ordered his charioteer to drive from the bloody field of Criona, in Meath, encircle the royal palace of Tara itself and push for Dublin, intending to make the best of his bargain. His charioteer driving too slow to please him he transfixed him with his spear and fell exhausted. The king now came up, and, suspecting Thady's design, gave him over with special directions, usual to many monarchs, to one of his court surgeons, who endeavored to fulfil his sovereign's idea by introducing into one of the prostrate champion's wounds an ear of barley, into the second a small black worm and into the third a rusty spearhead. In cruel torture Thady drifted towards the dark goal until a friend of his brought from Munster an eminent member of the faculty, who speedily ascertained why the distinguished patient's hurts were so slow in healing. How to relieve the wounds from their appalling, excoriating contents was the critical question. It was a desperate case and

required an heroic remedy. The sagacious practitioner directed that a ploughshare be made red hot; then with this fiery weapon in his hand he rushed furiously at the patient as if he would plunge it into his body. The surprised Thady bounded suddenly from his couch, the violence of the shock causing his wounds to discharge the causes of irritation. He r covered and lived happily, becoming ancestor of the O'Carrolls of Ely, the O'Meaghers, O'Haras, O'Garas, O'Caseys and O'Connors of Derry. This celebrated case, which perhaps may not be found in any of the standard medical works, is illustrative of the curative science in Ireland in the third century.

Joking apart, there are in the Irish museums, as Dr. Joyce says, several ancient medical manuscripts "containing elaborate treatises on the various types of diseases known in the times of the writers, with minute descriptions of symptoms, and carefully detailed directions on the methods of treatment. The office of physician was hereditary, like many other offices in the country; and these manuscripts were compiled by the several leech families, and handed down from father to son, each adding to the volume the most recent discoveries in the science, or the results of his own experience." These old volumes in the Royal Irish Academy and elsewhere, the results of the study and labor of men zealously devoted to their profession, are as strong evidence of ancient Irish civilization as the Book of Kells or the Cross of Cong.

The O'Shiels ranked high among the old Irish doctors. Some of them wrote "The Book of the O'Shiels," now in the Academy. Owen O'Shiel, author of "The Lily of Medicine," was the most famous physician in Ireland during the war with Cromwell. He arrived, however, too late to save the life of the famous Owen Roe O'Neill when that hero lay dying in Clough-oughter castle. He afterwards perished at the post of duty on the bloody field of Schear Saullis, near Letterkenny, where the ferocious Coote gave no quarter.

A healthy country Ireland, well equipped by nature in a sanitary way, especially in health-giving wells. The pagan Irish knew the excellent properties of those venerable springs, many of which St. Patrick and other saints afterwards blessed, as they deserved to be. Tubbernasool (the well of the eyes), Tubberanleise (the well of the cure), Tubbernawanny (the well of the warts), they are scattered all over the island, some chalybeate, some impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen, each having a reputation thousands of years old for the cure of general and particular ailments. Many of them are still frequented as in the days of Conn of the Hundred Battles, though the man of substance usually goes for his curative "flavor of flat irons" to a national health resort, such as Lisdoonvarna. The climate and the wells reduced materially the work of the old Irish doctor, but his surgical skill was in large and frequent demand owing to the numerous battles and forays. Phlebotomy was common in ancient and mediæval Ireland, but it was usually performed not with lancets, but with spears and battle-axes.

It is not on record that any Irish students attended the great medical school of Salerno, founded on the teachings of Moorish doctors such as Rhazes, Avicenna and Avenzoar, the

school which, in the eleventh century, first began to draw distinction between legitimate practice and quackery by issuing licenses to properly qualified physicians and surgeons and keeping supervision over apothecaries. Probably the Irish medico could study to just as good advantage at home, in some college of sage native liaghs. At any rate he was superior to the ignorant and dangerous Danish and Saxon leeches, armed with the ever-ready "œder seax," or vein knife, as they called the lancet, and their barbarous and degraded ideas on the subject of medicine. The Irish monks co-operated with the physicians in administering to the sick; every monastery was a dispensary, and still in the weed-grown gardens of the ancient ruined religious houses may be found medicinal herbs, telling their pathetic tale of the past. For the old practitioners were good herbalists and pharmacists; they extracted the juices of herbs and made decoctions, tinctures, potions, also salves and ointments. The healing properties of vervain and marshwort and of the Britannica, whether the great water dock or scurvy grass—remedies old as the Druids—were known to them, as also those of the plaintain or ribgrass, called in Irish slanlus, healherb. Their knowledge has tricklingly descended. They have been at rest for centuries and their learned tomes are almost as those of a dead language, but still, distantly inheriting the doctrines of these ancient Milesian votaries of Galen, the average old Irish peasant woman goes out on emergency in the boreen and returns with a handful of herbs—"'erbs," she calls them—to combat disease or ailment.

In the English colony they had their leeches, but they seemed to content themselves with the ordinary herbal remedies until Queen Elizabeth's time, when an English apothecary came over and established a drug store in Dublin. He was evidently of the type depicted by his contemporary, Shakespeare,

"In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him!"

The first Dublin apothecary outrivaled Shakespeare's dealer in drugs, for he would not only sell poisons but also administer them for a consideration. The English authorities, using the tactics they previously successfully exercised against Art MacMurrough and afterwards against Red Hugh O'Donnell, hired the newly arrived druggist to go down to the Black North and poison their great enemy, Shane O'Neill. He started out with the deadly package, but was unable to fulfil the contract.

An apothecary, by the way, exercised many of the functions of a doctor. Thus, from the records of Roscommon county:

"To Myles Casserly, apothecary, for his attendance and trouble in attending the flogging at Strokestown,

Knockcroghery and Castlerea, £5 13s. 9d."

The present brand of Irish doctor dates from the opening of Trinity College, Dublin, under the auspices of Queen Elizabeth, in 1593. Undertakers, as the English settlers were called, sent their sons there to study for the professions, but Catholics were barred. The monks, on the plunder of whose houses the college was founded and endowed, were succeeded as dispensary doctors by a new and different race. The O'Shiels, O'Lees and other hereditary native physicians passed gradually away, bequeathing their various secret "cures" to their descendants, some of whom exercise them to the present day and do so with remarkable success in cases of dropsy, cancer, hydrophobia and sundry other diseases with which modern medical science often fails to satisfactorily grapple. A century or two of penal laws against Catholics exterminated the fine old race of native doctors and produced the rustic quack and charlatan; but still, in many districts, the peasant prefers treatment by the strolling inoculator or phlebotomist; if he breaks his arm or clavicle he will send not for the "government doctor" but for the hereditary bonesetter.

The Irish College of Physicians was first incorporated in the reign of Charles II. William and Mary extended the charter, giving the society authority to summon all medical practitioners for examination, to inspect the shops and warehouses of apothecaries, druggists and chemists, and to destroy all articles for medical use which were found to be of bad quality. His majesty of Boyne Water fame was practical and democratic in some of his ideas. "I certainly wish you good health, my friend, but I wish you had better sense," he said to a man who knelt before him for his royal "healing touch" for the king's evil. They set up an equestrian statue of his majesty in front of Trinity College, and there it has stood for two hundred years. The students were supposed to be all good Orangemen, but nevertheless one June night in 1710 some of them "twisted the sword the statue had in one hand, wrested the truncheon from the other, daubed the face with dirt and offered to it many other indignities." Three students, Graffon, Vinicome and Harvey, were detected as the culprits. Their plea that they were in their cups and did it for a lark did not avail; they were fined, imprisoned and expelled the college. This is about the first recorded lark of a grotesque and illimitable series of larks which students, and especially medical students —who affect to consider themselves specially privileged humorists—have perpetrated in the Irish metropolis.

In 1784 was incorporated the Royal College of Surgeons for the purpose of establishing a "liberal and extensive system of surgical education." About $175,000 was expended in putting up the building, with its Doric columns and statues of Minerva, Esculapius and Hygeia, which fronts on Stephen's Green, Dublin, affording one of the chief points of interest in the city. Happy though awed the embryo esculapian who strolls for the first time through its grewsome museum, a forceps ostentatiously projecting from his vest pocket and some human bones for study in a parcel under his arm.

Despite the Tory and anti-Irish in-

fluences which have ever surrounded and tried to dominate it the faculty in Ireland has been remarkably patriotic. From Dr. Charles Lucas, one of the first of the English colony to plead the cause of Ireland, to Dr. Denis Dowling Mulcahy, who died some months ago, the Irish medical profession has produced innumerable able and brilliant men, ardent and practical lovers of liberty and humanity. Some of them paid for their principles with their lives. As a consequence of the rising of 1798 Dr. Esmond was hanged in Dublin and Dr. Barrett at Ballina. The principles of Dr. Emmet were inherited by his noble son. Dr. William Drennan was an ardent revolutionary poet, as was in later years Dr. Richard D'Alton Williams, and as was Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce. In the office of the famous old "Nation" newspaper one could get a sound medical advice or a prescription as readily as an editorial or a poem. In Land League days the Irish doctors were well represented among the suspects in Kilmainham prison.

In fine he is a prince of good fellows, the Irish doctor. The stethoscope reveals in him a sound heart in the right place. And he is very close to the people.

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## EVENING SONG.

(From the German of Hoffman von Fallerleben.—Abendlied.)

BY EDMUNDA FIELD.

Night again descendeth!
From the wooded crest,
Peace is wafted downward,
And the world's at rest.

Only the brook gusheth
From the rocks away,
Roareth it and rusheth
Ever and a day.

And no evening bringeth
Peace to it and rest,
Not a bell, that ringeth
Quiet to its breast.

So in all thy striving,
Soul of mine, thou art;
God alone, at evening,
Quieteth the heart.

# EDWARDEN'S CHRISTMAS GUEST.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

Edwarden sloped from a green hill gently down toward the blue lake. The land had a score of undulations and ripples which made it more picturesquely beautiful than many statelier places. It was a home, in the best sense of the word, for comfort reigned supreme and "style," fashion or any other fetich, set up by the "Summer folk" who frequented the shores of Lake Lawaska, folded gorgeous pinions, while the white-winged dove, peace, brooded over Edwarden. This was perhaps due to the fact that the charming mistress of the place had all her life lived in an atmosphere of elegance and knew that "style" went for naught and that charm existed only in the perfect exponent of one's personality.

Moreover there is everything in an assured position, and Mrs. Horace Henderson—a d'Aulnay before her marriage—came of an old, wealthy family and needed not to assure people of her position in society.

Like the "divine right of kings," of Tudor fame, it was hers by "ordinary generation" and kept by a delightful personality. So Edwarden was replete with culture, and pleasant home-likeness, rather than bristling with the ostentation of the nouveau riche.

Upon the walls were prints of Madonna and saints, rich art gems, garnered from foreign shores, yet not merely that, for when a visitor—lorgnette in hand—eyed the superb San Sisto" and the "San Antonio" of Maestro Murillo, and said, "Ah! souvenirs of a trip abroad, I presume," Mrs. Henderson answered with bland serenity, "Yes—but more to us perhaps. You know my people are Catholics for generations. Saints are saints to us, not merely artistic models."

The Catholic atmosphere pervaded the place yet nowhere was it unpleasantly in evidence, and indeed, so delightful was Edwarden that invitations there were eagerly sought after and seldom refused.

Unlike most fashionable people, the family called their country-place "home," going to the town house for three months of the year only, although their spacious house in the pleasant Western city by the lake was delightful.

At Christmas there was always a gay house-party at Edwarden, and Clarissa Leighton—Mrs. Henderson's dearest friend—always looked forward to the country Christmas as one of the year's pleasantest spots.

She was a charming girl. The general public sometimes failed to realize it, but women who knew her said "She's such a dear!" and men found her gentle presence restful. Not a beauty perhaps, but her shining brown hair waved softly from a broad, white forehead; her great brown eyes were wistfully sweet, and her nature was so genuinely lovely that a beautiful soul lent radiance to her face. Rome was not built in a day and she had not achieved this poise in an instant. There was plenty of pride and temper within her and a sad heart beat under the calm exterior. She had loved

John Weston devotedly, but her people thought her too young to marry a man with the uncertain prospects of a naval officer, and a little misunderstanding had occurred just before he was ordered off upon a three years' cruise. It was one of those tiresome pranks of Fate—evil thing which seems to mock at happiness!—a letter miscarried so that the answer came too late, and such things leave a scar upon sensitive souls which it is difficult to heal.

Then there came a story about him. Not a pleasant story, and the aunt with whom she lived since her parents' death—a fashionable woman to whom what the world said meant very much—had sternly bade her put him out of her life and thoughts. In the strength of her girlish trust and faith she had written him a sturdy little letter: "I believe nothing against you, John—nothing," she had cried impulsively. "I will never believe that you are untrue until you tell me with your own lips. 'There are no tricks in plain and simple faith' and I believe in you. CLARISSA."

That was all, and to its text she firmly adhered; though hearing nothing, receiving not even the ghost of an answer, horrid doubt tugged at her heart-strings, despair was well-nigh her guest.

That was three years before, and she had heard no word and Christmas seemed to bring her no good cheer. This Christmas they were to have spent together and at the New Year—ah! her heart almost broke as she remembered how he had whispered, "St. Joseph will give you to me at the New Year, my dearest!"

Had St. Joseph forgotten her? Truly so it seemed, though she had prayed as diligently as that little "Colette" within the dragon-guarded French chateau. "Patience," she murmured to herself, as she sat by the sunny window of the bright morning-room at Edwarden two weeks before Christmas. "All things come to those who will but wait, and I can wait forever, if need be. When I am good enough for happiness the good God will send it."

At that moment there came a scream from the shore of the lake and in a moment she had sprung to her feet and run down the path to the pier.

"She's in the Lake! Kitty—Oh!" cried little Tom, the four-year-old son of the house, and Clarissa saw a golden head bob up from the waves, then disappear. In an instant she was in the water, caught the child and managed to swim to shore, where she sank, exhausted—the little girl safe and sound.

When assistance came and Kitty was borne away sobbing excitedly, Miss Leighton was found to have hurt her ankle and the doctor looked grave and insisted upon perfect rest for at least a week.

Plenty of books and pleasant chat whiled away a few days and at the week's end she was able to hobble about, though care was still needed.

"Clarissa," said Mrs. Henderson one morning, as she came into her guest's room, with a worried expression upon her usually calmly beautiful face, "Horace wants me to go in today to see about Christmas presents, and take Kitty to the doctor. She has seemed droopy and unlike herself for several days."

"Go, of course," said Clarissa brightly. "I've no end of pleasant

things to read and I shall not be lonely."

So she was left to herself and the day passed pleasantly enough, for she was not one to "mope" and knew not those "blues" which, to a well regulated mind, are but selfish indulgence. Toward evening, however, she grew a little lonely. Something seemed in the air, portents of evil omen, and her heart grew sick with fear as the maid came, bringing an ominous yellow envelope.

"Telegram, Miss," she said, and Miss Leighton opened it hesitatingly.

"Kitty has measles. Must keep her here on account of Tom. What will you do?

"ELISA HENDERSON.

"Dec. 20, 189—."

It took her but a moment to write the reply:

"Will stay here with Tom. Do not worry about me.

"CLARISSA LEIGHTON."

Of course there was nothing else to be done. With her lame ankle she couldn't go to town, and at any rate Mrs. Henderson would feel far easier if she knew her boy was with her friend. The house-keeper managed everything and there was no care, but it was lonely!

She sighed a little, then glanced up at the dainty little statue of St. Joseph. The kindly face beamed down upon her and gave her courage. She loved St. Joseph: had loved him ever since her convent days, when she was converted to the Faith. She smiled as she thought of her hostess' joking remark that she always put her unmarried guests in St. Joseph's room and he took care of them, for many happy matches were made under her roof.

"Dear old St. Joseph, I wish you'd comfort me," Clarissa sighed, adding under her breath, "And oh! take care of my 'Somebodie' and bring him safely home. Make him happy if I am not."

"Miss Clarissa," the house-keeper said—servants always adored Clarissa—"have you any bits of things you'd like to give me to make a Christmas for the lodge-keeper's children? Their mother died in the summer and I'm afraid it's not much they'll be having," and good Mrs. Morton looked sad.

"Yes, indeed," cried Clarissa, interested at once. "How many are there?"

"Only eight, Miss, even boys and girls and all under twelve. The baby died with its mother, or its nine Boggles would have had."

"Only eight!" exclaimed Clarissa. "Boggles—oh, it's just like the Birds' Christmas Carol. I will play that these are the 'Ruggleses in the rear' and give them a Christmas tree. Ask the gardener if he can get me one, and I'll send in to town for all sorts of things. You're a dear good Morton to give me something to do."

Mrs. Morton smiled knowingly. She had not lived at Edwarden all these years without knowing her mistress' guest and she had divined the way to amuse Miss Leighton, knowing that an appeal to her kind heart would awaken her to interest.

The days seemed all too short till Christmas. There was pop-corn to be popped and strung; bright cranberries to be threaded, rings of paper to be made into chains, and then a delightful box from the city to be unpacked and sorted. At last came

Christmas Eve. The lodge-keeper's little sitting room was bright with light, and Clarissa limped about, very lovely in a deep red gown, very happy in the joy she was giving to others. The little tree was gay with candles and paper flowers; white pop-corn wreathes and cranberry streamers festooned it; gay tissue-paper fairy-like figures poised upon its branches; candy and oranges gleamed here and there, and in the little crib at its base St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother, holy guests at the first Christmas, adored the peace-bringing Babe of Bethlehem. All was ready, and with a happy smile upon her lovely face, Miss Leighton leaned back in a huge chair to watch the children's faces.

In they came, eight demure little figures, and after one quick glance and a delighted "Oh!" they stood quite silent in a solemn row.

"Speak your piece now, for the lady who has given you all this," said their father, and eight little voices, in a singing song rang out—

"Christmas comes but once a year—,
When it comes it brings good cheer!
We're all glad we're here—
Hurrah for Miss Clarissa!"

The last line rang out in a shout which made the welkin ring, and Clarissa, laughing and blushing, thanked the children and gave them their toys and candy, easing her own sad heart with pleasing them. So absorbed was she that she did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps crunching the hard, crisp snow, nor did she see a face at the window; a face which flashed for a moment into the bright light, then disappeared with a strangely wistful look of longing in the deep blue eyes, as they fell upon the girl as she sat in the glow of the firelight, a little child nestling in her arms, the other children clustering happily about her.

At last she arose to go as the housekeeper's voice from the doorway said, "Miss Clarissa, will you come back to the house, please! It will be a surprise to you, but your aunt has come."

"Auntie!" exclaimed the girl. "How delightful. Help me, please, Mrs. Morton," and she limped across the intervening space to the house.

In the lovely, bright drawing room she found her aunt and greeted her warmly.

"How good of you to come to me, dear auntie. My Christmas would have been so lonely. Only the children and St. Joseph," she laughed gaily.

"St. Joseph—oh yes. I remember that is your great devotion," said her aunt, adding, "I could not bear to think of your being here alone at Christmas, and then, I came to tell you something, dear," she hesitated.

"Clarissa, you remember that story we heard about John Weston."

Clarissa interrupted passionately—"Ah, do not speak to me of that tonight! I was trying so hard to be happy!" The pain in her tones was pitiful.

"But my child"—her aunt's voice was very tender, yet she would not allow her to continue.

"Don't auntie, I cannot bear it!" she said very low. "It is not true; that story could never be true of the John Weston I knew and loved."

"It is not true!" quite a different voice rang out full and clear, and she started, scarce believing her eyes as she saw him before her, older, graver, but with the same dear eyes and smiling lips. She spoke no word, she only

looked at him as if to read his very soul, then, with a little glad sigh she stretched out her hands toward him,

"Faithful found among the faithless," he murmured, as he held her close to him, close as if he never again would let her go.

"You must thank St. Joseph for me," she said, as they sat alone, before the fire next day, the Mass over, and the sweet Christmas bells chiming through the air. "Of course I've always loved you, dear, but somehow I felt St. Joseph would bring it out all right, and it made me patient."

"Little saint," he touched the soft hair gently with his fingers, "Your faith in me was wonderful. Everything was against me and how could you or any one suspect that the story about me was only made up to injure me. I never knew about it until I was half way around the world. I did not hear from you and at last received a letter from your aunt, insisting that you should think no longer of a man with a sullied name. I supposed you acquiesced in this and I ate my heart out in bitterness at your unfaith. Only when I returned to Washington did I find your letter, dearest; lying there for months because of carelessness. I hurried to find you, and when your aunt heard my story she agreed to bring me to you at once. I saw you, there in the keeper's lodge—the children all about you, and I can never leave you again until you are mine. Sweetheart, will you come to me soon, and, as we used to plan, be St. Joseph's New Year's gift?"

And Clarissa blushed and smiled as she said playfully, yet sweetly, too, "The rule of Edwarden is that the will of a guest is law—so I can refuse you nothing, dear Christmas guest!"

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## I WAIT THE NIGHT.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

Dark rose the morn, the trailing mists all gray,
Rolled from the sea, enrobing vale and hill
In tattered garments; every mountain rill
Roared in its channel; voiceless every spray;
Sweet flowerets budded, but to fade away
In early death, amid the o'erpowering chill;
O death seemed welcome to my heart, until
God shot a beam of sunshine thro' the day.

Lo! now the clouds break, scattering thro' the sky;
The mists arise in silver fair and white;
And budding roses bright their leaves unfold;
Birds sing among the trees; my heart beats high;
Illumed with hope, I wait the coming night,
While sets the sun 'mid clouds of splendorous gold.

# THE POWER OF SACRED LEGEND.

BY OLIVE LOGAN.

Delightful indeed was the prospect of a trip in a southeasterly direction from Paris, passing by Melun, Dijon, Pontarlier, and other renowned old places on our way to Switzerland. Burgundy had hitherto been but a geographical expression to all of us, and to tread upon the very soil of the ancient province, to converse with natives who had never been afar from it, to partake of the strange dishes peculiar to the locality, were all circumstances which gave zest to the projected journey. None of our party had ever seen Burgundy, therefore the charm of novelty existed for us all. Who were we? A party of six—four Americans, and two French persons. Witty, well-dressed, well-to-do, fascinating in manner, polite, free-handed in the little financial occurrences of sight-seeing, Monsieur and Madame Lamoureux were certainly charming companions, as long as the deeper topics of human existence were left untouched. The young couple were disciples of that Parisian creed of scoffing and derision which is considered at once witty and sensible by the irreverent of the French capital, and their highest ambition seemed to be to utter some jest on sacred topics which, to quote Shakespeare, "made the judicious grieve."

After leaving Dijon we stopped at a small village called Montrocher. The entire region was full of novelty and charm, and the time spent in this quaint old Burgundy hamlet was full to the brim with enjoyment derived from observation of its ancient walks and ways. A local guide, a loquacious, middle-aged man, named Bernard, was engaged to show us all the attractions of the place. It was this worthy who declared that our lordships and our ladyships would fail in our duty to ourselves as sightseers, if we neglected to visit St. Christopher's Altar.

With his usual courtesy Monsieur Lamoureux undertook the task of providing for our conveyance to the mountainous spot upon which the altar was situated, and within less than an hour from the time Bernard made his suggestion, two carriages were drawn up at the door of the village inn. The vehicles were driven by postillions who sat astride the heavy horses, their accoutrements decked with merry, jingling bells. The postillions were little men, seemingly about twenty years of age, dressed in a picturesque costume, with high boots, buckskin knee breeches, and velvet jackets covered with buttons and embroidery. There were four horses to each carriage, and after we were safely ensconced in these roomy conveyances, Bernard closed the doors and jumped up on the box of the forward one. With a shrill cry of "Hé, là-bas!" from the postillions, the rattling of the horses' bells, the cracking of whips, and a shower of sous which Mr. Lamoureux flung to the beggars who were assembled, off we went on our trip to St. Christopher. It was a lovely day in May; warm, with just enough breeze to make it pleasant, and with the sun shining brightly on

the cultivated fields of France. We were all in high spirits, and the drive was only too short. At the foot of a rather steep hill the postillions pulled up, and announced St. Christopher's Altar. Leaving the carriages, we made the ascent of the hill on foot, but when we had reached the summit there was no altar in sight. Bernard, however, now approached with a young peasant girl who, he said, would lead us to the altar, and tell us its legend. After a tortuous walk of some fifteen minutes' duration we arrived at the sacred spot. We found the altar to be a great upright block of granite, hewn in a rough niche at the further side of the mountain. Inside the niche was a rude carving, which was almost effaced by the long warring of the elements. It was protected by an iron grating, for, poor as it was, in an artistic point of view, the sculptured story of St. Christopher was absolutely sacred to the people of Montrocher. No sacrilegious hand had ever touched it, and the suggestion made by one of us to make a sketch of it was coldly objected to by the worthy Bernard. The peasant girl, who told us that her name was Marie, devoutly crossed herself as she neared the shrine, and, turning to us, requested us to do the same. In these secluded French villages all the inhabitants are Catholics, therefore Marie's suggestion was only natural. But there was hesitation on the part of M. and Madame Lamoureux; whereupon Bernard said to Marie, in a low voice, "You must not ask them to do that, 'mon enfant; they will not. They are kind people, and pay liberally. But they are heathens, pagans, infidels!

"Infidels! ah yes," replied the innocent, unlettered girl, with a shudder of horror; "I have heard of those. They eat people, do they not?"

"Infidels and cannibals are not altogether similar," observed Mr. Lamoureux in a mocking voice; "I care neither for the one nor the other, but I have no doubt that nice, young girls taste very good in a pot-pie." The maiden was utterly oblivious of the shafts of his satire; and raising her eyes heavenwards she began her story, standing in a graceful attitude, with her hand resting upon the altar, her whole posture expressing devotion, while we reclined at ease on the grass at her feet. What struck us as very singular was that her language in reciting the sacred legend was that of an educated person, and was entirely devoid of the patois which is the usual language of the peasantry.

"You must know," she began, in a low voice, "that many hundred years ago there lived a great giant who was also a pagan, and whose name was Christopher. He was stronger than any man whom the world had ever seen. He was proud, too, wickedly proud; so proud that he left the village where he was born, to seek the mightiest king who then reigned, to become his servant, that all the world might say 'Behold the mighty king! Behold his powerful servant!' After much seeking among the mighty, Christopher at last found the mightiest king, in his camp in the East, where the sun shines hot, and the date grows wild. 'You are the conqueror of nations?' asked Christopher. 'I am,' replied the king. 'Then take me into your service, for I will serve none but the mightiest of earth.' 'That then,

am I,' returned the king, 'for truly, I fear none.'

"And so they went abroad together, conquering cities, laying waste fields, devastating the land; and Christopher was proud. Only one thing troubled him. He observed that whenever any one pronounced the name of Satan the king turned pale, and muttering a few Latin words, hastily made the sign of the cross. 'Why do you do that?' asked Christopher one day. 'Who is Satan?' 'He is a wicked monarch,' replied the king, 'wicked but powerful.' 'More powerful than you?' 'Aye, verily.' 'And do you fear him?' 'That do I—and so do all.' 'Villain! you have deceived me,' retorted Christopher, angrily. 'Here I leave you. I serve none but the mightiest, and henceforth Satan shall be my master.'

"Christopher had no difficulty in finding Satan. Everywhere he met people who had given themselves over to his rule; and one day he came upon the King of Evil himself, mounted on a great black horse, from whose nostrils issued fire. Seeing all this greatness Christopher prostrated himself to the earth, and cried out 'Master, take me! I am thine.'

"Ah, yes, indeed, this king was powerful. He found victims everywhere. He conquered the strongest, but did not disdain to practise his arts upon the weak and lowly. He sent Christopher to them with the gamblers' dice, and thus fell many into sin; he went himself with the wine cup, and the lost in this way were counted by thousands. In the midst of their rioting, when Christopher's glory was at its height, they met a poor old hermit whom they tried to tempt; but he boldly defied Satan, and bade him begone, in Christ's name, and at the mere mention of this simple word, the mighty Satan fled.

"'Who is this Christ?' asked the astonished Christopher of the old hermit. 'One whom you will never know,' returned the good man, 'until you give over your evil ways.' 'And is he mighty?' 'Aye, the mightiest of the mighty.' 'Then I am his servant. Show him to me.' 'Prove that you want him, by the purity of your life, and the goodness of your deeds, and some day he will come to you.'

"So Christopher built himself a hut on the banks of a river, a turbulent stream, and he employed his great strength in carrying over all the weary wayfarers who desired to cross these rushing waters. He did this without reward of any kind save their words of thanks; and thus, by the gentle path of charity, came purity into the wicked giant's heart. One night when the wind was howling dismally, and the wild river became more swollen than ever, Christopher flung himself down on the boards of his hut to sleep. But he heard a voice outside calling 'Christopher, Christopher!' and going out, he saw a fair boy-child who besought him to carry him across the river. Gently lifting the boy on his shoulders Christopher stepped bravely out into the rushing stream. Suddenly all grew black. The rain fell in torrents, the river rolled in waves higher than the giant's head; and for the first time in his life, Christopher knew what it was to fear. 'What is this,' cried he. 'Can it be that my strength is failing me? Must I perish here in this raging stream, and with thee, too, my poor young child?'

'Fear not,' answered the child, 'I will protect thee.' 'Thou!' cried Christopher. 'Who then, art thou?' 'I am thy master, Christ!' The storm ceased; and the waters calmed. They reached the shore in safety; and about the head of the child came a halo of light, throwing glorious rays which seemed to shed warmth even into Christopher's very heart. While the giant was gazing in astonishment, the child spoke in a voice of sweeter music than any Christopher had ever heard, saying 'Thy task is done, good Christopher. Be now at peace in thy Master's loving heart. Henceforth I am thy King.' Then Christopher fell down on his knees in thankfulness, and from that day forth the good giant served Christ most faithfully."

As she uttered these words the peasant girl sank also on her knees, and crossing her hands on her breast, she gazed upwards toward the heavens with a glance of devotion which seemed to indicate that she herself could see the hallowed Being of whom she spoke. So rapt was she, and so beautiful in her chaste fervor, that we hesitated long before breaking the spell.

"But what became of Christopher?" asked Madame Lamoureux, in a gentle voice.

"Christ cared for him, and made him a saint," replied the maiden.

We now examined the carving, with deep interest. It represented a tall man crossing the river, with a child upon his back. Marie called our attention to the sweet smile which played on the features of the child-Saviour. Rude as was the workmanship, still this was lovely.

Our drive home was very quiet. The bells jingled, the whips cracked, the postillions cried "Hé là-bas," the same as when we came; but in our hearts was the subdued calm of peace and love, which has no room for discourse.

We never heard another word of scoffing from the lips of our gay, young Parisian friends.

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## PRAYER.

BY MABEL M. LENT.

Prayer:—It is a voiced thought;
A wingèd inspiration of the Soul:
A spirit-breath with sweet petition fraught,
Rising in spaceless flight to heaven—it's goal.

# GLEANINGS FROM BOSSUET.

## SOME SECULAR SAYINGS.

BY F. M. CAPES.

With what force and vigor the Bishop of Meaux can denounce what he disapproves of in spiritual and moral matters, and how pithy are some of his miscellaneous brief sayings, has been shown in a former paper. We propose now to illustrate his utterances of a somewhat different nature, by one or two specimens of what—though coming, in his writings, under the designation of nothing more elaborate than "thoughts"—may almost be called very short essays, on subjects not immediately spiritual. Most of these pronouncements are connected more or less directly with the public welfare, and the relation of man and his conduct to the State; and a striking proof of the breadth and far-reaching character of Bossuet's genius is afforded by the way in which he applies to the special conditions of his own period principles and language of universal importance and convincingness.

It is no easy task to choose amongst the collection before us, especially when space limits the choice to a brief one:—so full of depth and acuteness are all these sayings. But amongst them all, perhaps nothing could more interest our readers than to see how the Court Preacher, an intimate of princes, speaks of the duties of a sovereign, in a passage which we think may be fairly called Baconian for its condensation of thought and analytic mode of expression. His view of the royal office is necessarily somewhat different to the present one, is indeed in some respects nearer to Shakespeare's than to our own; consequently his terminology differs a little from what a modern writer would use; but this in no wise lessens the interest of his doctrine.

### "Of Kings and those in High Place."

"A King should act as though God were present before him. He cannot actually see Him in person, but he should ever behold Him in His works, just as the whole extent of the King's own domains should recognize his presence in his various transactions. The Majesty of God should be all the more present to him that he bears within himself a more vivid and august image of It than do other men.

"A king has two duties to fulfill:—at home, to administer justice himself and to see that it is administered by his representatives; and abroad, to keep faith when he has given his word, but to be very careful what he promises, for 'there is that promiseth, and is pricked as it were with a sword of conscience.' (Prov: xii. 18.)

"To govern wisely, a prince must follow the Preacher's advice, and judge of his subjects' dispositions by his own. (Ecclias: xxxi. 18.) He must act towards private persons just as he would wish them to do towards him, were they rulers and he a private individual. But princes find it very difficult to compare themselves with others. They believe everything to be due to them; whereas in fact much more is due from them to others than vice versa. They frequently say, in their hearts

and by their conduct, 'I am, and besides me there is no other.' (Is: xlvii. 10.) God chastises the unjust acts of kings after their death.

"Justice in a sovereign requires firmness and uniformity. There are three virtues that should characterize justice which may be called her sisters:—constancy, prudence, and mercy. The first strengthens her will to follow the law; the second helps her to discern the truth; the third enables her to bear with weaknesses, and teaches her on occasion to soften the rigor of the law.

"It is grander to be conquered by justice than to triumph by force; for when we are overcome by justice, reason triumphs in us—and reason is the chief part of our being. Kings are then only kings when they submit themselves to the rule of justice, because, as Plato says, 'the glory of a reign consists in the love of equity.'

"A prince should make conquests in his own State by winning his people to himself, and by uprooting their vices, and so winning them to God. Example will often change the people of a nation by forming them to virtue, when laws would be merely oppressive remedies affording no consolation.

"There are certain enemies against whom princes never think of drawing the sword—I mean flatterers. A sovereign does not think of being on his guard against these; and yet they are his nearest foes, and an especial trial to his virtues. A king should soar above praise;—should not even be touched by it, except in so far as he has reason to fear blame. People handle the great tenderly, when they want indirectly to instil into their minds their own motives of hatred or revenge.

"If those in high places are often unjust it is because they know not how to apply to themselves that primary law of natural equity, 'do not to others what you would not have them do to you':—because they imagine their own rights to be unlimited, because their pride will not consent to being put on an equality with others. To reach such an equality they would have to come down in spirit, so as to put themselves in the place of the weak, and so doing to find out what they would like in that condition; but they cannot make up their minds to think of themselves as of little worth or as belonging to the insignificant. Nevertheless, it is in this that true greatness consists. Men in high place are raised above others that they may provide for their needs, and enter into reasonable grounds of opposition to tyranny."

"THE OLD TIMES WERE BEST."

# BOSTON COMMON.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

I.

LOVELY in Spring, with fresh, green graces crowned —
Oh! lovely as a bride
Is this famed spot, proud Boston's chiefest pride —
Her brow, with holy wreaths of history bound,
Still raying inspiration far and wide,
The Common — Freedom's resting, rallying ground!
Serene, with many an undulation soft,
She spreads her beauty round,
Prone mead and swelling mound,
Majestic trees tossing glad arms aloft.
As in a dream she lies
Under the vernal skies —
An isle of heavenly calm in a sea of human sound!

II.

Lovely in Summer, lovelier than a maid,
With a young-matron spell,
At noontide — or at moontide — on the mall
In chequered sunshine — or in silvered shade —
How sweet the tale of life she seems to tell
By groups of artless couples unafraid;
Or merry children, sprawling on the grass;
Or games by schoolboys played,
Bold fellows, ne'er dismayed
By aught the Future yet may bring to pass!
O Life, Love, Youth and Joy,
O Child and Girl and Boy,
The Common now for ye in glory is arrayed!

III.

Lovely in Autumn, with a mellow grace,
When yellow, red and brown
The leaves in eddies of the breeze twirl down—
Most like Man's various-visaged, restless race
Whose agitations rest shall some day crown—
How potent still in beauty is the place,
This plaza of the people! If the breeze
Now for a little space
Harbors a minor trace
Of grief in its light music, as one sees
Leaf dancing after leaf,
'Tis but a passing grief
And full of charm remains The Common's open face.

IV.

Lovely in Winter, though the cold winds blow
And the gray trees protest
With gaunt, bare arms against such rough unrest:

Or droop like mutes under a pall of snow;
Or, mailed in ice, with many a crystal crest
Gleam, glimmer, glister to the sun's pale glow.
But look, look upward! Through the day and night
Over life's ebb and flow
Yon spire now seems to show
A steadfast symbol like a pharos bright;
And Beacon's Hill of Fame
Flings down a golden flame
To where the ice-bound elms their spectral shadows throw.

V.

O always lovely, both in eye and thought,
Haunted and holy place,
Where to a cruel mob, with quiet grace,
Brave Mary Dyer the martyr's lesson taught,
Laying down life to raise the human race!
O playground, where the patriot urchins fought
The ruffian Britishers with balls of snow,
Each turf of thine is wrought
Of memories which naught
Can wither—till that generous, youthful glow
Out of the general heart
Forever shall depart
And The Common's breezes cease with Freedom to be fraught.

RYDAL MOUNT. WORDSWORTH'S HOME.

# WORDSWORTH'S HOME.

BY E. M. LOVEJOY.

Sentiment? Perhaps, but does any one hold it in contempt? Heaven pity the grey waste of such a soul! If it is mere sentiment that makes the mother hug to her breast the tiny shoe moulded to the foot of her dead darling, that makes thousands of people sacrifice time and money to look upon the places where those whose writings have ennobled and cheered them once dwelt and talked with God and Nature, and to stand by their last resting-places in veneration and love, then it is mere sentiment that awakens some of the sweetest and holiest impulses of our being. Call it sentiment, morbid curiosity, or whatever you please, the fact remains, that great numbers of people find pleasure and comfort in this way.

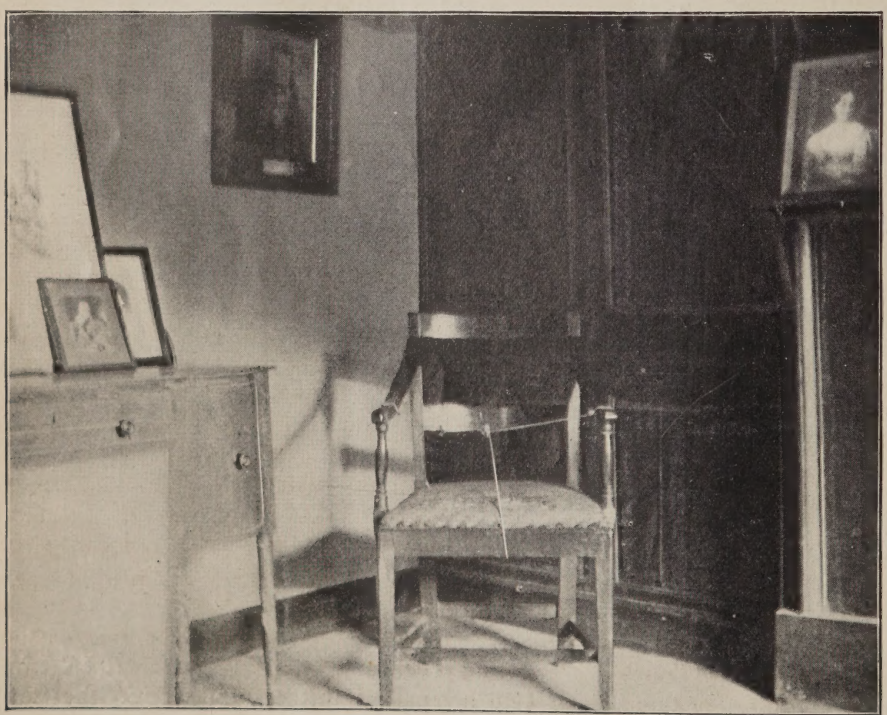
Possibly no poet except Shakespeare draws so many to the scenes amidst which he lived and wrote as Wordsworth. The varied loveliness and grandeur of the scenery in the Lake District, when once known, would suffice of itself to attract all lovers of nature. But there is a subtler magnetism, a spirit of poetry hovering about the jagged peaks that look majestically down upon their own heads imaged in the beautiful, transparent waters, and about the mists and clouds that come and go like

phantoms in the air, which affects one as does the solemn stillness of a mighty forest, where one fancies he hears the impalpable footsteps of the genii of the wood.

Loveliest of all the lakes on a clear sunny morning, looking with purest face into the blue arch above, is Rydal Water. Rydal Mount, where the poet lived after 1813, is situated at the southern end of this lake in Grasmere Vale. It is now occupied by his great-grand-daughter, and is not open to the general public. This is not so much to be regretted, as it was in Dove Cottage at the "North-end" of Grasmere that Wordsworth did his best work, as it is generally estimated. The house in Hawkshead, where he lived as a school-boy, and ate of the scanty fare provided by the "Dame, so kind and motherly," has its own special interest and traditions, but Dove Cottage that takes the deepest hold upon the affections of the most of his admirers.

This cottage is approached by a narrow lane, and stands opposite a temperance hotel. Close by the hotel lives the woman who has charge of the cottage. Here Wordsworth lived with his sister Dorothy from 1799 to 1813. He married Mary Hutchinson in 1802. His feelings upon settling here are recorded in The Recluse:

"On Nature's invitation do I come,
By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice mislead,
That made the calmest, fairest spot of earth,
With all its unappropriated good
My own; and not mine only, for with me



DOROTHY'S ROOM, DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE. CHAIR SEAT WORKED BY HER.

RYDAL WATER.

Entrenched, say rather peacefully embowered,
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,
A younger orphan of a home extinct,
The only daughter of my parents dwells."

His great love for Dorothy and the inspiration she was to him are confessed in the following lines:

* * * "Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang.
The thought of her was like a flash of light,
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Of fragrance independent of the Wind."

So close was this companionship a visitor to the cottage is unable to dissociate the two, while remaining n "That humble Roof embowered among the trees."

The house sits in a bank, a garden and an orchard being in the rear of it. One enters a small porch with a wicker seat across one corner, and next passes into a small narrow entry, which opens into the "kitchen-sitting room," as the guardian of the house names it. The door opening into the entry is made of old, rough oak boards. It is hung with long rusty hinges, and has an old-fashioned iron latch. On one side of the room, which served as kitchen and sitting-room for the family, is a fireplace with two shelves. The one window facing the lane is deep, and has a curtain in imitation of the one the Wordsworths had. Opposite the fireplace is a door leading into Dorothy's room, and beside this door a low oaken desk where visitors register.

Dorothy's room has one window facing the lane, and opposite it a light oaken desk with pictures of Words-

worth and Dorothy, and crayon drawings of Rydal Mount. On the wall to the right is DeQuincy's picture. As he occupied this cottage for twenty years, and as no further reference will be made to his home, it may not be amiss to quote here a charming picture which he gives of his life there. This is his description: "Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. Make it populous with books, and furthermore, paint me a good fire. . . . And near the fire paint me a tea-table; and place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray; and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal teapot . . . for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's." It will be readily understood that this lovely tea-maker was his wife, who would need to be a goddess to continue her task with smiles for eight hours.

The fireplace in Dorothy's room is opposite the door, and on the wooden shelf above it is the last picture for which Wordsworth sat. There are cupboards to the right of the fireplace, and an imitation of these on the left.

ARBOR OCCUPIED BY WORDSWORTH, DOVE COTTAGE.
APPLE TREES PLANTED BY HIM.

Among the most interesting objects are three oaken chairs, whose upholstery was the handiwork of Dorothy, Mrs. DeQuincy, and Mrs. Southey. The seats are wrought in red and brown worsted, with the initials of each on the backs of the respective chairs. The floors are of irregular flag-stones which were once covered with straw matting.

The real kitchen and cellar are underground, and would be looked at with scorn by the modern servant-girl.

Opposite the window in the kitchen sittingroom is the narrow stairway of wooden steps. Five steps lead to a landing, where a door opens on the back garden. Here is the bower which Dorothy trained, and here are her flower-beds. The irregular stone steps which the poet helped to lay lead to a pretty arbor under the apple trees which he planted. I love to think of him as sitting in the shade of this delightful nook, while jotting down roughly for his sister's careful hand the stanzas of Resolution and Independence, which he says were suggested by a walk over Barton Fell. I fancy him there the next morning with the rain drops glistening in the newly-awakened sun, obeying the Muse, half in joy, half in pensive sadness, as he writes,

"There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is shining calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters."

We know it was in the orchard adjoining that he lay upon the grass, and listening to the cuckoo's call, was moved to cry out,

"O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! Shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

From the landing on the stairway four steps lead on the right to an addition fitted up for a Wordsworthian museum. At the right also is his sitting-room, with one window and fireplace. Facing the stairs is his bedroom. The door is opposite the window which looks toward the lane. The old bedstead is there, with small high posts, joined by strips of wood, which form a frame-work for the red canopy. At the left of the stairway is his study. It has one very deep, small window, from which one views the back garden. In the casing, right and left, are cupboards. In a niche at the right of the window are two shelves which held his small library. Near this niche in the adjoining side of the room is a tiny fireplace with a narrow wooden shelf above it.

Perhaps this room is the one to which he refers in Personal Talk, or it may be the kitchen-sitting room. At any rate, there was a bookcase on one side of the fire, as he explains in a preface to this poem. He says, "My sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we toasted the bread ourselves." He states that the fourth line of the following stood at first better and more characteristically thus: "By my half-kitchen and half-parlour fire."

"Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;

To sit without emotion, hope or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint under-song."

The yard in front of the house is small. Vines in rich profusion clamber over the outside of the cottage, and mingled with the jessamine are the branches of the honey-suckle which Dorothy planted. One leaves with reluctance this humble nest hallowed by purest domestic love, and loftiest, sweetest song, but the poet himself and those dear to him lie in one corner of the little churchyard near by, and claim our tribute of respect.

A few rods from their graves stands the church of which he sang,

"Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed."

The burial lot is enclosed by an iron railing, and just outside of it is a stone embankment, capped also by an iron railing. The river runs peacefully near by. On the east side the lot is overhung by a maple tree, and at the other end by a yew, which the Irish call "Goats' Honey tree." As one stands facing the lot, on the right appear the gravestones of three of the Quillinan family, then the modest tablet of Wordsworth. It is devoid of all ornamentation, and is simply inscribed,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1850
MARY WORDSWORTH
1859

A flat tablet separates the poet's grave from Dorothy's. This tablet is to the memory of Sara Hutchinson, the sister of Mrs. Wordsworth. The inscription reads that "the beloved sister and faithful friend" had the stone erected with a wish to be laid by her side, and that in fulfillment of that wish are gathered there the remains of William Wordsworth, his wife and Dorothy. The regularity of the rather narrow rectangular lot is broken just beyond this tablet, and in the remaining portion are the graves of Dorothy and several of the poet's children.

The lot was selected by him, and all the memorials are simple and chaste, in keeping with his idea of the fitness of things. But one thing seems discordant, and that is doubtless a necessity, owing to the atrocious vandalism of some tourists. In the preface to his Epistle to Sir George Beaumont, the poet says of Grasmere churchyard, "It has lost much of its rustic simplicity by the introduction of iron palisades to fence off family burying-grounds." Yet here is the unwelcome iron palisade guarding his own burial place. We use spiked railings to keep thieves from our treasures, wire fences to shut out predatory fowls from our gardens, but what can be said of the class of people who, by their souvenir craze, make some rustic protection more in accord with the simplicity of this humble spot an impossibility!

Admirers of Wordsworth in different parts of the English-speaking world erect monumental honors to his memory, but not here. Here not even the sun disturbs "the visible quiet of this holy ground" with glaring rays, but sends down softened beams, sifting them through the branches of the trees. The "flowing water's peaceful

voice," "the melody of birds," the watchful trees that stretch their arms in brooding love above his grave, and even the intruding pilgrim standing in reverent meditation by,—all seem to be in harmony with his thought of what he would choose as a place for his last, long sleep.

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## ADVENT.

BY LIDA N. DIEDERICH.

In that pale hour before the morning breaketh,
While grey mists wrap the river and the hill,
Before the lark his sleeping mate forsaketh
To greet the morning with ecstatic thrill—
A soft, expectant hush lies on the world,
A waiting sense of something new and strange.
And deepest valleys stir with wakening thrills,
Ere the first gleam has touched the mountain range.

In that dark hour when Earth lay wrapped in slumber
Its dimness lit by starbeams, faint and far,
Strange thrills expectant filled the waiting nations,
Before Thy advent, bright and morning Star.
Prophetic visions touched the slumbering senses,
Strange gleams of glory glanced the night athwart,
Auroral flashes, heralding Thy coming,
O Light, that lighteth every human heart.

Roused by the visions, and the dreams prophetic,
The ear of earth was bent to catch the strain
Of peace, goodwill, and love to man and brother
Ere yet Thy star rose o'er Judea's plain.
O holy time of Advent, when we wait
The solemn dawn that brings Thy natal day—
When gleaming stars of hope shine through the dark,
To light the soul along its pilgrim way.

O holy time of Advent, when we feel
That earth and Heaven are not so far apart,
The Word Incarnate doth Himself reveal,
And Christ, the day star, rises in the heart.

# PRIVATE SCHOOLS AND THEIR RELATION TO THE STATE.

BY THE REV. M. P. DOWLING, S.J.,

President of Creighton University, Omaha.

The following paper, with slight modifications, was read before the Educational Council of Nebraska. When, as Chairman of the Committee on Private Schools, it became my duty to prepare a report, my thoughts at once reverted to the excellent and suggestive "Letters on Education in California" by Father Yorke. As he treated several subjects suitable to my purpose, I have made use of some of the ideas extracted from his pages; and had circumstances permitted, I would have preferred to draw more largely on him, because I felt no better service could be rendered to my hearers than to make them acquainted with his searching, scholarly, and logical development of a live issue. I wish to mention these letters, in order to suggest that the reading of them will supply much that it was impossible for me to say in the short time devoted to a report.

A few words on the nature and composition of the Educational Council of Nebraska may not be out of place. This body has for its object "the consideration and discussion of educational questions of general interest and public importance, and the presentation, through printed reports or otherwise, of the substance of the discussions and conclusions formulated." It is expected to further the objects of the State Teachers' Association and to use its best efforts to promote the cause of education in general. In order that the Council may be a representative body, some of the members are elected by the various sections of the State Teachers' Association, the College section, the High School section, the Grammar School section, the Primary section and the School Board section, each contributing its quota; some are chosen by the State Association as a whole, by the Association of Superintendents and Principals, by the Council itself; and three persons, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Chancellor of the State University, and the Principal of the State Normal School are members by virtue of their offices. There are Standing Committees on School Legislation, Teachers' Institutes, County Schools, High Schools, Normal Schools, Colleges, Academies, Private Schools and Grade Schools. These committees are appointed by the Executive Committee of the Council, and each presents an annual report.

## REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON PRIVATE SCHOOLS, EDUCATIONAL COUNCIL OF NEBRASKA.

As there seems to be some doubt concerning the precise scope assigned to the committee on Private Schools and as their work may appear to cover a part of the ground given to the committees on Colleges and Normal Schools, your committee will state that it understands private schools to mean those which are supported entirely by

private contributions, in contradistinction to those maintained by the state with public money; and that private schools, as they come under the consideration of this committee, include colleges, normal schools, elementary and parochial schools of whatever kind, provided they depend on private funds for their support. The donations and sacrifices made in behalf of these private schools, as well as the moral support given them, show plainly that there are many who do not want them to die out, and who believe that they can confer certain benefits which the public schools cannot.

To treat the relations of private schools to the state is to touch a thorny and difficult subject; but it is one which need not be taken up in a belligerent spirit, for there is no necessary antagonism between public and private schools. Whatever opinions may be entertained about the necessity of private schools it will do no good to close our eyes to the fact that they hold an important place in this commonwealth, and that the church is the most powerful educational force in Nebraska after the state. Antecedent to all discussion there should be a generous recognition of the possibility and existence of more than one ideal of education capable of forming good citizens. To obtain any advantage from discussion we must approach the subject with a broad spirit of toleration; we must admit that just as there may be legitimate differences of opinion on tariff, finance, territorial expansion, and other public questions, so there may be on the nature and scope of education, and on the duties and rights of the state in dealing with it. No party, however strong it may be numerically, has a monopoly of the wisdom that may be brought to bear on great questions, and it is unwise to impugn the motives of a man because his opinions happen to differ radically from our own.

Practical and tangible results are impossible, if the representatives of the public schools allow it to be understood that they regard private schools as excrescences on the body politic, a menace to free institutions, necessarily inferior and clearly hostile to state schools. There can be no profitable discussion on such a basis, because the upholders of private schools could not enter upon it without forfeiting their self-respect by admitting at the outset that the education given by them is inferior. They do not admit this; they even claim that some of what they give is superior; that they teach branches peculiarly mind-developing and of character-building power not found at all in the curriculum of the state schools, such as evidences of religion and a coherent system of mental and moral philosophy. At the risk of being tedious and monotonous it is well to keep in view the elementary principles, because prejudice, passion and self-interest are continually obscuring the real issues.

It will be found perhaps that the most fruitful sources of controversy between the upholders of opposing systems are these. Some consider

1. That according to both the natural and divine law education is a parental right and duty; that the state has no right to displace the parent, but merely to assist him when necessary.

2. That the future welfare of the nation demands religious training in the schools.

3. That secularization is not essential to the public school system; that even historically it is an untenable claim, forasmuch as the public schools achieved their best success when and where religious instruction was not excluded.

4. That the state schools, as at present organized, tend to eliminate religion from the minds and hearts of youth, and foster religious indifference. By its very constitution a nonsectarian system must ignore religion. There is no reason why all who believe in religion should not be allies, instead of playing into the hands of unbelievers on account of mutual jealousies.

5. That the brief and hurried lessons of the fireside and Sunday school will not take the place of regular training in religion. Many parents have neither the time, ability, nor disposition to instruct their offspring. Half an hour of Sunday school a week does not represent the ethical value of the momentous interests at stake.

Fortunately there is much common standing ground, for there are many points on which all agree. For instance all agree on the paramount importance of education; but some parents wish to reserve to themselves the choice of teachers, schools, and methods, and insist on judging for themselves what kind of an education is best for their own children. Even when they agree to support a system of common schools they do not surrender that right. 2. All agree that home ought to be the best school; but often it is not. Hence the necessity of a common school system, the only difference of opinion being with regard to what kind it should be. 3. All agree that every child has a right to an education; but some go further and declare that every Christian child has a right to a Christian education; and that a Christian people can only be perpetuated by a Christian education. 4. All agree that if the state supports schools, in whole or in part, it should have some control of them, in order to have assurance that its money is properly spent. Some would extend this control to the discipline of the schools, the arrangement of the studies, the choice and approbation of teachers.

To make this report harmonize with the purposes of the Educational Council, we will take up the preamble of its constitution, by sections. The first section says: "The object of the Council is to reach, formulate, and disseminate correct thinking on educational questions." One of the subjects on which correct thinking should be concentrated is fair play in the matter of public employments in as far as they have relation with the schools. There is no intrinsic reason why the graduates of state institutions should be entitled to any rights or privileges not enjoyed by other graduates holding the same degree. Limiting, for example, the choice of teachers to the graduates of public schools has no warrant in justice; to give any civic advantage is to attack freedom of education, for who would send a child to a private school if the state showered its favors only on its own wards? Every child in the state is entitled by law to an education free of charge in the public schools, but not to anything else; as a graduate of either school he has no claim to special treatment. No application blanks or forms should demand from a candidate

for any public position the school in which he was educated or the religion he professes; the examiner has simply nothing to do with this, for every citizen stands on the same footing, has an equal right to public employment, if equally competent, no matter where he worships or where he was educated. If parents choose to send their children to private schools they only exercise their right and cannot be punished for doing so; and no child should suffer disqualification on account of the parents' exercise of a constitutional right. A private institution may accept or reject whom it pleases according to its own requirements; a public one must be open to all the children of the people on equal terms. Inasmuch as they are citizens and tax payers, those who are conducting private schools have as much right to be heard as any other citizens, as much right to criticize, as much right to advocate changes in the laws.

The second section of the Constitution says: "It shall be the aim of the Council to shape and superintend proper legislation on educational subjects." Though private schools would be justified in protesting against most of the legislation which affects them, they have sometimes submitted without complaint to such as is friendly, sympathetic, and intended to help them; but they can hardly be expected to rejoice over hostile legislation, and they naturally look with suspicion on interference which aims at blotting them out of existence or at least of lessening their power and influence and sacrificing their interests to those of state schools.

It will perhaps be admitted that as a people we suffer from too much rather than too little legislation, and particularly from legislation hastily devised and inadequately enforced. It is a peculiarity of the time to believe that all things can be accomplished by legislation, whereas a law will inevitably be a dead letter, unless backed by a healthy public opinion based on sound principles of justice. If the end can be gained in some other way it is less subject to difficulties. Hence before legislating it is well to inquire whether the result aimed at is necessary or useful, whether it cannot be better obtained by bringing public opinion to bear upon it, whether it is a result that can be reached effectually at all by legislation.

Even legislation which is within the legitimate scope of the law-making power should be based on logical grounds, and be conformable to safe principles, and therefore these inquiries are pertinent: Do the private schools fail to do justice to the children entrusted to them? Is there any way the State can help them to greater efficiency? Are they less efficient than the public schools? Are they doing something they should not do? Are they usurping any prerogatives of the State? Is legislation necessary to protect ignorant patrons, who think they are getting something worth having, when they are really being imposed upon?

The State may legislate for its own schools but it has no right to interfere with private schools, unless their teaching be manifestly immoral. If, however, in defiance of right, it does interfere, and private schools are compelled to acquiesce, the least that can be expected of the State is that it shall give to the directors of those schools some voice in legislation which affects them vitally; and that if it fixes the

standard for degrees, the requirements shall be exacted with perfect impartiality from all schools, public as well as private. If the public institutions are superior to others, they do not stand in need of any favors. Even if some private institutions do not object seriously to having the state fix the conditions for entrance and for graduation, and perhaps consider such legislation a blessing in disguise, they merely waive their own rights, without depriving others of those they unquestionably possess.

One member of the Committee suggests that care be taken that no high degrees be given for small attainments and that the terms "College" and "University" should not be used as loosely as they are.

The third section of the preamble says that another purpose is "to discuss and recommend plans for systematizing, uniting and improving the schools of Nebraska." This highly important point does not apply exclusively or even principally to colleges. Few understand the magnitude of the interests involved in this paragraph, because they have never considered how many thousands of children are educated in parochial schools and academies and how many thousands of dollars are annually spent for the purpose. These interests are too often ignored. Even if private schools were disposed to waive their rights, the best results will not be gained by an attempt on the part of the state to absorb all education. A trust in education is, or ought to be, as repugnant to the mass of the people as it is in trade and commerce. What is lost in uniformity is more than made up by the benefits of competition and generous rivalry, by individuality, personal initiative, independence, and forceful character.

The last section of the preamble mentions another object, "to define and state with accuracy the different views and theories on any subject pertaining to the general educational interests of Nebraska." An important and thoughtful address which has attracted great attention here as elsewhere comes under this head. It embodies the views of President Harper of Chicago University on the future of small colleges. The latter term may reasonably be considered synonymous with denominational or private colleges. Most, if not all, of the colleges in Nebraska are private schools and nearly all of them would fall under the strictures levelled against small colleges by President Harper; so that his criticism comes home to us as a live issue. The principal points of his address may be thus summarized:—

1. The high school is developing into a rival of the small colleges.

2. Students demand specialized studies which the small colleges cannot give.

3. The weakening of the sectarian spirit takes away a source of great strength from small colleges.

4. Professional schools encroach on their territory.

5. The university idea draws students in increasing numbers to the larger institutions, which have larger libraries and better equipped laboratories.

6. The bachelor's degree of small colleges carries little prestige.

7. The larger institutions get the best professors, because they can pay higher salaries.

8. Students wander from college to

college, but rarely from the larger to the smaller.

9. State institutions are growing at the expense of small colleges.

10. The small colleges lack money to do the work demanded in these days of modern methods.

Time will allow only a few observations on this array of indictments which mainly affect private schools. This address takes for granted that the smaller colleges are small not only in the number of students, but also in the character of the education they give; that they furnish an inferior article; that they fail to do what they claim to do; that a lack of means is the main cause of their assumed failure. It confounds education, which is essentially a personal development, with the worship of magnitude and the veneration of the colossal. It suggests also that the superiority of the larger institutions comes from the possession of unlimited means, larger buildings, better professors, more efficient teachers, a larger number of students, and from teaching a greater number of branches. But the fact of their being large does not necessarily ensure a better education. The institution may be gigantic, like a modern department store; but that does not prove that any one department gives a better choice or selection or more satisfaction than the smaller establishment, or is superior in any one line to an institution which devotes itself to fewer studies. If you want variety or excellence you go to a shoe store or tailor's establishment and not to the shoe or clothing annex of a department store. Education per se does not absolutely require a big institution; for many master minds that have led the thought of the world never had these advantages; and the personal, immediate, and continual contact with a sympathetic teacher of fewer attainments, but devoted to the work of developing minds and building up character, will accomplish more than the formal lectures of the most gifted professor whose main consideration is a large salary, and who may not possess the gift of imparting knowledge. There are some institutions not vitally affected by meager salaries, and the difficulty of retaining talented professors, as for instance those taught by the members of religious orders who receive no salaries. They do not need such large sums in order to obtain the same results, because they can be conducted more economically. It may be questioned whether the professors in large colleges are better teachers, or more devoted to their work; whether they are uniformly more talented and give their work and talents with such disinterestedness as to achieve better results.

The question of money may play an important part when there is need of elaborate scientific equipment; but all education does not begin and end in the laboratory; much of it is not concerned with the laboratory at all. Why should any note of inferiority attach to small colleges in matters purely intellectual, such as literature, classics, history, mathematics, philosophy, and other branches, which need no apparatus and require only a sound mind in a sound body, a fair amount of talent, due application, and a heart for the work? A college which professes to give a general education, such as will fit its recipient for entering on professional or technical studies, is not to be judged by the same standard as universities which

aim at specialization, private research, and original investigation. It does need the same extensive equipment for the particular work it maps out for itself. It may be mistaken in judging specialties to be out of place for those who have not yet completed an elementary education, but it deceives no one, if it does what it undertakes to do.

On account of the important place that many of the so-called large universities fill in the public eye, we are liable to forget that many of them are merely private institutions, just like most of the small colleges which come in for severe criticism. In the eyes of the state, Chicago University, Stanford University, and a score of others are entitled to no more rights and privileges than the smallest parochial school in the most remote district of our commonwealth. It is only by sufferance that large private institutions are allowed to have so great a voice in the shaping of legislation affecting education, and in furthering interests which are sometimes at variance with the interests of the common people, to whom freedom of education is dearer than the prestige of any university.

Strange to say, the above report, which contained statements and conclusions hardly in accord with the sentiments of many members of the Council, elicited very little discussion. One gentleman remarked that he thought such papers would do good inasmuch as they prevent a drift in the opposite direction, and will incline people to look more closely into the matter, in order to see if they are not too one-sided in imagining that the public schools can accomplish everything.

The vast majority of our non-Catholic fellow citizens in the West dread the introduction of any form of religious instruction into schools supported by the state, because they fear the encroachments of Rome and have ever present in vision the union of church and state. From what I have seen and heard in various directions I am convinced that in the last twenty years we have not advanced one step nearer to the goal of our hopes, and have not brought our separated brethren one iota nearer to the admission of our main contention; if anything we are further removed from that much desired consummation · nor do I see that any headway can be made in that direction in the near future. The only sensible method seems to be to continue developing our schools to the highest point of excellence, bearing meanwhile the unequal burden of double taxation, till the stern lessons of experience have opened the eyes of all Christian men to the absolute need of religious instruction in the schools. One member of this Committee, though he is a Protestant clergyman and the president of a private college, stated that he did not believe in supporting private schools by public taxation, and that he was convinced that private schools would continue to be a necessity to the end of time.

From a discussion on Normal schools it appeared that the condition of the rural public schools is deplorable. Some of the county superintendents stated that not only did many of the country teachers not know how to teach, but they did not even know the matter they were supposed to teach. Of course this is no new fact; but they added that, owing to meager

salaries, marriage and better situations obtained, one-third of the teaching force abandoned the field every year; in other words 2,500 had to be replaced annually in Nebraska by new and untried material. The normal school annually turns out only about one hundred from the elementary department and half that number of graduates in pedagogy. It was stated as an admitted fact that little was to be hoped from the high school, many of whose graduates could barely obtain a low grade certificate, and when examined for the position of teachers rarely obtained more than half the requisite number of notes in arithmetic and the other branches absolutely essential for the public school teacher. During the session one of the speakers remarked that the strongest opponents of the public schools could not say anything more severe against them than their friends had said during this discussion.

If it be asked whether the representatives of Catholic schools have anything to gain by meeting with the directors of public and non-Catholic private schools, I must admit that I am not settled on that point. We may come to judge them more charitably when we understand the difficulties they must contend with and their evident earnestness in the work of education; we may learn not a little from their methods of influencing legislation, their solidarity and their energy; we can see at close range the weakness and the strength of the public school system; we have an opportunity of setting before the influential teachers sound principles that will otherwise be a sealed book to them; we may lessen their prejudices against us, and lead them to do some scant justice to the honesty of our motives; but we can hardly hope to weaken materially the idolatry of secularism, now so prevalent.

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## WITHIN THE SHADOW.

BY THERESA STUCKEY.

I creep into the shadow of Thy cross.
Out in the garish light, my heart grew chill;
I weigh not now the gain and loss,
Subservient to Thy will.

Too tired to pray; yet all my aching soul,
Like Thine, sends forth that passionate yearning cry,
"I thirst"! for those for whose great dole
I'd bear the cross—and die.

I lean against the foot of Thy hard couch.
The wealth of love from Thy outstretchèd arms
Freshens my spirit with its touch,
And stills my wild alarms.

O, keep me in the shadow of Thy love!
Here would I find the guerdon of my toil,
And all the strength of all my weakness prove.
Friend, let me rest awhile!

# BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

## CHAPTER IX.—Con'd.

"That was the child's name. She was called after her mother," explained Mrs. Halpin, wondering at the interruption. "But one day a poorly dressed woman came to town and inquired for George Martins. She told him that several days before he left for the war, Gerald Martins had come to her house, which was somewhere in Bourbon County. He had known her in Richmond, where she had lived previous to the death of her husband. She had been kind to him, it seems, during a spell of fever, and when he heard of her husband's death, through her brother, who had a small store in Paris, he had sent her enough money to bring her and her children to Kentucky, and then had secured a small farm for her in Bourbon. To her he had taken his little girl for safe keeping, while he went to fight his country's battles. He gave her all the money he had and made her swear on the Bible never to reveal the identity of the child. He told her to rear Amy as her own child until he should return. If he should not return, he said that she should keep the child until she had arrived at her sixteenth year, when she was to go to Lexington and claim her property. He said that he would leave papers that would prove the child's right to his estate. The woman admitted that she had seen the advertisements for Gerald Martins' daughter and the large rewards offered for information leading to her discovery; but as she felt that he had some good reason for binding her to this secrecy, she had been faithful to her promise. Now the child was dead. She had died of a fever that had carried off one of the woman's own children. She said that she felt it was her duty to let the relatives of Amy Martins know of her death, and for that purpose she had walked to Lexington from her home in Bourbon to give them this information. With several of Mrs. Martins' early friends, George Martins went down to Bourbon with the woman. The fever had wasted the child, and as she had been buried several days it was, of course, impossible to recognize her. Only the soft black hair remained for her identification as the child of Gerald and Amy Martins, heir to her parents' great property in Kentucky and her grandfather's plantation and slaves in old Virginia. But they brought the little creature home and laid her, with her father and mother, in the graveyard in the clearing, under the cedar tree. As next of kin, of course George Martins inherited his cousin's rich tract of land, and after a few years he was able to build that beautiful house. I have been told there is not such another house in the country as the Martins mansion. It is said by those who are in a position to know, that he once told his wife he would some day take her to a grander home than the one she was willing to give up for love of him. If he did make that promise to her, he kept it. There is not one thing on earth that woman desires

she has not, or may not have, if she but express the wish. They have one child, a handsome young man he is now, and for him and his mother George Martins lives and toils. Every dollar he adds to his great fortune is for them, every honor he receives is for them. I believe, dear, he would sell his soul if he could thereby add to their happiness."

"Oh, that is sad!" said the girl. "That is setting God's gifts above God. They are not Catholics are they, Mrs. Halpin?"

"His cousin and his wife were good Catholics, and, of course, George Martins was reared in the Faith," answered Mrs. Halpin. "But in the long years spent in roaming over the country, he grew negligent. When he came to Lexington he occasionally went to Mass, but gradually abandoned all practice of his religion. His wife is an Episcopalian and the son now attends her church. Many believe that the father is an infidel and only fear of the harm it might do him politically prevents him from avowing his sentiments."

These words brought them to Mrs. Halpin's door, and Teresa entered the house with a grave, saddened face, strangely out of harmony with her pretty toilet. O, this world was indeed a place of sorrow and her heart was crying out for Loretto's peace and holy joy.

## CHAPTER X.

### ST. JOHN WORTHINGTON'S ADVICE.

As day followed day, leading her through the same dull hours of work, the same exacting cares, Teresa began to feel that sickening despair, known in its fullest by imaginative natures when they find themselves linked to Duty stripped of all the ideality with which they had clothed her. Doubtless her pupils were as bright as the majority of girls, but to her they appeared hopelessly stupid, and the time she spent in instructing them seemed to be literally thrown away. It was depressing to wake each morning with the dread face of another long day of unloved labor staring into her eyes, and she would turn again to her pillow, while her heart cried out for a relief from her dreary situation. Over such moments Sister Mechtilde's words would sound like a clarion note. Was she going to surrender at the very onset, give up her weapons before a demand was made for them? Was there, instead of the strong soul Sister Mechtilde thought she possessed, one craven and cowardly? Was the courage that she had been wont to pride herself upon only the inflation of vanity in time of immunity from trial? Pricked by such reflections, she would set bravely to her work with renewed determination; but the spirit would flag before the day closed, and the next morning found the eyes opening on life with the same old disgust.

In that new world of hers there was one, who, remembering his own sadly desolated youth, realized what was passing in the girl's soul, and a great, all-absorbing pity for her began to creep into the heart of St. John Worthington. He was standing one afternoon by the window of his room, which looked out on the street, and as Teresa unclosed the gate and his eyes fell on the slender hand that for a moment rested wearily on the latch,

a pain never wholly laid at rest awoke. "Strange I never noticed her hand until now," he mused. He watched her walk slowly across the yard, and whether because of the memory aroused by the hand, or that something in the girl's lassitude appealed to him, he hurriedly left his room and ran down the stairs.

"You are home early today, Miss Martinez?" he said, a smile on his face.

"One of my pupils is sick. I got out half an hour earlier on that account," she explained.

"I am glad—not that your pupil is ill, but that you have come. The fact of it is, I couldn't stay in my office. The woods have been calling to me all day. I've heard falling acorns and dropping leaves through all its hours; so I closed my law books and came home, intending to go out for a walk. But—I must confess it!—I am a coward. I cannot go into an October wood alone. Will you take pity on me and come with me?"

That wonderful light was slowly creeping into Teresa's dark eyes, brightening them, until they soon were like stars gleaming in twilight's gloom.

"I should like to go very much, if Mrs. Halpin has no objection," replied Teresa, for that worthy lady was proving herself a most careful chaperon. Hearing the voices in the hall, the person in question emerged from her little sitting room, and Mr. Worthington meekly asked her permission to take Miss Martinez out for a walk. She considered the pros and cons, conjectured what Mrs. Brown around the corner would say when she saw the great St. John Worthington out walking with the beautiful strange girl, and what Mrs. Colston would think were she to meet the music teacher of the college with Mr. Worthington. Then her own good sense came to the rescue and she gave the desired permission, supplementing it with the command to return early.

"Mrs. Halpin is altogether too strict," remarked Mr. Worthington, as they turned their faces toward the country. "I am going to enter a protest. Several ladies have complained to me that they see so little of you. Why didn't you attend the party at Mrs. Davidson's? She was quite put out."

"I didn't care to go," she replied. Then she added, turning her eyes on him and speaking quickly: "They are all kind to me, still I feel I am such a stranger among these people. Everybody has a home, or some one to care for, and I am, I am," choking back a sob, "so alone that it gives me more pain than pleasure to mingle in society."

"Pardon me, Miss Martinez, if I speak frankly," said he. "It is the privilege an old man can claim."

She looked at him with a contradictory reply to his last self-disparaging remark, whereupon he smiled and before she could speak said:

"Well, I will say instead, a man old in the experiences of life. Your imagination is making you become morbid, is breeding a host of sickly fancies that ultimately will be-cloud your mind, making you misanthropic, wreck your life and happiness. Such an imagination as you possess may be a great blessing or a dreadful curse. You shut yourself off from the society of these kind and generous people because you find your solitary life a con-

trast to theirs, rich in home and its ties. You never realized the difference between your life and the lives of other girls in your convent home, and now its existence breaks upon you sharply, painfully. But in time this would wear away. You would gather to yourself friends, who, in a great measure, would make good your other loss. But you resolutely repel the advances of all who would become your friends. Is this right to yourself, generous to others?"

"Perhaps not," she replied, "yet—yet you don't know all."

They had left the town behind them and were now on the edge of the woodland.

"Isn't that a beautiful sight!" he exclaimed, gazing at the trees decked out in October's lavish splendor.

"When I was a little girl I used to think the leaves in autumn were big butterflies," said she, laughing.

"Of course you did!" he replied, smiling. "Let us take a ramble through the woods," and he assisted her over the low stone wall that edged the turnpike. "You say I don't know all," he began, after a moment's silence, and the rustle of the leaves under their feet made a sad accompaniment for his words. "Maybe not. Yet I know some things. I know your work is hard for one so young and untried; I know that you are discouraged with it, and that you are whipping yourself like a beast of burden over your road."

She turned toward him an alarmed face. Could this man read her soul, or was the state of it apparent to all the world? She felt an indefinable sensation creeping over her, and she wished that she had not come out for the walk. He saw this, too, and a certain expression came to his face. It was like the drawing down of a hard, cold mask. It was then she stretched out her right hand to break off a bunch of rich red leaves from an oak shrub; and at sight of the hand, his face changed and was again tender, sensitive, alive.

"It is true, Miss Martinez, I am almost a stranger to you," he continued. "Perhaps you resent my words, and yet it is just because I would save you from my own suffering and loneliness that they are spoken. Like yourself, Miss Martinez, I have known what it is to be an orphan and friendless. Because my father refused to marry the lady chosen for him by his father he incurred his parent's displeasure, which deepened into hatred and disownment when, later, my father followed Washington to fight against the mother-country. But when both my parents were dead, my grandfather relented and took me to his home. It was a glorious old house, and I was an imaginative youth—longing for the things that were to be mine never, never."

His rich, beautiful voice, as he uttered those two last words, fell into such mournful tones that Teresa felt the tears springing to her eyes.

"I lived in that old Virginia manor house from my fifth to my twenty-second year; then, my grandfather married, and I was again alone in the world. I came to Kentucky. Here I taught school and studied law, but my heart was not wholly in my work, for there was no hope to be realized when success should have crowned my labors. I withdrew from society, lived the life of a recluse, until political

work forced me into the social world. But those years of retirement have built a well-nigh impregnable wall between me and my fellow-creatures, and though I go among them, I do not feel at home. Do you know now, why, even at the risk of forfeiting your regard, I spoke to you as I did this afternoon? The duty was laid upon me, because," he paused, and his eyes involuntarily sought her white hands, then remembering his unfinished sentence, he added: "I would save you from my own fate, alone, with old age creeping steadily, surely in on me."

They walked on for a few paces in absolute silence. A thousand thoughts were hurling themselves through the girl's brain. She felt her youth and inexperience painfully in this confidence from, and interest of, the great man of the world. She knew that he had, in that hour, drawn aside the veil and permitted her to look upon the ruins of a life never before gazed upon by other eyes than his own. There were emotions stirring in her heart, vainly trying to express themselves in words; but the words refused to answer the call made on them. Then she let the bunch of leaves fall from her hand, and holding it timidly toward him, said,

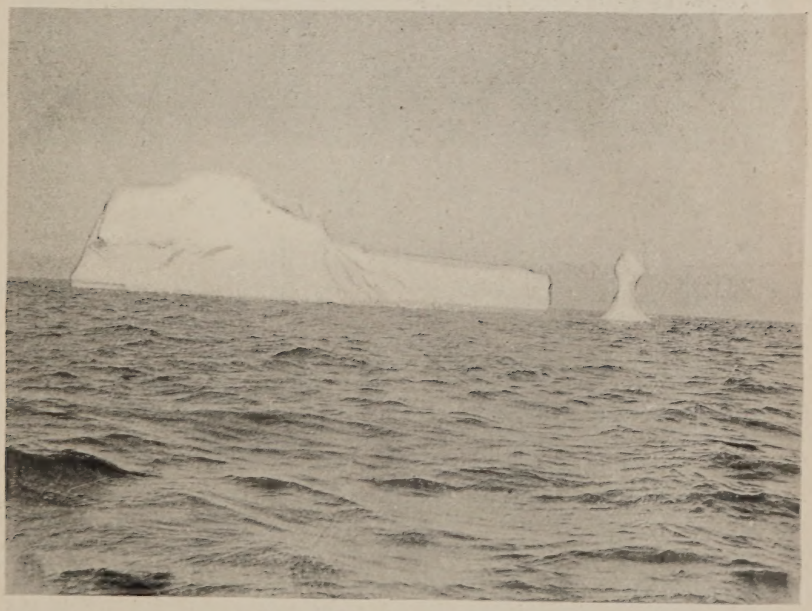
"Thank you, Mr. Worthington!"

The action surprised him as greatly as his words had embarrassed her, but he threw instantly over his feeling the ready cloak of manners, and clasped the little hand, saying, with the familiar smile in his dark gray eyes:

"This means that you forgive me for inviting you out for a walk for the purpose of reading you a lecture and is a compact of friendship between us? I scarcely dared hope for such graciousness, and intend trying very hard to prove myself worthy of it." Then he stooped, and gathering up her leaves, said, returning them to her, "Now I am going to champion your cause against Mrs. Halpin's rigid rules, and I shall expect you to spend such a gay winter, that you will regret the swift passage of time. Work is hard, I know," he went on, "but it will end some time; and it is by doing disagreeable tasks well that we prove ourselves worthy of being called to perform higher and holier ones."

(To be continued.)

A YACHT BUILT BY REV. P. J. O'BRIEN, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.



AN ICEBERG, PHOTOGRAPHED OFF THE NARROWS, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

See page 82.

RT. REV. THOMAS D. BEAVEN, D.D.

# PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven of Springfield, Mass., whose silver jubilee in the priesthood was celebrated with much impressiveness last month, has had a career full of usefulness and honor.

Bishop Beaven was born in Springfield, March 1, 1851. He came from Irish and English stock. His elementary education was acquired in Springfield. Later he attended Holy Cross College at Worcester. In 1872 he began a theological course in the Grand Seminary in Montreal, and Dec. 18, 1875, was ordained to the priesthood.

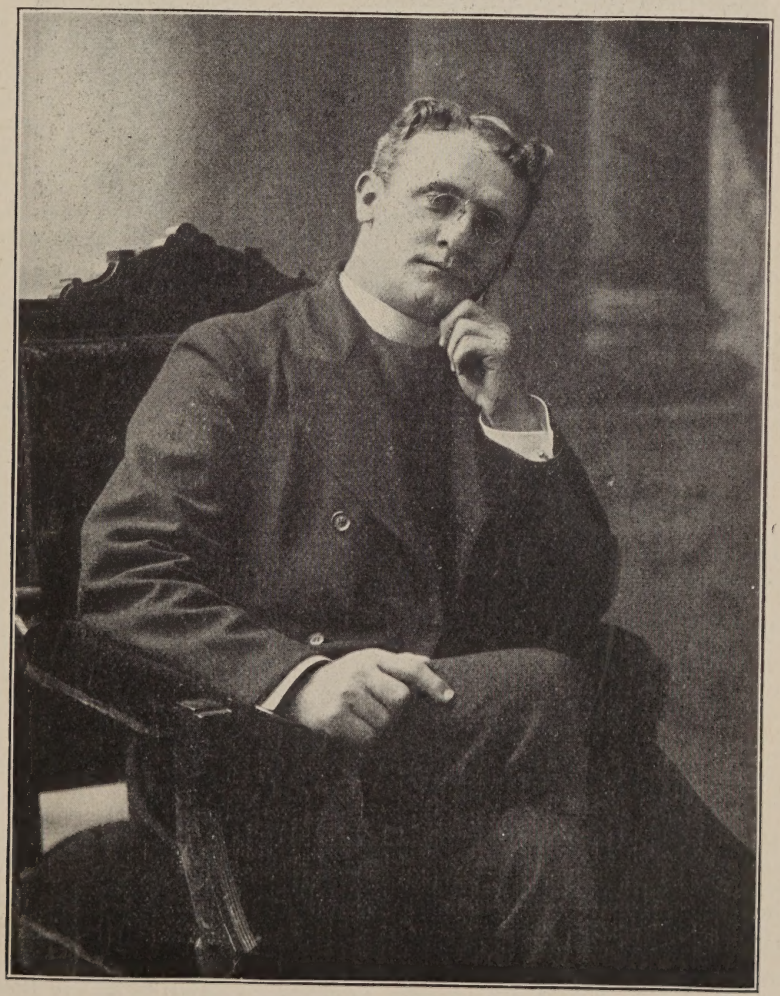
He was appointed assistant to Rev. Fr. Cosson at Spencer. So faithfully did he perform his duties that, on the death of Fr. Cosson, three years later, he was made pastor of the large parish. The handsome church which has for years been the pride of the parish is a monument to his executive ability. He enjoyed the respect of the Protestant element of the community, and served on many important public committees. In 1889 he was transferred to a larger field in Holyoke, greatly to the regret of the members of his parish in Spencer. When

Bishop O'Reilly died in 1892, Fr. Beaven was early mentioned as his probable successor, and his elevation to the episcopacy was received with satisfaction throughout the diocese.

The eight years of Bishop Beaven's administration have been prosperous beyond precedent. Among the institutions which have been established under his guidance are the new convent for the sisters of Notre Dame at Worcester, the hospitals at Worcester, Springfield and Holyoke, the orphanage for boys, and home for aged men at Brightside, Holyoke, the orphanage for children of French extraction, under the guidance of the Gray Nuns at Worcester, and the refuge for fallen women in Springfield.

Rev. Joseph A. Foley was born in Baltimore, Md., Sept. 21, 1867, of parents distinguished for their solid virtues and estimable qualities. He received his early education in St. John's Parochial School and Loyola College, Baltimore, which latter institution is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

On Sept. 10, 1883, he entered St. Charles College, Md., a well known institution for the training of ecclesiastical students, under the direction of the famed Sulpitian Fathers. There he dis-



REV. JOSEPH A. FOLEY.

played qualities that won for him the respect and approval of his superiors and teachers, and merited the esteem and good will of his associates and fellow students. His classmates still speak of him in terms of admiration, and all hold him in endearing remembrance on account of his manly traits and kindly nature. He was graduated from St. Charles College in June, 1888, and in the following September entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, to pursue his studies in philosophy and theology. Having successfully prosecuted those studies he was ordained to the priesthood Dec. 23, 1893.

On Dec. 30, same year, he was appointed assistant pastor of St. Paul's Church, Washington, D. C., where he has since been laboring for the good of souls, with the zeal characteristic of the true priest. Untiring in his labors he has endeared himself to all hearts, and has done much to advance the cause of religion and overcome the prejudice of those not of the faith. Unbelievers, and opponents of everything Catholic, are known to have yielded respectful homage to our holy religion, impressed by the zeal, gentleness and exemplary life of this devoted and worthy priest, who stands high in this community, and is deservedly honored by all classes of citizens.

MOTHER M. LOYOLA OF JESUS, O. P.

Father Foley was elected chaplain of Washington Council, No. 224, of the Knights of Columbus, and served to the entire satisfaction of all its members. He was also appointed first State chaplain of the order and did most efficient work in that capacity. In every sphere of action he has achieved marked success and attained the best possible results.

In inviting the Dominican Sisters of the American Congregation of St. Catherine di Ricci to Havana, to inaugurate the first charity ever founded for the colored people of his diocese, Mgr. Sbarretti has availed himself of the services of Sisters who represent a thoroughly progressive type of American religious.

The foundation itself is purely American. Its present head, Mother M. Loyola of Jesus, was the granddaughter of George B. Smith of New York, and the daughter of Edwin Smith, City Surveyor and civil engineer, widely known for his work in laying out the greater part of that city, while her maternal grandmother, Miss Vermilye, was of the Vermilye family so prominent in banking affairs. Her family was, until this generation, Protestant. Its first Catholic was her elder sister, Lucy, afterward, as Mother Catherine di Ricci, foundress of the Congregation of which Mother Loyola was now the head. Mother Loyola was herself received into the Church in 1876, by Father Torquatos Armellini, S. J., Spiritual Director of the American College in Rome, while visiting a married sister in Florence. This sister is now a Catholic, as well as another, who became the wife of a member of one of the oldest families of Castile, then Spanish Counsul at Vera Cruz. Their mother and grandmother also entered the Church, as did all their brothers except one, receiving baptism in the chapel of the sisters' convent in Albany.

This Congregation, founded in Albany Diocese in 1880, for the work of teaching Christian doctrine in all ways by which women may instruct women, puts the very broadest construction upon that work. It was the first Community in America to offer spiritual retreats to women of the world. But while this is still its most cherished method of working, it has wisely adapted its plans to the social genius of American life, opening one class and circle after another—now a Bible class for young ladies, now a reading circle for the Catholic students of the State Normal School, now a class for the training of Sunday-school teachers, now a St. Monica's Circle for Christian wives and mothers, now a "Catechism Kindergarten" for the little strangers of some foreign colony among us,—till its houses at Albany and Saratoga are busy hives of mental industry for all ages and conditions. A home for aged women and for young girls out of employment is connected with the Albany Convent, while at Saratoga delicate ladies and convalescents are received.

Their work in Havana will be on the same broad lines. They are called primarily to care for colored orphans. Much has lately been written by Protestant philanthropists in the United States as to the ample provision made by the United States Government for orphaned and destitute children of Cuba. The verdict of residents is that it is still inadequate. In these "State Schools," moreover, all religion is proscribed. To the eyes of a true Catholic no sadder sight can be seen than the Industrial School for Girls in Havana, governed by kindly and conscientious women, splendidly equipped in all material ways at an initial cost of some sixty thousand dollars, yet without one token anywhere of the slightest recognition of Christianity, though every child within its walls is a baptized Catholic. When the Diocesan Asylum for Colored Orphans is fairly on foot, Mgr. Sbarretti can draw a freer breath as to the spiritual fate of one helpless portion of his charge.

The Bishop intends to spare no pains to fit these children for honorable self-support. The colored race in Cuba occupies much higher ground than it does in the United States. Those charged with the training of these children are pressed to remember that a large share of the future hope of the Church in Cuba is in the hands of the black man.

The Sisters will also conduct a free day-school for colored children, with circles and classes for women and girls; making a point of teaching English, an accomplishment now of great use in Cuba and prized accordingly.

They will make every effort by Catechism classes, conducted in the most attractive way and on Kindergarten lines, to counteract the effect of the secular public schools into which Cuban children are now forced by a compulsory education law. Several convents have opened free schools, but their accommodation is not as yet adequate, and the

influence of the secular school, with its new and attractive methods, must, Bishop Sbarretti feels, be offset by every possible organization for the study of Christian Doctrine.

A strong desire for higher education for their daughters is gradually springing up among the comparatively wealthy colored people of Cuba. No Convent school in the island admits a "nina de color" except to its free elementary school. Some of them are asking that the Sisters should open a high grade boarding-school for colored girls. However, their first effort must be for the helpless little ones for whose temporal and spiritual welfare the Sisters appeal to the generosity of American Catholics. They will be grateful for any aid and glad to hear from young ladies, who, believing that they have religious vocations would be willing to give themselves to the work of the religious rehabilitation of Cuba.

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## ALONG NEWFOUNDLAND'S BANKS.

During the past month the press in all the large cities in the United States and Canada has devoted much space to the work of Rev. P. J. O'Brien, St. John's, Newfoundland, who has discovered a principle in ship construction that may revolutionize shipbuilding. It will be remembered by our readers that a year ago DONAHOE'S had the privilege of printing a sketch of this remarkably gifted man, whose prosperous missionary work is the best testimony to his zeal and executive ability as a priest, and whose discoveries in the world of mechanical achievements has attracted to him the attention of two continents. During his recent tour through the American cities Father O'Brien charmed many audiences with descriptions of Newfoundland and the wonderful scenic effects produced by the appearance of icebergs, in the waters surrounding Newfoundland, that annually visit its shores. Through his courtesy we have the privilege of publishing a photograph of one of the most marvellously-formed and marked bergs that ever drifted down from the Arctic regions of the great glaciers. This iceberg was photograped off the Narrows of St. John's, July, 1898. A close study of the picture will reveal many things not apparent at first. Notice the beautiful Celtic cross, perfectly formed, on an oval base, rising from a projection reaching out beneath the water far from the upper portion of the massive berg of which it is a part! The marking on this mass of ice is one of the marvellous masterpieces sculptured in Nature's vast studio in the north. Human faces and forms stand out sharply in bas relief, and gradually the outlines of a lion's head become visible, exquisitely etched against the crystal background. Probably ages ago, when this berg formed part of a vast glacier, old Neptune may have had his picture carved thereon, before it started on its mission down the ocean to disclose some of the marvels of the north, to cool the waters of the torrid south, and to make refreshing the breezes that blow about the shores of Boston on summer evenings.

Very beautiful and majestic are those Arctic visitors, some representing architectural forms, Corinthian,

Gothic, and Romanesque; others assuming grotesque outlines; and still others suggesting pyramids supported on a mighty base extending hundreds of feet in different directions. The color is white tinted with blue or a greenish hue; but when the sun strikes the mass of ice there is a magnificent display of all the colors in the rainbow reflected from innumerable prisms—a sight never to be forgotten.

"I photographed one," said Father O'Brien, "that measured upwards of three hundred feet over water, and not more than sixty feet at the base. The ice is almost clear as crystal. These bergs usually approach the coast in May and June, and remain until August. When they drift close to shore and ground on a ledge the foundation goes to pieces, the mass of broken ice extending for miles; and should the wind blow on the land at the time, fishing boats and nets will suffer great damage. These icebergs are a serious obstruction to navigation, and, though beautiful, they are not welcome to fisherman or sailor. The berg, of which the Celtic cross is part, was a magnificent spectacle as it drifted in, but in a short time it went to pieces. Fortunately I had seized the opportunity to photograph it. Look beyond the berg in the picture, to the horizon, and you will see a dark bank lying low upon the water. This is what trans-Atlantic passengers call "Newfoundland fog," and deceptive indeed is the appearance of this fog bank, luring on the unwary under the impression that they are making land. That Newfoundland is always enveloped in fog is an erroneous idea that seems to have gained ground, and has in no small degree injured the character of the climate of this country. As a matter of fact these fogs seldom reach the shore, remaining during the greater part of the season at a greater or less distance from land. Bright skies and refreshing west breezes continue for weeks together in the summer, and the temperature then ranges between seventy and eighty degrees. What happens to the masses of ice when they drift down to the deep water? We know that water expands in freezing solid, and consequently ice floats in water of low temperature; when these bergs drift into the lighter waters of the gulf stream they sink and quickly melt, and, no doubt, contribute largely to the formation of those fogs referred to above."

In late years tourists have been visiting Newfoundland in great numbers, and are delighted with the scenery, the wonderful manifestations of Nature in this grand and rugged region. It has been conceded that in physical features it rivals the Alps and the Rhine, and eclipses in magnificence, beauty and extent that wonderland of scenic effects immortalized by Tom Moore, the Lakes of Killarney.

# A CENTURY OF CATHOLICISM.*

BY REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN.

* This scholarly address delivered by Rev. Thomas J. Shahan at Montreal was published in full in the October number of the Catholic University Bulletin, from which the following excerpts were taken.

The chief phenomenon of the external life of Catholicism in the nineteenth century is its spread in the English-speaking world. In 1800 there were four bishops or vicars-apostolic in England and two in Scotland,—in both lands there were perhaps 120,000 Catholics. Today there are in England and Scotland 21 bishops and about 2,000,000 of Catholics, with some 3,000 priests. The prejudices of the English people were first broken by the heroic and patient lives of the hundreds of French priests whom the Revolution cast upon their shores. France, Catholic France at least, owes Protestant England a deep debt of gratitude for the hospitality then exercised towards so many ministers of a faith foreign and hostile to theirs. Then came the long struggle for emancipation, of which the principal burden was borne by the Irish people. But its results were no less welcome to English Catholics, whose position was as yet not much better than what is described in "Barnaby Rudge." That day in 1829 on which Daniel O'Connell walked into the House of Commons marked the beginning of political liberty for the Catholics of England. Now, that liberty was won in Clare by men whose souls had almost been ground out of them by the rulers of England in two long and dark centuries of oppression. Since then the Irish people have gone over to England and Scotland in ever-increasing numbers. When we speak of the Catholicism of these countries it is always well to bear in mind that the bulk of the faithful is of Irish origin. Whoever comes into or goes out of the Catholic Church in England or Scotland, the children of St. Patrick may be long depended on as the nucleus of Catholicism in the British Isles.

When the Lord was thus creating Irish parishes for the Catholic bishops of England, He was preparing that body of intellectual men who were needed to give social character and intellectual prestige to His religion. The Tractarian movement was gradually leading men along those lines that could only end in Catholicism. De Lisle, Manning, Newman, Faber, Wilberforce, Spencer, Palmer, Ward, Allies, and many others were led by study and God's grace to see the error of Anglican schism and heresy. To them and their school are owing many noble books, works, and monuments that will ever remain as trophies of the innate charm and power of truth. In England the Catholic hierarchy was restored, in spite of a futile opposition, in 1850, and today there are nearly two hundred bishops of the Catholic Church within the British Empire, i. e., they constitute about one-sixth of the western Latin episcopate. If you include the bishops of the United States—over ninety—then one-quarter of the Latin hierarchy exists in English-speaking countries. There are nearly 14,000,000 of Catholics in the British Empire,

and about as many in the United States, hence in all about 28,000,000 of Catholic souls in the English-speaking world. The growth of education and of the congregations and orders in the British Isles has been equally extraordinary. Today Catholic priests may study at Oxford or Cambridge and the orders expelled from France have found hospitality in England, as their predecessors did a hundred years ago. It was with the co-operation of the government that the Catholic hierarchy was established in India in 1886 and, in 1878, in Scotland. Most of the political disabilities of Catholics have been removed in England. The establishment still remains, but gradually undermined by an infidelity that cannot be checked, and by a self-willed suicidal ritualism that stops half way on its return to Catholicism. There are those who, like Ambrose de Lisle, still look for a corporate union of the Anglican Church with the Church of Rome. The recent decision of the Holy Father on the validity of Anglican orders—no hasty decision, but the result of many years of preliminary discussion—has clouded that prospect very much. There remains but the slow and long way of individual conversion. Competent observers tell us that not less than 10,000 souls are there annually joined to the Church. Others will have it that a leakage of more than corresponding size is operating to the disadvantage of Catholicism. After all, the progress of religion is not to be gauged by mere numbers, but by the character of work, institutions, persons; by the spirit and temper of the majority; by the ideals entertained; by the lives of sanctity and sacrifice that its confessors live. Neither numbers nor wealth make churches great; otherwise we should have to despise the poor recusants who sustained the Catholic faith in England from the days of Elizabeth and the poor Irish laborers and soldiers who have been for over a century the principal heralds and apostles of Catholicism in every part of the world where the English tongue was spoken.

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What shall I say of the story of Catholic Ireland? or why should I attempt to tell in one brief moment the phases of a long and bleeding drama? You know that there is but one act in that tragedy, one chapter in that history—wrong and oppression. And that wrong and oppression have been borne and are yet borne by the Irish Catholic people for the sake of the religion of Rome. For that religion they have foregone the comforts and improvements that modern times have brought to every land of Europe. They have borne the brunt of iniquitous land-laws, the odium of social ostracism, the humiliation of a compulsory ignorance, and of a social proselytism that offered them bread for a soul. All the sufferings of all the Catholics of Europe and America are small as compared with what Ireland has borne for the sake of Catholicism. She has even been cut in two, for she has sunk in the struggle from a population of 8,000,000 to a population of about 4,500,000. And this awful bleeding process still goes on. In seventy-five years (1820 to 1895) Ireland sent to the United States about one-fourth, 3,723,356 souls, of the whole immigration. In the year 1893 out of a European immigration of 488,832, there came from Ireland 49,233, between fifteen and forty years of age.

In ten years this little isle has given to the great Republic of the West about one-ninth of her own actual brain and sinew, her grace and her gentleness. You may say that they went for the good of Ireland, that they have created a greater Ireland over the sea, that the 8,000,000 of Irishmen once shut up in Ireland are now 25,000,000 over the world; that God has trebled their number and manifolded their influence. Be it so! But nothing can compensate for the extinction of a nationality. Nothing can fill in the heart of Mother Ireland that aching void for those millions of her children gone out over the world's highways in tears and sorrow and sweat and humiliation! Oh! holy armies of immigrants, I salute you! You went forth with the armor of faith and the holy and original weapon of labor. You streamed across the oceans of the world that were surprised at such an inundation of men and women thrust violently from their green hillsides, their rich valleys, their fish filled rivers, their solemn mountains. You were an army of apostles. You lifted the shame and disgrace from the Catholicism of the Continent. You showed what the liberty of the spirit was. You revealed the holy religion of active protest, eternal protest. You were called intellectual slaves, priest-ridden masses—but your courage and ingenuity and perseverance never failed. You were the first to win the liberty of the common law for Catholicism — that liberty which your brethren of the Continent would now gladly enjoy. God's hand was upon you ever going and coming. I believe that when these mighty movements of peoples,—the huge passover that is now going on in the world,—are done, it will be seen that the most mysterious of all these great displacements of population was the practical transfer of Ireland from the Old World to the New; that it is no less providential than the divine calling in which Israel went down out of Egpyt into Canaan, or the Greeks were scattered around the Mediterranean, or the Wandering Nations came out of the frozen North and overflowed the Roman Empire.

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There is going on all over the civilized world a last stage of a process that began one century ago,—the transition from monarchical forms of government to those forms that are based on the principles of democracy. A student of history is blind if he does not know that every form of government has its weaknesses; that not one has yet been permanent; that under all both governor and governed are capable of wrong-doing and oppression. But he is still blinder if he does not recognize the signs of the times. The abnormal development of the sciences of nature, man, and society; the inventions and discoveries that have so greatly modified the universal conditions of space and time, diminishing one and multiplying the other; the disappearance all over Europe of the old economico-political conditions; the creation of enormous working democracies in the new world as examples of what may be done in the future,—all these are things that no wise man can shut his eyes to. Industry, commerce, travel, invention, create and scatter a wealth that was formerly gathered chiefly from the land and remained largely in the hands of stable minorities of land-owners. Now it is gathered from ever new sources; to-

day from the depths of the reefs of the Rand, tomorrow from the sands of Cape Nome. Add to this an instruction ever more widespread and ever reaching down to the masses; add the imminent opening of whole sections of Asia, of all Africa, perhaps of the Flowery Kingdom, and you have the elements of a certain fixity in the evolution of democracy on the lines now laid down.

The Church of Jesus Christ cannot be foreign to a movement like this. Independent of, transcending all forms of government, she is herself a perfect, self-sufficient, well-equipped society, with the well-known will of Christ for her constitution and the spiritual welfare of man for her proper scope. Yet the Church is deeply affected by the conditions of human society,—I have spoken in vain so far if this be not clear. Now, in the coming century it is well that there should be in the Catholic Church vast masses of men to whom the democratic spirit is native and original while the Catholic faith is equally native and original. These are the children of Ireland. I do not hesitate to say that they are the true future leaven of Christian democracy in the New World. In Catholicism, as they know it, there never was caste or privilege, or immunities, or any acquired distinction that could offend or give scandal, or furnish the civil power any shadow of excuse for jealousy or interference. The relations of the Irish people with the Church have,—perforce some will say, I think by God's providence,—been of an almost purely spiritual character. Between the altar, the priest, and the sacraments on the one hand, and the masses of the Catholic population on the other, there were no pampered and comfortable aristocracies, ecclesiastical or civil. There was but one sweet unity, very simple and easy, the unity of a common martyrdom; of a common hope in God and heaven, for they had none on this earth; of a common poverty and chastity that made of the whole people almost a monastic democracy.

How admirably John Banim has voiced this democracy of feeling and interest in his tender little ballad of the "Soggarth Aroon":

Loyal and brave to you,
Sagart arun
Yet be not slave to you,
Sagart arun.
Nor, out of fear to you
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to you,
Sagart arun!

Who, in the winter's night
Sagart arun—
When the cold blast did bite,
Sagart arun—
Came to my cabin door,
And on the earthen floor
Knelt by me, sick and poor:
Sagart arun?

Who, on the marriage day,
Sagart arun,
Made my poor cabin gay,
Sagart arun?
Who did both laugh and sing,
Making our glad hearts ring,
At the poor christening,
Sagart arun?

Och! you and only you,
Sagart arun!
For this I was true to you,
Sagart arun!
In love they'll never shake
Who for ould Ireland's sake
A true stand and part did take,
Sagart arun!

They are, I maintain, a living proof of what Gregory VII. once said, when the Roman See was in its worst straits, that the Pope and the people,—papa et populus,—were enough to overcome the hosts of injustice. I need

not go over for you the story of how Daniel O'Connell,—blessed name,—led the people to the victory of Catholic Emancipation, of the sympathy of the clergy and their co-operation with the people in all their trials; how they withstood prison and confiscation for them; how the cruel years of the great famine came and the latest apostolic wanderings of the race began; how the Anglican Church was disestablished; how the national schools were kept open to the influences of religion; how countless men and women gave themselves generously to God with the certainty of expatriation; how the collegiate education of Ireland has been provided for despite every obstacle; how they have refused the glittering prize of high places in the imperial administration if only they would be satisfied with something less than a frankly Catholic University.

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There has been all along the nineteenth century an awakening of religious life that argues splendidly for the reality and permanency of the forces that underlie Catholicism. The civilized world has been covered anew with a white vesture of churches that atone for the desecration of so many by war and impiety since the days of Luther and Calvin. Beside them in every land arise institutions to dispel ignorance, to console sorrow, to protect the helpless, to feed the hungry, and to assuage the evils of sickness and disease. The services of the Church have again taken on something of the pomp and majesty of old; the liturgies of Catholic Europe have been gradually unified, as a symbol of Catholic unity. The music of the liturgy has to some extent been restored to its pristine beauty. The altars of religion have been made once more the throne of the God of Eternal Beauty. The faithful have learned again to know and to love the paths that lead to the House of God. The Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ has become once more the object of the devotion, not only of women and children, but of men—such as it was when the holy martyrs of old died for love of the God-Man. The saving mercies of Jesus, His Atonement, His headship of our race, have been emphasized in the ever-increasing respect and love of His Virgin Mother. The reality of Catholic holiness has been made visible in the frequent canonization of men and women who exemplified in a rare and heroic degree the virtues of a Christian life. God has dealt tenderly and mystically with many chosen souls. The habit of pilgrimage has revived—Lourdes has drawn many millions of men and women up the path of a better life. And today while the world adores the Golden Calf at Paris, it is potently drawn to that remote and inaccessible valley of the Bavarian Alps where Christ seems again to walk the earth among poor and loving villagers, again is hung on the bleeding tree of Calvary as a spectacle of grace to a world grown weary of husks and shadows. A militant spirit pervades the Catholicism of today, so much so that its enemies accuse it wrongly of being a political movement. It does but avail itself of the weapons that the world puts in its hands—the right of free speech or the press, the right of associating or private initiative and endeavor. Hence a vigorous Catholic journalism, annual congresses of laymen and ecclesiastics, associations for every conceivable good purpose. The churches hold

again in many lands their synods, diocesan, provincial, and national. Unfortunately, it is only in the old Catholic lands that these meetings are hampered or looked on with disfavor.

In a general way, the foreign missions of Catholicism have roused the zeal of the people and the clergy. Seminaries have been created to sustain them; enterprises like the Propagation of the Faith, and the Holy Childhood, that have collected and spent nearly sixty millions of dollars since 1822, have nourished private generosity, especially in France. The Leopold Union in Austria, the Bonifatius Union in Germany have kept alive the same holy spirit. The home missions to the poor have created the work of the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul eternally connected with the memory of that rare scholar and fine Christian, Frederick Ozanam, and with his little band of fellow-workers that have so multiplied in fifty years. St. Francis, too, has come back among us, perhaps slowly, with his genuine poverty and detachment. May they grow as an offset to the too ardent pursuit of wealth and pleasure, sure fore-runners of decay in all epochs of the world's history! All this Catholicism, so varied and active and attractive, tends to become more and more international. What is new and good and popular in one land is soon passed on to another. Thus the democratic spirit of the age carries on a holy inter-communication and leveling that have been difficult since the close of the Middle Ages. The old lines of national traditions are much affected by these processes that are too akin to the inner spirit and purpose of Catholicism to be arrested. Lands and people must react on one another more and more quickly, more and more intimately.

Already there is on all sides a heightening of mental activity, a sharpening of the popular powers of observation, a willingness to transfer into daily life the improvements or progress of a religious character that each people sees among its neighbors. So from Lourdes the religious art and pious literature of France make the round of the world; from St. Anne de Beaupré a breath of the inner and more solemn spirit-life penetrates the masses of manufacturing New England. The graces of the Holy Spirit are thus blown about the world on the same wings that blow the seeds of evil; the currents that destroy the embankments of society in one place do but build them up in another, by some deep and hidden law of divine compensation, without which our hope would be faint and our faith often very cold and barren.

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As usual, the arts have found in Catholicism during this century a protector at once of taste and munificence. It was the sight of the splendid art creations of the High Middle Ages that turned towards Catholicism the minds of many men of the German romantic school early in the century. Boisserée, Görres, Brentano, Reichensperger and others felt instinctively that the religion which created such masterpieces could only be a benefit to humanity. Since their day Germany, France, England and Ireland have seen arise more than one grave and noble Gothic pile less costly than the older ones, but handing down truly the spirit of an unworldly Catholicism. Many old churches of the Middle Ages have been worthily restored. No one

can walk today under the roof of Cologne or of Speyer without feeling that here a breath of genuine genius has passed. In painting the school of Overbeck, Veit and Cornelius has saved Catholic art from the reproach of secularism and insipidity.

In France Ary Scheffer, Hippolyte Flandrin and James Tissot have nobly sustained the reputation of the eldest daughter of the Church. The two Reichenspergers and Rio have left the world richer by philosophies of Christian art. The rare and delicate skill in making of pictorial window-glass has been revived at Chartres, Munich, Innspruck, Venice and elsewhere. We have no Houdons, or Canovas or Thorwaldsens to show,—sculpture does not rightly flourish in a romantically inclined age, which wishes to see and touch and handle rather than to know intimately and symbolize in some eternal, unchangeable form. We wait impatiently for the great musician who shall seize the Ariel-like spirit of the time and offer it to our hearing in a divine permanency. No Mozart or Beethoven comes. Powerful efforts are made by a Wagner and a Gounod. Some think the master now walks the earth on that Italian soil whence we might easily expect him. Perhaps we are too little spiritual, too little otherworldly, ever to hear those celestial tones that can be caught only by men who dwell habitually beyond the veil, —can be tasted and admired only by other men to whom the problems of life and the soul, their questionings and struggles and answers are h gher than the gross and level earth. The musician is the sculptor of poetry,—he will come when the world has again some raw material of romance, ardor, faith, enthusiasm, devotion of self, a common passion for the perfection and fulness of all the springs of life. And when this king of all the artists comes, he will find in the Catholic Church the mighty spaces for his song, on its altars the holiest inspirations, and in the things of beauty that it has begotten the worthiest setting for the last messages of God to humanity.

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## JOE AND JERRY AND JIM.

### A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY MARGARET HILLAND.

"Merry Christmas! and so it is, just as merry as can be, even if Marm is laid up and Jim out of a job; why Larry Lanigan's mother's in the hospital, an' his dad's in the lock-up,—but you're forgetting business, Jerry—." The next moment the frosty air resounded with "Paper! Paper! Here you are, sir! There, that clears me out, an' now for home. W-h-e-w, how cold it is." And jerking down the little coon-skin cap that refused to shelter both ears at once, Jerry plunged headlong into the crowd of passers-by.

In and out through the shifting throng dodged the little newsboy; now cleverly avoiding a collision with a stout old gentleman, again bending double to pass under a projecting el-

bow, or with true, boyish perversity causing a temporary separation of some loving couple. Up Main street and across the square ran Jerry, till the market was reached, when suddenly his pace slackened, and a troubled look flitted over his ruddy face.

In by the iron gates, under the archway, cowered a tiny, misshapen creature; the bright light streaming into the recess, revealed the poorly-clad figure, so pitiful in its deformity, and even more eloquent in its silent appeal than were the gray eyes looking out of the white childish face with its look of pain and premature age, a look, God help them! that peculiarly belongs to the deformed. As Jerry paused before the recess, an expectant light flashed into the gray eyes, and the thin lips parted in a smile.

"Hullo, Joe; how's your luck?"

"Bad as can be, Jerry. Folks seem too busy to stop. I came in here to warm up a bit, and"—with a wistful smile—"I lost a five."

"Help him, Jerry; you're hale and strong," whispered a voice in Jerry's right ear.

"It's that pesky coon-skin cap tickling," muttered Jerry, hastily adjusting the ragged coon-skin over the unprotected ear. "There, I knew it was," as another voice counselled: "Look out for yourself, Jerry; Joe is nothing to you; you have a long, lonely road ahead, my boy; better get over it quickly."

The wind blew sharply into the recess, driving both boys back to the iron gates. The deformed child shivered with the cold, and the eager light in his gray eyes was replaced by a pitious, pleading expression; still, no word of entreaty fell from his thin lips.

Every boy of ten can't be a hero; poor Jerry wavered, struggling hard with self, listened once more to the tempter's "Look out for yourself, my lad,"—and fell.

"I hope your ill-luck 'll change, Joe; try down by the bridge. I'm off, old fellow." And he fairly ran to get away from the tear bright eyes and quivering lips.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted a burly pedestrian to a friend over the way.

"It isn't half as merry as it was," muttered Jerry. "The lights aren't flaring half as much."

"Go back, Jerry; give Joe a hand, and they'll fairly blaze," whispered the voice in his right ear.

"Go ahead, Jerry; let Joe shift for himself," resounded in his left ear.

"Joe is deformed, and hungry, and cold, Jerry," whispered a new voice, a tiny one, deep down in his heart.

"Three of 'em at me, and two again me," whimpered Jerry. "It isn't fair." Then, as if apologizing to the tiny voice, "I want to be a hog jest this once. Larry Lanigan says hogs is happiest!"

"Go back, Jerry," pleaded the tiny voice.

"Be a hog, Jerry," advised the tempter.

"Think of the lonely road, my boy, and the graveyards with their tall monuments just like ghosts—they'll be all on the go tonight: Christmas eve, you know."

What little boy could resist such a tempter? Jerry lived away out on the marsh, a mile and half from town. The two graveyards, one on either side of the road leading to the

wretched dwelling he called home, were the special terror of his young life; the tall monuments had such a trick of moving about in the moonlight, and one white broken column haunted the child with its seeming efforts to topple over the weather-worn railing and advance upon him.

"You can't be up to 'em," groaned the boy. "Their live folks are always squabblin' about who's on top, so the dead ones take a hand; only for 'em I'd go back an' help Joe."

"Help Joe," echoed the tiny voice.

For answer, the boy ran swiftly along another block; then, vaulting lightly over a fire hydrant, turned suddenly, and retraced his steps, exclaiming, as he lunged at an imaginary foe, "G'long will you; Larry Lanigan was lyin'; there ain't no fun in acting hog."

The lights were beginning to flare again, and the frosty air did not feel so very cold.

"Papers!" quavered a weak voice down by the slip.

"Here Joe, hand 'em over; go and warm up at the peanut stand, while I clear out your stock—any scoop?"

"Just an accident," gasped Joe, a thrill of delight running through his frail body. Hunger and cold were hard to bear, but to have a friend desert one in time of need! ah well, it hurt sorely. No wonder the gray eyes shone as he repeated, "just an accident, Jerry."

"Why didn't you shout it, you muff? An accident always sells."

Then roughly, to hide his real feeling, "Be off, Joe, will you, you're stoppin' trade. Paper!"

For the next half hour the sharp cry rang up and down the street. The coon-skin cap was shifted often, but the troublesome voices were no longer heard. "What a merry Christmas, Jerry!" rang in both ears, and was echoed by the tiny voice down in the warm, young heart.

"Hooray, there goes the last paper! Now for Joe! I wonder if crusty Tim let him come within half a mile of—hulloo! blest if he isn't sitting on the three-legged stool, and his old boots right on the roaster." Even the most daring of Jerry's newspaper friends never ventured nearer than the curbstone—Tim's temper was too well-known. But the big, jolly-looking man helping Joe to peanuts was not crusty Tim!

"Well, I never," muttered Jerry. "They're as thick as thieves." Then, stepping up softly and laying his hand gently on Joe's shoulder, a mild substitute for the resounding slap with which he generally greeted his other friends, "Here you are, old man! all sold out; there, shut up will you!" as Joe tried to thank him. "Any feller 'd have done the same, I ain't quite a hog." Then, turning to the big man, "Say, Mister, what's wrong with crusty Tim?"

As the honest brown eyes were raised to his, the man dropped the measure he was filling, and drawing the boy to him, gazed long and earnestly at the wondering, up-turned face.

"He must be Maggie's boy; that's her face over again," muttered the stranger. Then, eagerly, "What's your name, my little man?"

"Jeremiah Jenkins when I write it out, sir, and plain Jerry other times."

"And your parents? Where are they living?"

How the big man's voice trembled!

"Dad's in Heaven, an' mam's out the marsh," was Jerry's concise an-

swer. "But," returning to his own question, still unanswered, "what's wrong with crusty Tim, sir?"

"He twisted his ankle on a cobble stone and had to be driven home. The poor old chap worried so over the Christmas trade, that I offered to run the stand till he could send some one."

"Is he your dad, or brother may be?" ventured Joe.

"No relation," laughed the big man. "Do I look like him?"

"Oh no!" not a bit," politely. "Only," with a shrewd estimate of Tim's character, "it's a wonder he trusted you, sir."

"It was Hobson's choice if you know what that is. But little lads like you should be warm and snug at home by this time. Out the marsh you said, Jerry? Run along, lads. Good night and Merry Christmas!"

"The same to you, sir," said Jerry with quaint courtesy. "And many happy returns, sir," added Joe with the oddest little bow.

And away they went; up Main street again, and across the square till the market archway was reached, when Joe stopped.

"I'll jest dodge down the alley, and Jerry,—no,—" as Jerry prepared to run, "I ain't going to thank you as long as you don't want it. I just want," drawing up his stunted little figure, "to wish you the compliments of the season."

"All right, old feller, wish away. And Joe," awkwardly, "I'm sorry I didn't help you sooner; an' I'm sorry you lost that nickel; and,"—casting about for some other expression of good-will, "I'm sorry your boots aren't better."

"They aren't too bad," answered Joe with his wistful smile, and a sigh of perfect content. "There isn't no use in a feller wantin' too good a time, and the best of everything."

How cheerily the weak voice floated back from the alley. There were no tear bright eyes and quivering lips to run away from now. What a merry Christmas it was to be sure, and how the lights flared! The big ball light over the archway seemed to reflect its brightness on the child's heart, and radiated over the lonely road till even the broken column lost its terror, and before he was aware of it Jerry had crossed the marsh, and was at home.

Marm smiled a welcome from the old rocker in the corner by the fire, at which Jim was cooking—too busy to raise his head.

"It never is, Jim."

"It jest is, Jerry! We've had great doings since. Haven't we, marm."

"That we've had. Move my chair, boys, an' while I make the tea, Jim, tell your brother about the stroke of luck that has come our way."

"Marm's to get work from the Women's Exchange, an' I'm going on next week as driver of Campbell's express," explained Jim, briefly.

"Yes," said Marm, drawing the coon-skin off Jerry's tousled head, and striving to brush the stubbly hair in the right direction, "it's all true, my boy. Mrs. Dacre paid me in advance for next week. Jim'll have steady work; so you needn't sell any more at night. I'm very thankful to the Lord for all His favors, but more than all, for giving me such boys."

"Pshaw, marm!" disclaimed Jim.

"Don't, marm," pleaded Jerry. "Jim deserves it all, but your little boy came near turning hog tonight." Then marm heard all about Jerry's struggle with self, and signified approval by

patting the tousled head buried in her check apron.

"Big and jolly looking," mused marm. "Jim would have looked like that. Sakes alive, children, who or what's that."

Rat-tat-tat! What a rousing summons it was, to be sure. No wonder both boys ran to the door. Jerry threw it open, and in stepped crusty Tim's friend in need. How his eyes glowed as they rested on the quiet little woman in the old rocker; with a quick swinging step he crossed the door, holding out his arms to marm.

"Found at last, Maggie!"

"Jim! oh Jim!"

And there was the big man actually kissing marm, not once, but many times, while her thin arms clung round his neck, and the sobbing "Jim! oh Jim!" added to the boys' surprise.

"Marm won't want us any more," muttered Jim. "May be it's a stepfather like Tony Watson got. I wonder who the duffer is."

As if in answer, marm raised her head from the stranger's shoulder, and explained, "It's your uncle, boys; your own uncle Jim."

Impulsive Jerry's welcome was almost as warm as marm's, and James junior atoned for his rash judgment by extending a hearty welcome to his burly uncle. "Supper's spoiling, Marm! Here, Uncle Jim, this cup has a handle; fall to Jerry, you ought to be sharp set."

But no one proved "sharp set." Excitement had destroyed appetite, and then there was so much to tell. Despite Jim's courteous efforts to make the meal a success, Uncle Jim soon lifted the old rocker with marm in it, back to the warm corner, and drew his own chair close to it.

"An' now, Maggie, let's hear your story first."

"You heard about John?" began marm, with an odd break in her quiet voice.

"Yes, the little lad told me tonight. What a struggle you must have had, my poor girl."

"I didn't mind that, Jim, 'twas the loss that made me sore. I was that selfish and pining for him, even when I knew that he'd never he well more that I prayed he might be spared; but God was good to him an' denied me. Then little John was taken and I just wanted to go too, but there were the other two looking to me, so I struggled on, and after a while comfort came in work. But I couldn't bear working where everything reminded me of John, so I just moved round till I settled here. I made out well with fine ironing and sewing till my health gave out; since then, the boys had all on their shoulders—only for them, I'd have starved or gone on the town."

"And you never told me, Maggie,—"

"I did write, Jim. I was heart-hungry, craving you in my trouble, but all my letters came back, so I gave you up for dead. You mustn't take it so to heart, Jim—it's all over now, thank the Lord, I'm gettin' stronger, an' work'll be plenty."

"Not for you, Maggie—you'll never work another stroke except for your own folks. I've enough, and to spare. When I left home ill-luck followed me. Other fellows prospered, but I kept going down. I promised solemn never to write home till I had good news, and years passed before it came. I worked hard and saved, but the savings were small, and I was just about

giving up when my luck turned. Then everything I touched prospered. Still I wasn't content; I was heart hungry. So I wrote to John—not knowing you'd lost him—asking him to come out with you and the children to make a home out of the ranch. When my letter came back I started out to find you, and failed. Still I wouldn't give up. Every year I came, an' always returned as I went. I struck this town just by chance, the train stopping over for an hour. While I was wandering about killing time, an old man fell and was hurt pretty bad. I felt so cut up over my own disappointment that I came near turning hog"—here Jerry became so excited that he wiped a plate on his coat sleeve—"but the poor beggar groaned so over his luck that I turned to and gave him a hand—and perhaps I wasn't rewarded. Before I was there ten minutes the oddest little chap showed up, begging for a chance to get warm—not that he said a word—oh, no; he just looked! and thanked me as politely as if the rickety old stool was a throne. You should have heard him talk about his friend Jerry. I was getting anxious to see such a wonderful chum, when along comes this young man," laying his hand on Jerry's shoulder. "And the minute I looked at him my heart gave a great jump, and said I to myself, 'Jim, your hunt's ended,'—an' that's all, Maggie, except that we'll start as soon as your fit to travel. You and the boys'll make a great change in the ranch. It's a sore thing, my girl, to have no folks!"

"Uncle Jim,"—how the brown eyes shone!—"Joe has no folks."

"What next, Jerry?"

"Couldn't you make room for Joe?" boldly.

"Well," with a pretence of considering the matter, "I might take on a few more acres, and build another wing to the ranch, your friend is such a huge fellow. What do you say, Maggie? Would you be willing to look after Jerry's giant?"

"Both willing and glad, Jim; he's a darling child; and," so softly that no one heard, "I'm thinking it won't be long before he's called where there's always room for one more."

"That's settled then. Joe turns rancher; and now boys be off to bed; your mother and I haven't begun to talk yet, but," as the sound of sleigh bells was heard, "first give me a hand with that express."

Never before had such parcels been left at the old house on the marsh! A fur-lined cloak and the gayest of bonnets made the little widow wonder, "If I couldn't wear them out west without showing disrespect to John"; a real gun and a box of tools for Jim; a wonderful sled with steel runners for Jerry; skates for both boys; and books filled with delightful fireside stories that must have been bought for Joe. And then such an array of eatables! beginning with a great fat turkey, and ending in heaps of oranges, candy, and grapes. No wonder that Jerry looked bewildered, and that sedate Jim forgot himself to the extent of trying on marm's gay bonnet; while marm herself was trying to scold Jim for spending so much money, but always broke down into a happy, sobbing, "Oh, Jim!"

"And now, boys, be off in earnest. We have work ahead tomorrow; we'll go after Joe first thing, and I'll have my three boys rigged out from top to toe—and boys, take your uncle's advice—if ever you feel like turning

hog, don't do it: always be what the Lord made you."

Was it any wonder after that that Jim dreamt of whole droves of hogs building a railway out west with his kit of tools? or that Jerry saw marm and uncle Jim dancing, while a chime of bells, all rough and hairy like his coon-skin cap, rang out: "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

It is gratifying to note the increasing activity in providing for the instruction of young Catholics. Writers of their faith are wakening to the need of preparing for them a literature that will be more than an exhibition of erudition, or the expression of lofty sentiments couched in equally lofty language. Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings, dwelling on the great need of religious instruction for children, says: "While there must be sermons for grown people, for educated Christians, for philosophers and theologians, there should also be sermons suited for children. Just as hard as it is for a great able man to come down to the level of a child, just so hard is it to find even in Bourdalou or in Bossuet what will suit children; a young priest looking for a sermon for a children's Mass would have to throw aside book after book of these great writers without finding anything suitable, and luckily for the children, for they would not understand a word said." As the result of much thought on this urgent need, Dean Lings has adapted from the original of Rev. Raphael Frassinetti a course of "Sermons for Children's Masses." These sermons present in the most simple language the life of Our Lord as it is met with in the gospels for the Sundays. His grand examples of virtue, His heavenly teachings, His striking miracles teach religious truth in a most impressive manner, and thus as the young people grow up they will not only have heard the gospels, but will also be furnished with a groundwork for their faith, and prepared to answer questions that too often cannot be answered satisfactorily by grown people, who pride themselves on their scholarship.

Benziger Brothers, New York. $1.50.

No child, and—why not admit it?—no grown reader can take up the book of "Saints and Friendly Beasts" without a sensation of pleasure that deepens as one reads, whether the stories are read for the first time, or re-read with all the thronging memories of other days. The author, Abbie Farwell Brown, has done her work with exquisite tact and skill, in bringing forward again in charming guise those dear old tales and legends familiar to every generation of Catholic children.

The saintly men and women who lived up to their belief that

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small"

made friends and comrades of the little folk in fur and fins and feathers, and by their gentle, kindly service won the love of even fierce denizens of the forest. In "The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts," many happenings resulting from such companionship are set down quite as they read in the old books, veritable histories like those of St. Francis and St. Cuthbert needing no filling in, but in other cases where merely a fragment of the legend remained, the story has been worked out in the way that seemed most likely to be true. "Saint Bridget and the King's Wolf," "The Ballad of Saint Felix," "Saint Blase and His Beasts," dear "Saint Francis of Assisi," and "Saint Herve, the Blind Singer," and many other beautiful legends appear in this collection, to teach again their lessons of love and protection of the little things dependent on our kindness, and of gratitude for friendly service, such gratitude as was shown by the little birds who brought food to the saints, and by the four-footed beasts who ran their errands and were their messengers, rendering their service of love with all the devotion of their loyal hearts.

The quaint illustrations, notably that of St. Bridget and the Wolf, will delight young eyes, though they are not needed to interpret the text, which is beautifully simple without a trace of effort, or the slightest approach to moralizing.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25.

"In Famous American Belles of the Nineteenth Century," Virginia Tatnall Peacock presents a collection of sketches, or pen portraits rather, of women of a high type of mental and moral development, women of great political and social genius, and women of pre-eminent beauty, all of whom have left the impress of their remarkable personalities upon their time. Very pleasant reading indeed does this book afford with its glimpses into home and social life in the different periods into which the closing century may be divided. The first sketch, that of Marcia Burns, spreads before us flourishing farm lands and orchards where the city of Washington now stands. Scattered farm houses raise their chimneys amid the trees, and from the low doorway of one emerges the winsome maiden whose patrimony extended over six hundred acres, and whose belleship was exercised in a cottage of but four rooms,—"two sleeping rooms, a sitting room, and a dining room, the kitchen being built apart from the house, as was the custom of the time and country." Here supper was served to the President and the Commissioners who came to select and purchase the ground for the site of the capital city, in the society of which Marcia Burns was destined to become a central figure. And here too on summer evenings gathered the Tayloes from the afterwards famous Octagon House, the Calverts, and the Daniel Carrolls from Duddington Manor, and Aaron Burr, and Hamilton, and Randolph of Roanoke, and Jefferson, and Tom Moore, the latter seeming to have left on record an unpleasant impression as the writer speaks of him as "the foppish, little Irish bard."

Theodosia Burr stands out in relief as by far the best educated woman of her time and country. She exerted an inspiring influence over her father, giving impetus to his career at its best, the retrogressive period of his life beginning with the withdrawal of her presence from the domination of his affairs. Sad indeed was the fate of this beautiful, gifted woman, whose affection for her father was the absorbing passion of her life. Her reluctance to leave him is shown by her desire to postpone her union with Joseph Allston, upon whom she urged that his youth was sufficient cause for deferment of the marriage, quoting Aristotle's statement that a man should not marry till he was thirty-six. But notwithstanding Aristotle, her woman's heart yielded to young Allston's convincing eloquence and ardor.

A life, the story of whose vicissitudes has touched many hearts, was that of Elizabeth Paterson, the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of the United States, said to be second to Charles Carroll in wealth; wife of Jerome Bonaparte; and mother of his son; and yet destined to live through many years deserted, deprived of the honors rightfully due her as the sister-in-law of an Emperor, and so bankrupt in faith in humanity that her heart expended its affections on a dog which she declared "superior to half the persons one meets in the world."

It would be a pleasure to linger in the society of these belles of the past, the Caton Sisters, Peggy O'Neill, Cora Livingston (who transferred to the Boston Library one of the most valuable collections of books in America), and many others whose lives Miss Peacock has so charmingly touched upon, but it is imperative to close with but one more reference, and that is to the career of Emily Marshall, whom Boston proudly claims as the most beautiful woman born in America during the nineteenth century. Quincy, writing of her, said "she has completely filled the ideal of the lovely and the feminine, as did Webster the ideal of the intellectual and the masculine." Not even the cooling influences of half a century enabled him to avoid superlatives when he spoke of her. It is difficult now to imagine Dover street bridge as Boston's fashionable promenade, but such it was when Emily Marshall tripped lightly across it and into the vision of Quincy, never to leave it more. Not to succumb to her charms seemed to mark a man as apart from his fellows; thus it is recorded that William Amory claimed to be the most distinguished man in Boston because he was not in love with the belle whose beauty was hailed with cheers, and whose appearance in the theatre was greeted by the uprising of the entire audience. Her character seems to have been in keeping with her physical beauty, marked as it was by abnegation of self, gentleness, intense womanliness, and a fervent piety that frequently led her to church, where, her biographer tells us, her presence added many devotees to the congregation.

The public is indebted to Miss Peacock for her clever work in extracting from much biography the salient points of the lives of these famous American women,

and in presenting them in such a clear, concise, and altogether charming style. We predict for Miss Peacock's book unqualified success, and heartily recommend it to readers who desire a delightful companion in their leisure hours.

The typographical work is excellent, the illustrations quaint, and the binding and color scheme worthy of the subject.

J. B. Lippincott. Philadelphia, Pa. $3.00.

"Stringtown on the Pike," although written by a practically new writer, John Uri Lloyd, was selected as The Bookman serial for 1900. The scene is laid in one of the quaint villages in north-east Kentucky. The action begins at the time of the War of Secession, when the hero is a ragged little urchin trudging along the dusty pike, and continues until the boy is well into manhood. The story is marked by a freshness, a vigor and a fire that are not often found in contemporary fiction. The book is essentially dramatic, and situation follows situation with a swiftness that keeps the reader keyed up from the time that he first meets Sammy Drew, in Bloody Hollow, until the time when in company with Cupe and Dinah he takes leave of Susie at the gate of the beautiful convent in Nazareth, Kentucky. The description of the convent, and the generous tribute paid to the noble work of the Sisters speak for the fair spirit in which Mr. Lloyd conceived and carried out this entertaining story of Kentucky life.

Dodd, Mead & Company. New York. $1.50.

The unabated popularity of "David Harum" is proven by the publication of a holiday edition, a handsomely illustrated book, the drawings by B. West Clinedinst, and text drawings by Ferrand, emphasizing the humor of the text. During the twenty months since the first appearance of "David Harum," nearly half a million copies have been sold. Editions of it have appeared in England, Austria and Canada, and a German translation will probably appear in the near future. The new American edition has an introduction by Forbes Hermans, in which he gives an interesting biographical sketch of the author, and outlines the method adopted by Mr. Wescott in the preparation of his manuscript. Chapters I and II were written last of all and prefixed to the story as it now stands. The scenes in chapters XIX and XXIV between David, John, and the Widow Cullom, and the Christmas dinner following them, were the first work done by him on the book, and constitute the nucleus about which the others were eventually assembled

In its new dress, "David Harum" will make many new friends, who will find much amusement in the saws and old country sayings that David laid down in his homely, shrewd and always effective expression of opinions on many subjects.

D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.00.

W. D. Howells in one of his novels describes a piazza gathering of wealthy women, idle in hand and mind, and depicts one of them as secretly longing to break away from the group, yet remaining there because of the intuitive knowledge that the moment her back was turned her sisters would discuss her character, carriage, dress, etc. Mr. Howells has a keen wit and few will deny that he has rare skill in hitting off the little weaknesses of either sex.

A more serious aspect of this feminine tendency to indulge in gossip is presented in "The Way of the World and Other Ways." The author, Katherine E. Conway, introduces her readers to many types of womanhood, graded with nicety from the pompous, patronizing, underbred person, to the reverent-minded hero-worshipping and unworldly type personified by Esther Ward, the little artist. Round the latter the interest of the story centres. For some reason known only to themselves, she is singled out by the gossips as the mark for their malicious reflections and insinuations, and is finally brought to death's door by a combination of circumstances directly traceable to the unworthy "Daughters of St. Paula." "The Daughters met every Thursday at three o'clock in the afternoon, because they were ladies of leisure, and most of them wished in all things to distinguish themselves from the members of another larger and better known literary association which met in the evening, and had many wage earners on its register." It is no tax on the memory to call to mind familiar types among those "Daughters"—Mrs. Ray, who didn't like to know people who worked for their living; Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Bernard Willow, given to rivalry in exploiting Lions; Nannie Oldfield, with a fine contempt for "three or four measly years in Europe"; Mrs. Josiah Mint (who, however shows herself a woman of heart and spirit), and many

more who claimed admission into the society "with a prohibitive tariff." This phrase, by the way, is a clever bit of sarcasm that might be levelled at several organizations within our own ken. To offset the meanness, the frivolity, and the lack of culture exemplified by some of the "Daughters," the author owed it to her sex to present the true woman whose character combines sweetness, strength and fortitude, and whose conduct shows the ruling of a reasonable mind and a delicate conscience. In Esther Ward, Miss Conway has discharged this obligation, though at times the reader will wish that the heroine possessed a trifle less sweetness, a spice of temper might have rendered her good service.

Pilot Publishing Company. Boston.

"A Round of Rimes," by Denis A. McCarthy, marks its author not only a poet of no mean rank, but what is even better, a benefactor of his kind, who can forget every-day cares while he allows "remembrances to throng," and takes his readers with him out into the open where the birds are singing, flowers blooming, and the sunshine warm upon the land. The unpretentious little volume, —in which he has given expression in graceful, poetic form, always intelligible, to varied thoughts of calm home joys, every-day scenes, whisperings of memory, promptings of duty, chivalry and love—brings to its possessor an unfailing source of pleasure, for open where you will, there is something to hold the attention, to touch the heart, or bring to the face a sympathetic smile. By right of its vigorous cheery advice and sound common-sense, "Come, Cheer Up," the last poem in the collection, merits a place where it would meet the eye more promptly.

"Come, cheer up, my moody friend!
What's the good of whining,
What's the good of moping 'round
Sighing and repining?
See the sky is bright and blue,
See the sun is shining!"

Surely this is wholesome philosophy! Of widely different style yet possessing the same living quality, clinging to the memory without effort, is "A Prairie Reminiscence."

"Ah, the years between are long,
But remembrances will throng
Of a little blue eyed maiden with a soul unknowing wrong.
Though she's lying low today
In the westland far away,
I am dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of her song!"

A dainty bit of verse, exquisitely tender, is "Ah, Sweet is Tipperary." That the reader may discover its beauty for himself, thus enjoying double pleasure, we shall quote but four lines from this poem, which in itself is enough to establish Mr. McCarthy's claim to place among the poets who are born to their art.

"Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all atremble,
With their singing and their winging to and fro.

With the season at hand when exchanges of greetings and gifts express good-will and kindly remembrance, these sweet songs should find their way into many homes, for the spirit that breathes in them will give true enjoyment in greater measure than "All the wealth by worldly wisdom won."

Review Pub. Co. $1.00.

"Sister Mary Gongaza Grace," by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, is not so much a biography as a delightful collection of stories and incidents connected with a career extending over the greater part of the century. As this story of heroic deeds in hospital service, noble sacrifices for little children, and Christian zeal for souls, is unfolded chapter after chapter, each one deepens the reader's respect and admiration for this saintly woman, who not only did ordinary things extraordinarily well, but also seemed at times to compass the impossible.

In addition to the interest the book itself possesses, its appearance will be warmly welcomed as a means of aiding the orphan children of St. Joseph's Asylum, Philadelphia, the time-honored institution so ably presided over by Sister Gongaza during a long period of years. The proceeds of the book will be devoted to maintaining an increased number of children.

Copies may be obtained at St. Joseph's Asylum, corner Seventh and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. $1.25.

# QUESTION BOX.

Q. Is there a personal devil, or is the word devil simply used to signify evil? And if there is a personal devil, how is he affected towards us?

A. There is a personal devil, that is, there are real beings who were once happy in the state wherein God created them, they were good and endowed with excellent gifts, but they rebelled against their Creator, and the angels who remained good and true hurled out the bad ones from their midst. And it is recorded in the Holy Scriptures that "God spared not the Angels that sinned, but delivered them drawn down by infernal ropes to the lower hell, unto torments." Now these bad angels hate and envy us, because God has shown favor towards us, has made us for the happiness of heaven, which the devil cast aside. The devil knows that if we are faithful to God we shall possess forever the places in heaven which the bad angels forfeited, and so he aims to make us unfaithful, seeking to lead us into sin, and away from God and His heaven forever, that we may share in the everlasting punishment prepared, as our Lord says, for the devil and his angels.

Q. Is there anything in the Bible about indulgences? What does the Church require us to believe about them? Do they not tend to make Catholics very careless about doing works of penance?

A. The word indulgence is not mentioned in the Bible as we use it, but the idea is conveyed there in the words of our Divine Lord: "Whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven," (Matthew 16, 19); this to Peter alone; and again (Matthew 18, 19), to all the Apostles, "Whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven." Our Lord places no limitation on the pardoning power, and certainly the releasing from temporal punishment, which is the object of indulgences, is not denied to that church which has the power to release from sin itself and from the eternal punishment deserved by sin.

The Church has set forth in the Council of Trent that we must believe that she, the Catholic Church, has the power to grant indulgences, and that the use of them is very salutary to us. The Church began in the very morning of her existence to use this power. St. Paul found it necessary to put a certain man in the city of Corinth under great and severe penance because of a grievous and public sin. He did this "for the destruction of the flesh, to save the spirit in the day of the Lord Jesus Christ." But afterwards, "in the person of Christ," to use Paul's own word, and in the authority of Christ, he granted a pardon, or indulgence we would call it, to this man, releasing him from a part of the temporal punishment due to his sin.

The use of indulgences does not lead to carelessness in regard to works of penance. Rather, the good Catholic who is most devoted to the virtue and to the Sacrament of Penance, is the one who most eagerly welcomes the opportunities to gain indulgences. Any person in the state of mortal sin cannot gain an indulgence. Repentance in his heart and recourse to the Sacrament of reconciliation is his first and essential duty. Then to encourage him to the greatest of zeal and fervor, the Church proffers release from temporal punshment according to his penitential zeal and divine love. In early times she punished great sinners by severe canonical penances, having the idea of St. Paul before her, to punish the flesh that the soul might be saved. Now, recognizing the vast debt of temporal punishment to be frequently paid by repentant sinners, she comes to their aid, and offers to pay out of her own overflowing treasury of the stored-up merits of our Saviour, of His Blessed Mother, and of the saints, what the penitent soul might scarcely pay during a long lifetime, and might complete only after the very severe punishments of Purgatory. And, as love for God is the perfection of our lives, the Holy Church, as a good Mother, encourages her wayward, as her obedient children, to the giving of themselves entirely to that love, and to the receiving of the manifestations of infinite love in the pardon both of sin and of all its punishments. Penance is a means to pardon, sorrow is an essential to forgiveness. The pardoned soul is gladly received by the Sacred Heart into the fulness of perfect reconciliation according to the measure of its fervent love. Deep inward penance, to which the Church incites her children, makes the outward discipline less needful afterwards. But that very inward spirit but serves to incite the true lovers of the Sacred Heart to works of holy penance, in prayer, in alms, in fastings, in the corporal and spiritual works of mercy.


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# HARTFORD AS AN INSURANCE CENTRE. (FIRE.)

BY CHARLES E. PARKER.

It was in the latter days of the Eighteenth Century that the subject of underwriting the risks of the public was undertaken in this country, and from the small beginning then inaugurated, have sprung many of the strongest institutions that have not only rendered valuable aid to all branches of mercantile pursuits, but have also made Hartford noted as an insurance centre.

The beginning was carefully managed by the issuance of Marine and Fire policies, afterwards branching out into Life and other kinds of Policies, and the success met with has found many imitators, most of whom have succumbed to the drain on their treasuries, through the serious disasters that have from time to time visited the country.

That Hartford has gained its reputation is not through luck or favorable circumstances, but by careful forethought, and a study of facts and principles involved in the business, and by the intelligence of those entrusted with the management of the different companies.

On many occasions have the companies been called upon to meet adversities and serious calamities, but in nearly every case have they been able to pay to the public dollar for dollar for loss sustained.

There have been cases where unscrupulous parties have secured control of the stock of Life Insurance Companies, and brought misfortune to the companies, as well as their policy-holders, but fortunately such instances have been rare, and the companies are managed today by men who have been educated to be careful, conservative, ever mindful that the interests of the stockholders, as well as of the insured, must be protected.

The large growth of the country and insurable interests has necessitated the appointment of representatives, and today the Agency system extends throughout the entire country, nearly every hamlet and village having an agent contributing to the income of the various companies, as well as furnishing a livelihood for himself.

The present condition of Fire Insurance interests calls for even more careful study than formerly—the companies on account of excessive losses during the past few years have been obliged to do business—a few on a small margin of profit, and the balance at a loss, from an underwriting standpoint—the profit to the stockholders coming from the investments of the Assets, therefore the conditions connected with and surrounding fire underwriting in this country today, present a curious phenomenon.

It is an admitted fact that an organized system or method for collecting premiums from property owners, and distributing same in payment of losses, or, in other words, equalizing the burden of loss by fire, is an absolute necessity—remove at once the security offered by the various fire insurance organizations—and there would be almost an entire suspension of business. Capital would not dare to invest—monied institutions would not loan if menaced with a constant danger of entire destruction by fire of property, and of security.

Carefully prepared statistics prove that not sufficient premium is collected to pay losses and expenses, and leave a balance sufficient to pay a dividend, which the most exacting would admit to be reasonable.

To meet these conditions, the companies must either have more income, or better fire protection must be furnished.

In 1899—the property loss by fire in the United States and Canada, was about $170,000,000, and in the first six months of 1900 it was over $103,000,000. Think what this means—the homes destroyed—the families scattered — the large industries and fortunes swept away. During 1899 the premiums collected by all the companies doing business in this country were $164,000,000. The reader will readily understand the seriousness of the present situation and the need of obtaining sufficient premium to pay both losses and expenses.

However, in these troublous times, the Hartford Companies are bearing the burden put upon them, and it is the anticipation that their showing on January 1st, 1901, will be as strong at least as a year ago, proving that the phenomenal success of underwriting in Hartford has been the reward of intelligence and integrity.

A short history of the present Hart-

ford Companies—and also of those Companies having headquarters or branch offices in Hartford, may be interesting.

The Hartford was chartered in May, 1810, and on the 10th of June following the company was organized with a capital of $150,000, made up of ten per cent in cash and the balance in notes of shareholders, secured by mortgages or approved endorsements. The pioneer company thus commenced business without any facts or figures to guide them in their acceptance of risks, little knowing what the future had in store for them. They took great risks, large amounts, and at such low rates of premium as would in these latter days be termed ridiculous. The hazard, however, was less than it seems, for the character of the insured, though unmentioned in the policy, formed one of the most important elements in the contract. Every risk was accompanied by a survey of the property, and the written representations of the owner had the force of a guaranty. Persons desiring insurance solicited it as a privilege from the officers, and being required themselves to carry a part of the hazard, the two parties to the agreement became partners in the venture. At first no commission was paid to agents, their compensation coming from the survey and policy fee, which was collected from the assured. Today, the larger amount of the business is procured from the agent, who is paid a commission by the companies, and who it is feared, in too frequent cases, omits to sufficiently satisfy himself on the question of moral hazard.

The first year the income of the Company was $4,498, and expenses, $530—of which $300 went for salary to the Secretary.

Passing through the fires at New York City, Nantucket, Albany and St. Louis, between the years of 1845 and 1849, which cost the Hartford $240,563.21: at Augusta, Me., September, 1865; at Portland, Me., July 4, 1866; and at Vicksburg, December 24, 1866; involving losses of about $263,500; at Chicago, October, 1871, $1,968,225.32; paying every claim in full; and at Boston, November 9, 1872, $485,356. The Hartford showed steady progress, until on January 1st, 1900, it had a Cash Capital of $1,250,000, and Gross Assets of $11,002,588.

In 1867, Mr. George L. Chase was elected President, and is the present incumbent of that office. The progress of the Company during this period shows the wisdom of his guiding hand, and his value as an underwriter. The other officers of the Company who are widely known throughout the country, are—P. C. Royce, Secretary; Thomas Turnbull and Charles E. Chase, Assistant Secretaries; and Frederick Samson, General Agent. Their office is on the corner of Pearl and Trumbull Streets.

The Aetna Insurance Company, the second in the city in age, but the largest in Assets and Capital, was organized in 1819, the original Capital Stock being $150,000, ten per cent paid in cash, the balance in notes of the shareholders.

The Aetna was among the first to inaugurate the agency system, confining its operations largely during its first 10 years to the New England States, gradually spreading out and establishing agencies in new fields, until today thousands of agents throughout the United States and Canada are issuing hundreds of thousands of Aetna Policies annually.

The Company was also the first to introduce the use of charts or diagrams, in 1857. From this beginning has grown the publication of Sanborn maps, now considered a very essential quality in the conduct of the business of all large offices.

The Capital of the Company has been materially increased from time to time, until in 1881, it was made $4,000,000, thus making it the largest Capital Stock of an Fire Insurance Company in the country.

Its Assets, December 31st, 1899, were $13,019,411. Mr. William B. Clark is the President of the Aetna, having served the Company for many years in various positions, through periods of trouble as well as prosperity, and with his associates, so well qualified, will carry forward its career of growth and usefulness. The other officers are: E. O. Weeks, Vice President; William H. King, Secretary; A. C. Adams and H. E. Rees, Assistant Secretaries. Its Home Office is located on Main Street.

The third, as well as the only other stock company which had accumulated a sufficient number of Assets to pay in full the enormous losses sustained in the Chicago fire of 1871, is the Phœnix.

This was organized June 21st, 1854, with a capital of $100,000, which was at the first meeting of stockholders immediately increased to $200,000.

The growth of this Company has been healthy and steady from the start, the progressive policy inaugurated by its incorporators having good results in attaining large premium receipts, suffic-

iently large to pay its numerous losses, and, at the same time, continue to increase its surplus and assets, until it is now one of the strongest institutions in the business, its present Capital Stock being $2,000,000, and Assets $5,523,650.

Mr. D. W. C. Skilton, its present efficient President, is a gentleman well versed in the principles of underwriting, well liked by the public and agents at large, and the success of the Phœnix is largely due to his untiring efforts for the success of the Company he represents. Its other officers are: J. H. Mitchell, Vice President; Edward Milligan, Secretary; and John B. Knox, Assistant Secretary—gentlemen of well known underwriting ability.

The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company was organized in 1850, and unlike the other companies already mentioned, it made no attempt to obtain large premium receipts, at first largely confining its writing to risks located in cities and towns with well equipped fire departments. This, however, failed to serve the Company in good stead, as in the Chicago fire of 1871, its losses considerably exceeded its entire assets, but its Charter was preserved by the settlement of all claims, by its representatives. The Company was reorganized with a paid capital of $500,000, and its growth since that date has been steady, its policy conservative, and the indemnity offered by the Connecticut is of the best and strongest, its Capital December 31st, 1899, being $1,000,000; Assets, $3,869,452.

The Home Office of the Company is on the corner of Grove and Prospect Streets, and it is one of the most striking buildings in the city, being beautiful in its construction, and a model of convenience for the conduct of its large business.

Mr. J. D. Browne, its President, since 1880, is fearless to express his convictions, and often in declaring his Company's rights has dared to lead where others have not dared to follow, wherein possibly has lain his success, and that of his Company.

Mr. Charles R. Burt has been Secretary since 1865, and L. W. Clarke Assistant Secretary since 1876.

The National Fire Insurance Company was chartered in 1869, and organized in November, 1871, Mr. James Nichols, the present efficient President, being then Secretary of the Company. Soon after commencing business, the Company sustained severe losses, amounting to $161,000 at Boston, but from that time its success and growth have been uninterrupted, showing conclusively the wisdom which attended its original policy.

The business of the Company has largely increased during the past few years, until at the present time it stands well up among the leaders of American Fire Underwriting institutions—its present Capital Stock being $1,000,000, and Assets December 31st, 1899, $4,551,284.

The Company occupy handsome offices on Pearl Street, in every way suited for its large and growing business. The other officers of the Company are: B. R. Stillman, Secretary, and H. A. Smith, Assistant Secretary.

The Orient Insurance Company was organized in 1871, and from the start became a factor in the insurance interests of the country, the security offered being of the best, and although the youngest of the Hartford institutions there are few companies outside of Hartford that are stronger.

Early in the present year an offer was made to and accepted by the stockholders for the sale of the Company to the London and Lancashire Insurance Company of Liverpool, England. On account of the fiery times, and the present unsettled condition of fire insurance interests, the stockholders voted to sell, and most of the stock of the Orient is held by the purchaser—which Company guarantees the payment of all losses.

The standing of the Orient, December 31, 1899, was: Capital, $500,000; Assets, $2,481,158; and its present officers are: A. G. McIlwaine, Jr., President; James Wyper, Secretary; Howard W. Cook, Assistant Secretary.

The Hartford County Mutual Fire Insurance Company is another strong institution—differing from the Stock companies in that it confines its writings to dwellings, barns, and churches, and their contents. The Company was incorporated in May, 1831, and soon after organized, its object at first being to furnish mutual protection to a number of friendly neighbors, each member paying in a small premium, together with a note pledging the drawer to a liability of twenty times the cash payment.

Success was met with, except in a single year, and today the Company issues a stock policy doing away with the assessment feature.

On December 31, 1899, the Company

had $671,650 well invested Assets to protect its policy holders. Its present officers are: William E. Sugden, President; James L. Howard, Vice President; and William A. Erving, Secretary.

For a number of years prior to 1866, some attention and thought had been given to the subject of steam boiler explosion, and in case of accident furnishing indemnity to the manufacturers or owners of the property. It was in the year 1866 that a Charter was secured, and in November a Company was organized.

In the following year, Mr. J. M. Allen was elected to the Presidency, and has continued in that office until the present time, and has thus been the guiding spirit during nearly the entire life of the Company, directing the work of hundreds of agents, and skilled and trained inspectors. In case of explosion the Company makes good all loss or damage to property, with indemnity for loss of life or personal injury, to an amount not exceeding the sum insured.

Today the Company is not only the pioneer in its line, but also the strongest, having Cash capital of $500,000; Assets, $2,563.063. It occupies handsome offices in the Aetna LifeInsurance Company building on Main Street. Its other officers at the present time are: William B. Franklin and F. B. Allen, Vice Presidents; J. B. Pierce, Secretary; L. B. Brainerd, Treasurer; and L. F. Middlebrook, Assistant Secretary.

This completes the list of Hartford Companies.

It was in the early sixties that the Companies of other states and countries began to look toward New England to derive a larger income, among the number being the Insurance Company of North America of Philadelphia, the oldest Company in the United States, having been organized in 1792—and on December 10, 1794, the first two policies were issued covering stocks of goods, in buildings located in Philadelphia at rates of 30 cents per annum—in these days looked upon as a ridiculously low price. It was in the year 1808 that the Company commenced establishing its Agency System, and is now one of the most widely and favorably known companies doing business in the country.

In 1865 the President, Mr. Charles Platt, placed the management of the New England Department of the Company in the hands of Mr. C. C. Kimball, the only representative the Company had at that time in New England being at Boston.

The headquarters were established at Hartford, and the business on the books of the Company compares very favorably with that of the Hartford Companies, and the head officers at Philadelphia are highly gratified with the success attained in the New England field.

The active management of the Department falls upon Mr. Charles E. Parker, who has been associated with Mr. Kimball for the past 20 years, and during the past two years as Associate Manager. The Department occupies handsome offices in the First National Bank Building on State Street. The Company's standing on December 31st, 1899, was: Capital, $3,000,000; Assets, $9,295,037.

It was in the year 1880 that the Scottish Union & National Insurance Company of London, England, decided to establish a United States Branch, and was naturally attracted to Hartford for headquarters.

Mr. M. Bennett, Jr., at that time President of the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company, was appointed Manager and James H. Brewster Assistant Manager. These gentlemen carried on the work very successfully, until last year when death removed Mr. Bennett, and now the entire management falls upon Mr. Brewster, who has been made Manager, ably assisted by Mr. John A. Kelly, Superintendent of Agencies. The Company offices are located on Asylum Street. On December 31, 1899, the Scottish Union had Assets in this country of $4,063,484, and the Lion, $874,014.

In 1899, The National Assurance Company of Dublin, Ireland, which was organized in 1822, decided to establish a United States branch, and selected Hartford for its headquarters.

The Company management showed much wisdom in the selection of its United States Manager in the person of Mr. George E. Kendall, an underwriter of well known ability, and at the time of his appointment, Secretary of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, of Manchester, N. H.

Although the Department has been recently established, its success is assured, and no doubt it will soon attain a merited position among the solid fire underwriting institutions of the country. Its Assets December 31, 1899, were $513,061, and its offices are located at the corner of Main and Grove Streets.

# Donahoe's Magazine.

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## ROME'S GUESTS IN HOLY YEAR.

### PILGRIMAGE PEN-PORTRAITS.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

During the Holy Year of Jubilee, just drawn to a close in Rome, pilgrim-types of every land were gathered together within the gates of the Eternal City—truly a cosmopolitan assembly of races and tongues, as far apart in their appearance, speech, ideas, and thought as the varied lands from which they come, yet one in the unity of faith that brought them here. No wonder that the results of the Jubilee have caused surprise to the incredulous who believed the voice of Rome had no longer power to move the world. Little by little the scorn and ridicule of the hostile and anti-religious press against pilgrimages changed into comments on the numbers of pilgrims. Sometimes malicious, often sarcastic, and occasionally witty, these comments nevertheless fully and freely recognized the Jubilee-year pilgrims as powerful factors in the present-day life and prosperity of Rome. Nothing more interesting could be found for the illustrated Italian papers than the doings of the Vatican and the pilgrims. When one passed a Roman book-stall on the Piazza Colonna or the Corso,—the places where the life of the city most does congregate,—prints and illustrations of Pope and pilgrims appeared weekly; here the portraits of a more than usually picturesque group of pilgrims, there the venerable Pontiff receiving some special personage or pilgrimage in the midst of his brilliant "entourage." It has been indeed a year of constant interest, and, to a student of human nature, rich in possibilities for observation of types of various nationalities. Critics have not been wanting to scoff at the pilgrimages, with the world's perpetual instinct to sneer at what it cannot understand or judges to be useless to material prosperity. It is not infrequent to hear not only Protestants but Catholics, who should know better, severely criticizing the pilgrims. These self-appointed critics call to mind strangely the lament of the Apostles over the waste of Magdalen's precious box of ointment, when one hears them enlarging on the poverty of so many of the pilgrims, or how much better it would be for them to remain at home and work instead of spending their money in enjoying the sights of Rome, etc., etc. But let us have a little fairness.

To begin with, the pilgrims are by no means all poor, every country which sent its pilgrimage to the Eternal City sending representatives of the highest as well as the lowest of the land. Furthermore it must be remembered that the money the poorer pilgrims spend during the few short days of their stay in Rome has been carefully saved from their earnings week by week and month by month, always with the cherished object in view of a pilgrimage to Rome. Many examples of this occurred in the recent English and Irish pilgrimages, and doubtless the other nations afford many similar. One was that of two women, straw-workers in a great hat factory in England, who had saved up a little every week for more than eighteen months to come to Rome in October last. Another instance was three young workmen from a large engineering establishment in Plymouth, recent converts to Catholicity, who followed their zealous young Anglican curate into the Catholic Church two years ago. Almost ever since they have been laying aside money regularly in order to make a pilgrimage to the Holy City, where their former clergyman (now a priest and student of the College of St. Bede in Rome) was their untiring guide to the Roman shrines. It was good to

SOME PILGRIMAGE TYPES IN PIAZZA SAN PIETRO, ROME.

witness the unaffected fervor of those ruddy honest-faced English lads, their enthusiasm for the Pope, and their interest in the shrines and saints, not one of which they left unvisited. Since their return home those same boys gave talks on Rome at their workmen's club, and their most successful pilgrimage will doubtless lead many young men to follow their example. Striking too were the band

A BUSY PILGRIMAGE MORNING AT ST. PETER'S, ROME, IN THE JUBILEE YEAR.

of Waterford men, who represented among others Ireland's working classes in the Irish pilgrimage, fine specimens of Irish manhood all of them, whose splendid proportions and muscular development, combined with their honest manly piety, aroused the admiration of the slightly-built Italians who, encountering the Irishmen in churches, streets, or cars, gazed at them with ingenuous and unconcealed favor. Nor is the mention of the Workmen's Jubilee contingent complete without speaking of the French workmen. They arrived here at the time of the Canonization, and literally took away Rome's easy-going breath by their energy, driving about to the Roman shrines from morning to night in interminable files of carriages, each containing six or seven men in all the glory of Sunday clothes and wearing huge white rosettes as pilgrimage badges. The encouraging of workmen's pilgrimages to Rome which has been heartily approved by the Pope would seem to have produced excellent results. The men go home with a far wider sight into the great centre of Catholicity and a blessed memory of the venerable head of the Church which may help them perhaps in time of difficulty and battle for the faith.

A pilgrim's life in Rome is not especially luxurious, and the pilgrims' critics [illegible] day they might [illegible] to its being lazy [illegible] sion. It means long hours of kneeling in prayer, [illegible] both heat and cold, [illegible] sometimes splashing [illegible] over muddy roads, [illegible] a burning sun, and [illegible] discomforts of food. [illegible] pilgrim's day begins [illegible] six, or the latest [illegible]

pilgrimage Mass said at one of the great basilicas, either by a Roman cardinal or the cardinal or archbishop heading the pilgrimage. After that came the meeting or "reunion," when the plans for the day were made, and then the pilgrims started off on their round of visits to the basilicas, the precise times for meeting and for the processional entrance into each basilica being arranged beforehand. The pilgrims (and they were many) who hospices to see the pilgrims at supper, seated in hundreds at the long wooden tables waited on untiringly by the Sisters of Charity and the gentlemen of the "Circolo di San Pietro" (who generously gave their services for the assistance of all nationalities of pilgrims during the Holy Year). Cardinals, archbishops and bishops, also the directors and heads of the various pilgrimages, and the members of the untiring pilgrimage committee, fre-

PILGRIMS FROM THE ROMAN PROVINCE.

Santa Marta
Vatican re-
d-day meal,
ntinue Jubi-
o catacombs
in at night-
refresh the
tial supper in
he Belvedere
ike a glim
pilgrims and

quently assisted at the pilgrim banquets in the "Belvedere"; presiding over the tables, mingling with the poor guests, and personally seeing to their well-being. Speeches were made, the Pope's health drunk by the pilgrims in their moderate allowance of the "Vino dei Castelli," and the greatest good-will and good-fellowship prevailed. Often His Holiness sent some treat or dainty to the pilgrims, or al-

GERMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE COSTUMES, FORMING PART OF THE GERMAN PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

lowed the excellent band of the Swiss Guard to enliven the banquets with a little music, great being the enthusiasm when the band rendered the papal hymn. The hospice of Santa Marta has been an incalculable advantage to the poorer pilgrims of the Jubilee year, for those who could not afford the prices of hotels, boarding houses, and private families were comfortably fed and lodged at an exceedingly low rate. The Sisters of Charity have complete charge of the institute, and their work in Holy Year was no sinecure. They not only attended to the food, tables, and general cleanliness of the great building, but also to the dormitories for both men and women, with their hundreds of beds. The good "Angels of Charity" (as the Italians call them) literally required wings to enable them to fulfil all their duties to their cosmopolitan guests, and they must have met with some strange experiences in types of nationality during the course of the year.

All pervading were the pilgrims. In the intervals of their Jubilee visits and devotions they wandered in every direction of old and new Rome, trusting with almost childlike simplicity to the good nature of the inhabitants to guide them aright, a confidence, which, to do the Romans justice, is seldom misplaced, for Italians never refuse courtesy to the stranger within their gates, and will go out of their way to guide him if the language he speaks is in any way comprehensible.

A day passed among the pilgrims is seldom a day ill-spent, and in spite of the petty annoyances inevitable in crowds it generally leaves one with a better impression of human nature than before. In the midst of these simple, unspoilt people (I speak of the poorer class of pilgrims from all lands, the rich and prosperous being much the same all the world over) one loses the artificial conditions of modern society with their strivings and insincerities, to find the real heart of humanity, downright and direct, simply professing what it believes, without thought of listener or observer. In what city but Rome could such picturesque sights be seen as those daily encountered on our Jubilee visits to the basilicas! Such unconscious moving pictures of the life and color and customs of many lands could scarcely have been brought together by any "World's Fair" or "Exposition." Many such pilgrimage days are in my mind as I write, seen not only against the background of the great basilicas, which in themselves elevate and inspire commonplace humanity into passing nobility, but in the streets and in the tram-cars, amid surroundings often commonplace and far from picturesque.

A red letter day of Jubilee gatherings arises in the sunlight of an early summer afternoon on the Campagna at "St. Paul's outside the Walls." Making a visit to this basilica, I had happened to fall in with an Italian pilgrimage, also going out to St. Paul's, and laying siege in hundreds to the cars at the Piazza Venezia. How I succeeded in finding a place with the struggling, pushing, good-humored assembly was incredible, but the fact remained that after a few seconds' scrimmage we found ourselves seated, gasping but triumphant, and ready to survey each other with true Italian curiosity. With a few superior exceptions my pilgrim neighbors were

WORKING-MEN PILGRIMS AT DINNER IN THE "SANTA MARTA HOSPICE IN THE VATICAN." ROME.

A PILGRIM TYPE.

peasants, loud in their speech, but overflowing with good-nature and willingness to be pleased with everything they saw, a trait absolutely refreshing in these days of bored indifference. Their costumes were a study, and at the first sight a visitor to Rome might have taken them for a carefully dressed group of artists' models, instead of the hard-working country people they really were. The men wore short goat-skin trousers and home-made leather sandals, roughly swathed and laced about their ankles and feet. Waist-coats of bright-colored cloth surmounted their snowy linen shirts, and sheepskin coats and high conical hats completed their get up. Often as not gold ear-rings were in their ears. The women's costumes was even more picturesque than that of the men, consisting of short full skirts of bright colors, white chemisettes, embroidered or lace trimmed, and gorgeous velvet corsets, worn outside and laced with gold or scarlet laces. Rows of coral beads encircled the shapely brown throats, and long heavy gold earrings, almost resting on their shoulders, hung from their ears. This jewelry and fine linen come down as heirlooms in the peasant families, being carefully treasured from generation to generation. On their heads the women wear the eminently-picturesque "panni," white or colored cloths folded and laid flat on the head, gracefully drooping in back and front. Few Italian peasants, old or young, have commonplace faces, and one is seldom to be met with entirely devoid of interest. As a rule the features are well-cut and regular, and their expression bright and thoroughly intelligent, all the interest of their personality centering in the speaking eyes which light up an otherwise somewhat melancholy type of face. Of course I mean the honest and unspoilt kind of peasant unknown

AN ITALIAN MOUNTAINEER.

to city guiles, a type often to be met with in the pilgrim ranks, and exemplifying Longfellow's beautiful quotation "They whose hearts are fresh and simple, who have faith in God and Nature."

I soon discovered that the pilgrims were "Cioceiari," the name by which the inhabitants of the mountain regions around Segni and Anagni are known. This is the part of the country proudly claiming Leo XIII, a fact of which the good people speedily informed me. Pilgrims in Rome are nothing if not sociable, and talk and ask questions of everybody in a little of every language. Before long I found that interest and curiosity were not confined to my side alone for they frankly plied me with questions. Seeing that I was able to point out some objects of interest they began with the query, "Sei e Romana, Signora?" ("You are a Roman, Madam?") My reply to the contrary combined with an apparent knowledge of Rome somewhat bewildered them until one old man more knowing than his companions assured the company that the "forestieri" were "molto practicle di queste cose" ("Strangers knew a great deal about these things"). We were long on the way to St. Paul's, but our route lay among the most interesting of Rome's sights, classic as well as Christian, and the peasants'

THREE GENERATIONS ON A PILGRIMAGE TO ST. PETER'S.

comments were both shrewd and intelligent, for Italians who travel, indifferent though they may be at home, are born sight-seers and miss little. As we skirted the Roman Forum and the green slopes of the Hill of the Ceasars with the Capitol to the north, they stood up to look eagerly, then dismissed it shortly but courteously as "molto di antichita!" (exceedingly old!). The famous "Ghetto" also interested the country people who murmured, with true Italian contempt, something about "Faccie di bbree!" (Jewish faces). But when we reached the river, grand old yellow Tiber! rolling heavily under the Aventine towards the green Ostian meadows, their foot was on their native heath, so to speak, and they descanted and criticised. They would know its profundity, the miles of its extent, etc., and some valiant spirits, by some strange quip of knowledge, had even heard of the "Seven-Branched Candlesticks" of the Jews being buried in its sandy bed,—a subject which seems perennially to interest all nationalities. The Protestant Cemetery (glibly announced by the conductor at the door of the car on behalf of possible enthusiasts to the tombs of Keats and Shelley), roused a fresh cause for astonishment, not on account of the English poets, but how there could be Protestants enough to need a cemetery to themselves seemed to these simple minds a problem hard to grapple with.

One man who performed the Jubilee with the true pilgrim spirit refused to be distracted by the various sights en route, and confined himself wholly to his prayers. His wife and family were fain to follow his example, but the distractions of the road were too much for their powers of resistance, and they finally gave it up when a long file of curiously-dressed, Polish pilgrims came in sight, marching back from the "Porta San Paolo." Every eye in the car was riveted on that strange group of northern strangers wending their way so silently along, rosary in hand, their lips moving in prayer. The men were tall, long-haired and shaggy-looking, many wearing high leather boots and rough

A FAMILY GROUP.

PICTURESQUE SOLDIER TYPES. "THE CARABINIERI ON GUARD." (CANONIZATION DAY. ST. PETER'S, ROME.)

sheepskin coats; the women in long striped garments like an eastern burnous, covering even their heads. I noticed too that numbers of the women were barefooted, the Poles almost invariably desired to make their Jubilee visits in this most devotional manner. Silent and serious was their demeanor, recollected as if in church, with that strange abstracted look so often seen on the faces of the Russian or Polish peasantry, as if their eyes were accustomed to gazing across the silent distances of far-reaching steppes. This pilgrimage-picture in its grey austerity, its concentration, one might almost say its heaviness, contrasted strangely with the graceful freedom of Italian life and motion and the wealth of brilliant color so precious to the children of the South. One felt that it needed as a background not the blue sensuous lustre of a Roman sky, but the sombre-toned desolation of a Russian winter landscape. But their passing was a living prayer. "Quanti sono curiosi" (How strange they are!) ejaculated the Italian peasants open-mouthed, and the humor of the situation struck me as I thought what curious picturesque figures they themselves appeared to me. At last we reached our destination and parted at the doorway of San Paolo.

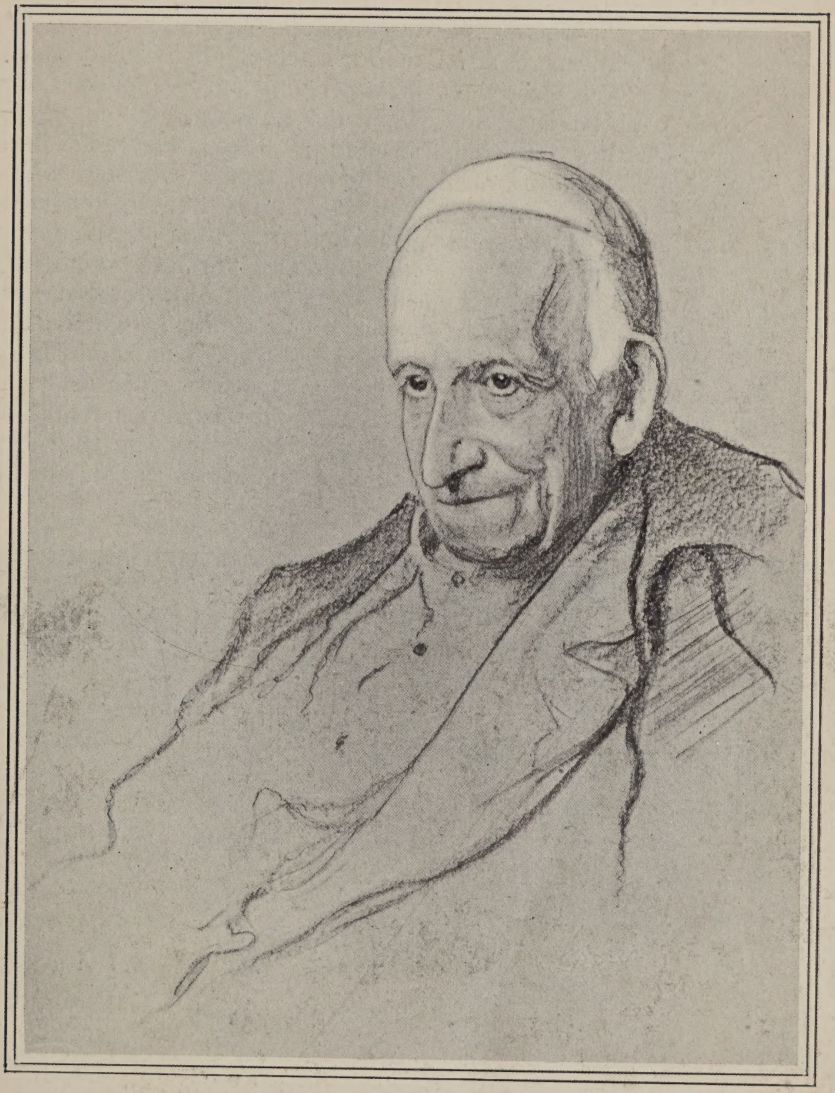
A glimpse of St. Paul's is always a pure artistic joy. Outside the soft Roman landscape, the distant city of domes and spires and the girdling hills; inside, the pure beauty of form and color combined with the peace of the martyr-shrine so far from the haunts of men. The sunshine illuminated its golden richness till it

seemed to burn with splendor, the mosaics of apse and arch, the long lines of papal portraits from Peter to Leo, and the alabaster and malachite shrine, where the very spirit of the Gentiles' Apostle is embodied in the golden lettering, "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me." The whole scene was so intensely still that it seemed to lack reality. Then the sound of singing came from the distant apse, gaining in volume and intensity as it broke the stillness. "O Santissima! O Purissima!" the trained chorus of voices rose clear and full and harmonious, each part clear and distinct and rendered with singular accuracy. Presently the unseen singers appeared in sight, hundreds of men and women walking in procession, the choirmaster leading the way. They wound slowly down the aisle towards the doorway, their Jubilee visit apparently being ended. As the pilgrims neared me it could be seen that they were not Italians. Neither were they of a striking Northern or Southern type, and at first it was hard to place them. The men came first, then the women, and towards the end of the long procession I espied the picturesque costumes of Alsace, proclaiming that this was the Alsatian pilgrimage, sharing this week's pilgrimage list to Rome with the Hungarians and the Poles. The black velvet skirts, long black silk aprons and white chemisettes, and the exquisitely braided tresses crowned with the wide upstanding Alsatian

A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL WHO APPEARED AT A PAPAL AUDIENCE. SHE WAS BROUGHT TO ROME FROM MONTANA BY THE URSULINE SISTERS.

JOAN OF ARC.

ST. BLASE SAVING THE LIFE OF A BOY WHO WAS DYING OF THROAT DISEASE.



LEO XIII. TO WHOM ALL NATIONS PAID TRIBUTE.

bow, constitute surely the most becoming and graceful peasant costume imaginable. All classes of persons, from those of apparent wealth and standing down to picturesque peasants took part in the pilgrimage, and thoroughly impressive was their devotion, their whole souls being in the beautiful hymn which they rendered with such perfection. The thing one noticed most of all in meeting Jubilee-year pilgrims in the basilicas was their complete absorption in what they were doing, their lack of human respect, and their utter unmindfulness of the passer-by.

As the Alsatians neared the left-hand doorway, an Italian pilgrimage came through the "Porta Santa" to the right, and among them I recognized my late companions of the car. The two pilgrimages, the out-going and incoming, presented one of the strange contrasts of the Jubilee-year, the Alsatians were so slow and methodical, so altogether orderly in their arrangements and even in their music, while the Italians by no means kept strict rank or discipline, their pilgrimage hymn, though heartfelt and devotional, having none of the trained precision of their north-country neighbors. Their faces were bright and mobile, full of country freshness and almost childlike simplicity. Some carried bags and handkerchiefs containing a small stock of worldly possessions; others big green, family umbrellas which would bring a broad smile to American faces; and now and

ST. PETER'S, ROME.

then a group had almost to run to catch up with the rest. But when they reached the tomb of St. Paul and fell on their knees on the marble pavement, with clasped hands and reverent eyes, one thought no more of the green umbrellas and funny costumes, but only of the prayer which rose from the hundreds of throats awaking the sonorous echoes of those marble walls. A group of sight-seeing Americans, Baedeker in hand, had watched the pilgrims somewhat superciliously during their Jubilee exercises, the kneeling at the "Holy Door," then fervently kissing the threshold and sides, and finally the processional entrance. One could read in the pose of the American heads and the curves of their mouths that they were inwardly apostrophizing it all as Romish superstition, but as the pilgrims knelt there, praying away with heart and soul in the unmistakable peace of real conviction, the scornful faces involuntarily softened, and those unbelieving ones lingered watching, apparently spellbound, only turning to go away on tip-toe as the pilgrims arose from their knees, to visit another altar, their prayers changing into the simple yet pathetic strains of the "Viva Maria," the hymn most dear to Italian hearts.

The greatest pilgrimage rendezvous, however, was the Piazza of St. Peter's, where, in the course of a Jubilee day or week could be seen types of nationalities more varied than in any one meeting place in the world. One needed but to linger a while in that sunny Piazza at any hour of the day to watch the procession of the nation. Going up the steps one feast day morning at a crowded pilgrimage time the sight was like a kaleidoscope.

An Italian pilgrimage from the Roman province was dotted in brilliant splashes of color, about the steps, waiting for the time to make a Jubilee visit to the basilica. Here and there the groups were striking. Particularly did I make note of a venerable Darby and Joan, who sat hand in hand on the lowest step, listening intently to the deep, full chime of the basilica bells, he in sheepskin jacket and velvet trousers; she in bright green skirt, black velvet corsets laced with yellow over her white chemisette, her soft grey hair parted back on the wrinkled forehead under the snowy linen headdress,—the old couple fresh and neat as a pair of babies.

Two Spaniards, in knee-breeches, black velvet bolero jackets decorated with broad sashes, and curly-brimmed hats with long ends of ribbon hanging on their shoulders, nudged each other as a group of long-haired Poles passed by them talking in their strange yet not unmusical dialect. As I marked the contrast I heard an English voice exclaim to a compatriot, in ringing tones which startled and astonished alike Poles, Italians and Spanish, "Poles apart, aren't they?" In the loud laugh at his own pleasantry which followed this ponderous witticism I managed to make good my escape from the Englishman's neighborhood, fearing more puns of a like nature might follow. This was, however, only a passing snap-shot of the types seen in St. Peter's Square among the many pilgrimage-pictures witnessed against that glorious background, so beautiful always under its varied aspects of sunshine and shadow.

An autumn evening scene stands out from all the rest. It was the after-

glow of a bright October sunset. Only a few solitary figures were to be seen on the steps or moving about the Piazza, for after the stress of a pilgrimage day the evening calm had descended, softening it into a purple haze of mysticism. Presently came the clatter of wheels along the stony streets and three or four "vetture" rattled into the square. Their occupants though apparently bound for the Santa Marta Hospice descended here, so I stopped to watch them. They were Italian "Contadine," peasants, in the inevitable white chemisettes, operatic skirts and gaily-striped aprons, their necks wreathed with a glitter of gold jewelry and coral beads. Never have I seen finer or more snowy linen, woven by hand by their mothers and grandmothers before them, than these country-women wore on their head-cloths and chemisettes, washed and laundered till it fairly dazzled the eye, their whole costume being indeed the perfection of cleanliness and neatness. The first carriageful consisted apparently of a grandmother, mother and daughter, all of a comely type of mountain beauty, straight and tall and strong, from the white-haired "Nonna" to the buxom, fine-featured matron, and the beautiful young girl with her olive skin and soft hazel eyes. Old and young alike wore exactly identical costume, the only difference being in face and figure. They did not lounge or lean back in their seats, but sat straight up, enjoying the unaccustomed luxury of a carriage drive. It was strange to watch them as they drove into the piazza, and St. Peter's burst upon them in all its sunset splendor, the awed reverent look dawning upon the simple faces, then the pure delight which fairly beamed in their smile of recognition to the eternal Dome. The young girl even stretched her arms enthusiastically outwards as if to embrace it all. One by one they descended from the carriage, then the mother and grandmother handed down a succession of bundles carefully wrapped in handkerchiefs, proceeding to my astonishment to load them on each other's heads. Meanwhile as she patiently waited her share of the luggage the young girl made a perfect picture, standing straight and slender as a willow, the rosy glow of the sunset full on the purely lovely face turned so wistfully towards the scene, whose half comprehended beauty brought a shade of melancholy into the glorious eyes. Presently, after that one pause of perfect enjoyment, she too raised one of the bundles to her head and followed the elders in the direction of "Santa Marta," all three walking with that inimitable grace of motion which comes from carrying burdens on the head. As I turned my face citywards another file of pilgrims in carriages were going towards "Santa Marta," on the opposite side of the square, pilgrims who were a contrast to my picturesque bright-hued Italians. They were sombre, black-coated, commonplace German men with stolid faces, not especially interesting in either costume or appearance. "It takes Italians to appreciate the beauty of form and coloring," I thought to myself, but as the thought passed through my mind the Germans had caught the first glimpse of St. Peter's. Their passivity was gone; their faces lit up in broad smiles, they clapped their hands, took off their hats and waved them, and stood up on foot to obtain a better

view, calling the attention of those in the carriages behind them. The charm had worked once more. As the twilight fell and darkened the moving figures grew indistinct, the church faded into a black mass of gigantic shadow, and another pilgrim band had involuntarily sung their first "Ave Roma."

One after another the peoples have come from the ends of the earth; Italians from every province and island of the fair peninsula, in costumes varied as their dialects; French, Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, weird and wild-looking as a race of mountain bandits but peaceful and law-abiding apparently, Maltese, Portuguese, dark and sombre; Dutch; Dalmatians, Belgians, Canadians, Swiss, Roumanians, picturesque to a degree, Spanish, Slavs, Croatians, English, Copts, Bohemians, Americans, Sardinians, Greco-Ruthenians, Irish, Albanese, Mexicans, Poles, Bavarians, Venzuelans, Russians, Alsatians, Scots, Tertiartes from every part of the world, Catholic Youths and Children of Mary from various countries, a polygot mixture which made Rome a very Tower of Babel. Some of the contrasts were extreme. For instance the Brooklyn pilgrims encountered the Poles, the Spaniards and the Portuguese; French and Germans stood together in a pilgrimage audience; while Scots, Tyrolese, and Austrian-Poles, vied with Bohemians, Lucca pilgrims and French workmen in the same week's Jubilee visits. The pious rivalry between nations was oftentimes apparent, especially when St. Peter's resounded to the pilgrimage hymns of many nations. An illustration of this occurred at an October audience there. English pilgrims filled one part of the basilica, Spaniards another, and to beguile the time of waiting for the Pope's coming hymns were sung by the pilgrims. With characteristic Anglo-Saxon push the English took the initiative and sang steadily through their repertoire of English hymns, "Faith of our Fathers," "Star of the Sea," etc. Every now and then when they paused for breath, the Spanish tried to find a hearing, but not altogether successfully, their plaintively-beautiful strophes being drowned by the solid volume of sound from the English throats which continued when the Pope came into the church, for His Holiness likes to hear the varied hymns of the nations. But when the audience was over, when the closely packed ranks of people had begun to pour out through the doorways, the Spaniards remained in their places to sing the hymn of which they had been heretofore deprived. Loudly-clear the fine chorus arose above the stir and movement of departing feet. Some paused to listen, others went their way unheedingly, and the benches were cleared away by the busy "Sanpietrini," but the Spaniards sang on, serious and unmoved as if they, that little group from sunny Malaga, were alone in the great basilica raising their tribute of praise to God. Even as the crowds descended the steps and separated in the Piazza the distant sounds of singing continued. It was equally characteristic with the English stolidity, and yet people say the Latin races have no firmness or tenacity of purpose.

The thoroughfares of Rome have seen some strange sights this year amid all the traffic of daily life, and

it was no uncommon thing to meet with several nations in a single morning. One day a band of Croatians paraded the streets from the railway station to Santa Marta while flocks of Italian Children of Mary, white-veiled and blue-ribboned, made the round of four visits on foot to the basilicas, and the American sailors of the "Dixie" visited the Catacombs. The Croatians made living pictures in their snow-white costumes, the men in white trousers and belted tunics, the women in voluminous skirts and chemisettes, the intricate embroidered decorations on the garments of both men and women representing months and even years of skilful needlework in those distant homes of Croatia.

Apropos of the American sailors of the "Dixie," whose crews have twice visited Rome during the Jubilee year, I happened to witness a patriotic incident in which they figured. An American priest was standing at the entrance to the Pincian Hill, at the "Trinita dei Monti" with its matchless view of the city of Rome, somewhat aimlessly watching the gay stream of equipages. Suddenly a long file of the little open Roman "vetture" appeared in sight, and on the box seat of the first, by the driver, was a gallant sailor bearing aloft the Stars and Stripes, each following carriage being likewise crowded with marines. The priest's face changed as if by magic when he saw the well known flag of his country and read on the sailor's caps the glittering lettering, "Dixie." As carriage after carriage bowled by all the bright-faced sailor-lads took off their caps to the priest. Warmed by the kinship of country in a strange land the reverend gentleman heartily returned the greeting, calling out as they passed, "Glad to see you, boys. Where do you come from?" "Naples, Father," came the quick response, "and glad to see you here, looks like a bit of home." The little scene only took a moment to enact, and the passing Romans seemed amused at the outburst of American patriotism, but I think this chance encounter with the sailor boys in blue brought a good deal of comfort to that homesick traveler, who was evidently experiencing the alien feeling which occasionally overwhelms "pilgrims and strangers" in a foreign land.

If the pilgrimage incidents of the past year have been so varied and interesting to ordinary dwellers in the Eternal City, who have happened upon them often by chance in their daily wanderings what a record of types has passed in review before the venerable successor of St. Peter, at whose feet kneels the pilgrim of every race and tongue that enters the gates of Rome. With his wonderful versatility, Leo XIII has noticed and observed them all, singling out those picturesque in costume or customs, or remarkable for the conditions under which they have come. For instance, special was the blessing bestowed on the two poor pilgrims from Spain, father and son, a lad of twelve years old, who walked all the way from Valencia to Rome to gain the Jubilee, or on the plucky old French-woman who came from Marseilles to Civita-Vecchia, then walked to Rome, and visited all the basilicas five times, on foot, having made a previous pilgrimage to the Holy Land before coming to Rome. These walking pilgrims have been numerous, not only from France, Spain, and Poland, but also from the remotest parts of Northern

and Southern Italy. The picturesque Moravians too came in for a share of the Holy Father's notice, for their sturdy piety as well as for their appearance. Not only the peasant contingent, who would have made an artist's fortune if he had caught their expression at the right moment, but also the civic dignitaries and the nobles, formed an imposing pilgrimage group at their audience. They wore rich, soft-toned velvet robes trimmed with fur, heavy gold chains of office hung around their shoulders, and in their hands they carried fur trimmed velvet caps. If one could have placed a group of these Moravian nobles in a frame on the wall of a picture gallery it would scarcely have been necessary to write under it "After Holbein," or "School of Titian."

No less cordial than that bestowed on the statuesque Moravians, the brilliant German University students, or the Slavonians who ran them close in picturesqueness, was the apostolic blessing given to the poor old Italian peasant of one hundred years of age, who had the courage to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome, and well deserved the honor of special presentation to His Holiness. Leo XIII spoke long to the aged pilgrim, patting her on the cheek and encouraging her by references to his own age, for, like all aged persons, the Pope takes the greatest interest in anyone who has equalled or surpassed his remarkable longevity. A widely different type of pilgrim, both in appearance and fatherland, was the little American Indian from Montana who appeared at a recent papal audience in all the glory of the daughter of an Indian chief, fur, feathers, moccasins and all. This small dark-eyed maiden of eleven years old, who excited much interest and attention in Rome, is from the schools of the Indian Mission at Montana, so successfully conducted by the Ursuline Sisters. She came to Rome under the care of the deputation of Ursuline Religious from Montana, who visited Rome recently to take part in the Ursuline Congress. Many another notable group knelt at the Pope's feet, the Frascati pilgrims who walked into Rome all the way from the hills, carrying with them their deeply venerated picture of the Madonna, to receive the papal blessing; and the pilgrims from Scutari, who proceeded afterwards on foot to Genezzano to venerate the picture of "Our Lady of Good Counsel" which miraculously landed on Scutari's shores. But the list became too long to enumerate as the Jubilee year drew to a close, and each month brought its reinforcements. It has been indeed a memorable year in which the Eternal City has furnished to the world an illustrated chart of the world's people unequalled in modern times. The Romans have been edified by the sincere devotion of those who have come from the far-off lands of the old world and the new, and the pilgrims return nearer than ever to the spirit of the "Universal Household" and full of triumph for the old, old faith, which in Rome alone can be seen in the grandeur of its eternal succession.

One more picture and I have done. It was the last day of the Jubilee year in St. Peter's and the cosmopolitan crowds passed in and out in endless succession. Cardinals, nobles, prelates and pilgrims had paused to pay their homage at the statue of St. Peter. But one pilgrim embodied the

faith of all the rest making a never to be forgotten type. Only an old "contadina" woman bent with the weight of years, but whose face was still beautiful with the sweet serenity of the hope that outwears the stress of life. She wore the picturesque dress of the Italian country pilgrim, and no picture could have been more striking in color, but all unconscious she knelt there, praying, far away in spirit from the passing crowds around her. Finally she arose from her knees, kissed the bronze foot long and reverently, then laid her gray head under it lingeringly with a devotion and submission beautiful to witness, and as the poor old woman turned away the tears were streaming softly down the withered cheeks. Her prayer exemplified the true pilgrim spirit, for these are the pilgrims who truly gain the Jubilee. Away from them critics may scorn and scoff, but in the actual presence of a faith so earnest, even the most thoughtless realize, if unwillingly, the divine element in that Church which sent its pilgrim-bands to the feet of the Keeper of the Keys.

## VESPER HYMN.

BY CLARENCE M. LINDSAY.

Once more the evening shadows fall
The quiet night draws nigh,
The crimson glory of the sun
Is fading from the sky.

Be with us, Saviour, while we kneel
At closing of the day,
Bend, we beseech Thee, from Thy Throne,
And hear us while we pray.

We thank Thee for Thy tender care
Through the sweet hours of light,
O be Thou with us through the long
Still watches of the night.

Be with us when life's fleeting day
Is drawing to a close,
Be with us when our weary souls
Are sinking to repose.

Be Thou the light that shall dispel
The shadows and the gloom,
And lead us through the vale of death
To life beyond the tomb.

# BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

## CHAPTER XI.

TERESA MEETS THE MARTINS FAMILY.

By protest and flattery, his influence and the efforts of several ladies who were his friends, Mr. Worthington gradually gained Mrs. Halpin over to his way of thinking in regard to Teresa's social life. At first, the girl took up society half-heartedly, but pleasure and admiration speedily win over the young, and soon she was entering with animation into the life of the refined southern town. With the approach of the Christmas holidays, its gayety increased, and as no function failed to include an invitation for the fair Miss Martinez, Teresa was beginning to taste some of the sweets of social success. Her work had not grown any more agreeable, but the pleasures of the evening made amends for the dreariness of the day.

Mr. Worthington met her again in the hall one crisp December afternoon. The sleigh, with its party of gay young people, was flying down the street, after having deposited Teresa at Mrs. Halpin's door, and the tinkle of its silver bells came merrily to his ears, as he escorted her to the parlor and drew up a chair for her before the wide hearthstone. The long ride through the brisk air had brought a tinge of color to the pale cheeks and made the dark eyes sparkle like diamonds.

"You look positively radiant!" he exclaimed, taking her hat and gloves. "How far did you go?"

"Almost to Georgetown," she replied. "It was glorious! I never enjoyed anything so thoroughly in my life. I wish it were winter all the time."

"Provided there were always a heavy snow on the ground, and a sleigh, good horses and agreeable company at one's command," he added, with a smile.

"O certainly!" she replied. Then she turned her face toward him and said: "Do you know what I thought this afternoon? That if it hadn't been for you, I should be missing all the pleasure I am having this winter. That was great kindness for you to take me out for a walk that October day and—lecture me," she finished with an arch smile. Then she leaned forward, and held her chilled hands toward the red flames that were leaping around the well-seasoned logs. He gazed from her face to her hands and the old pain smote his heart. Not only were her hands the hands of his lost love, but the action also. How often he had seen those other hands, that long since were dust, held thus before a wood fire, each slender finger outlined against the red light. Then his eyes went back to her low brow, where, of late, he had begun to think another resemblance between the living girl and the dead woman showed. She turned her face, and meeting his glances, smiled, and—what a cruel fancy!—Gerald Martins looked on him in that smile. He made a restless movement in his chair, and said, without looking directly at her:

"It was indeed kind for you to think of me during your pleasure-trip. I am going to test your kindness farther. If you have no previous engagement, will you honor me by accompanying me to Mrs. Barton's New Year party? Yes, I really am going," he finished, smiling at the surprise that flashed into her face, for he rarely participated in social doings.

After accepting the offer of his company on the occasion, Teresa, with a little nervous laugh, added:

"All the girls are talking about Mrs. Barton's New Year party, and what a grand affair it will be. I am afraid of grand affairs."

Teresa was more troubled about her appearance at Mrs. Barton's party than she cared to admit, even to herself. Mrs. Barton entertained rarely, but those occasions were events in the social history of the Blue Grass Belt, and the great of the land were there brought together; so the girl looked forward to it with mingled feelings of fear and pleasure. Her imagination revelled in the prospect of the magnificence of the entertainment, and she indulged in many a beautiful dream on her lonely way to and from the college. She selected her gown with great care. Jouett painted her portrait afterwards in the dress she wore on that eventful night, and though I have sat for hours before it, studying its quaint style, when I come to describing it, I find my pen turning from such an insignificant detail as the cut of a gown, to the beauty of the young face it sets off. As she stands on the painted canvas she is like a child who had decked herself out in the rich attire of a woman; again, she looks down with the face and attitude of one of the queenly heroines of historical tragedy, disporting herself in the ungraceful fashion and simple silks of a modern costume. But the first impression lingers longest; perhaps because of the red roses that show against the cream bodice and in the raven curls.

In those early days it was not regarded as an indication of good manners to keep a hostess waiting for her guests, and at eight o'clock the halls and parlors of Mrs. Barton's house were filled with men and women, who represented the culture of the West. As the grand march was forming, Mr. and Mrs. Martins were announced, and the hostess' pleasure in greeting these guests was evident. Mrs. Martins was her closest friend; Mr. Martins, the leader of the political party of which her own and husband's family were ardent supporters. It was quite among the possibilities, moreover, that the lady who came here tonight as her guest would in another year be ruling in the Governor's Mansion.

"I scarcely dared hope that you would come, even if you arrived in time, because I knew you would be weary after your long journey," said Mrs. Barton.

"We reached home in time to dress," replied Mrs. Martins, in a soft, low, southern voice. "Though somewhat fatigued, we could not deprive ourselves of the pleasure of seeing you, and assisting at your entertainment."

Mrs. Barton murmured her appreciation of Mrs. Martins' kindness, then asked:

"Did Preston return with you?"

"Yes. He was detained by a friend down town."

Another guest here claiming Mrs.

Barton's attention, Mrs. Martins moved forward and stood by her husband's side. She was, perhaps, the most distinguished-looking woman in the room. Her figure was tall, and she had a queenly air, which the richly-brocaded, fashionable gown emphasized. Her face was one of those faces we look upon with reverence when its possessor holds, with inherent right, her place in the world, and which call for the tribute of our sympathy and sorrow when she is hurled from that place by her own, or another's dishonor. As she came to his side, the eyes of the husband traveled quickly around the large room. They always made this circuit of an assemblage, seeking for one face. It met them, as they rested on Mr. Worthington, who was standing at the opposite end of the room, Teresa by his side. They took in man and girl in one glance, and for a moment the healthy hue forsook the cheeks of George Martins. Mrs. Martins was also looking at the couple, and her tender violet eyes, for an instant, met the dark ones of the girl. Theirs was an unconscious exchange of glances, but the eyes of the two men met like light struck out from steel. Then Mrs. Martins passed before her husband to greet a friend, and as her shadow fell on him, his lips uttered the word "Kismet!" and he turned to his hostess.

"I fear that our party will seem flat after your months of life in Washington and the East," said she to him.

"On the contrary," he interposed. "I found something so strained in the society of the East it was depressing. You have the feeling that you are among people who want to do the very proper thing, and are not quite certain that they are succeeding. Of course, nothing of this is found in Washington, but—no ball-room that I entered since I left Kentucky showed me such an array of beauty as you have brought here tonight."

"We should expect such loyalty from him who won the queen of Fayette County for his bride," said she, smiling.

"And who is further fortunate in having the beauty of Versailles for his friend," replied he, bowing with courtly grace toward his hostess.

"To pay a compliment to Mr. Martins," returned she, "is to offer plain coin and receive back a jewel, cut and polished to perfection."

"And one that shows as true as the coin rings clear," said he, with his fine smile. Then he added, after a careless glance around, "There are no strangers with us tonight. Louisville has not sent any of her fair daughters to our 'Athens of the West' this winter?"

"No, but Bardstown has," rejoined Mrs. Barton. "You must meet this fair representative from the Maryland district, and then you will admit the Blue Grass Belt must look to her laurels."

"You interest me," remarked Mr. Martins, "in your tribute to this lady."

"I think that you will find she deserves it."

"Is she visiting relatives?" he questioned.

"Ah, no! She is quite alone in the world, it seems. She has a romantic history. She has been with the Loretto Sisters since her fourth year until last September, when she came among us

as a teacher of music at the college. Her youth and beauty and ladylike demeanor attracted the attention of all, and when we came to know her, we grew to like her. I have seldom met a more charming girl and I am certain more than one young man of my acquaintance would gladly lay his heart and fortune at her feet."

"Her future is assured now that she has Mrs. Barton for her friend," said Mr. Martins.

"And I am going to call upon you and Mrs. Martins to aid me in my efforts to promote the fortunes of this lovely girl," returned she.

"Command us at all times," he answered. "But," with a smile, "what is your protege's name?"

"Miss Martinez, Teresa Martinez," answered she, and for a second the speaker's face was lost to the sight of George Martins, and he saw instead the broken tablet in the old abbey church that crowned the brow of a knoll in Galway. Then: "Ah! Spanish? I find that another attraction in your young friend. Do you know, Mrs. Barton, that I can trace my ancestry directly back to a Spanish officer, who was picked up by some Galway fishermen when the Invincible Armada went down before English guns and stormy weather?"

"Indeed?" exclaimed she, with pleased surprise. "That ought to form a bond between you and Miss Martinez."

"We may end by discovering some kinship, though distant," he remarked, warily, a smile in his eyes.

"I fear she can lend you no assistance in tracing it," replied his hostess. "She knows nothing of her parents, for the father, who took her to Loretto, gave the Sisters very little information about himself and child. All the dear girl knows is that her mother is dead and that her father placed her in the convent because he was going to the war. No word was ever after received from him, so the Sisters and Teresa suppose that he was killed, perhaps perished in the Raisin Massacre."

"Your story has interested me deeply," said Mr. Martins. "Will you present me to Miss Martinez?"

The first dance was over and Mr. Worthington was conducting Teresa to a seat when Mrs. Barton approached, leaning on the arm of George Martins. The two men exchanged a freezing bow, and Mr. Worthington stepped aside as their hostess introduced Mr. Martins to Teresa. Her eyes as they met his wore an expression that he, shrewd as he was, could not fathom, and an uneasiness crept into his heart. Was it his fate looking out on him, half in triumph, half in pity, he wondered; while she was thinking, "And this is the renowned Mr. Martins, the man who gave up his ancient faith for the fleeting things of earth, sold his birthright for a mess of pottage!" and the involuntary shifting of his eyes under hers coincided with her idea that such a sin had left an uneasy conscience. If Mr. Martins could have read her thoughts, his eyes would have met hers with their customary soft half-smile. After a few words, Mrs. Barton left them and George Martins found himself alone with Teresa. Her replies to his remarks and subtle questioning began to convince him that any misgivings he had had were groundless. Her character, notwith-

standing the mystery the hair and eyes gave to the ivory pale face, appeared to him frank and simple, and he felt that he should have no difficulty in bringing her under his influence as he had brought others, more worldly-wise and keen. To bewilder her with kindness and compliment was his first line of action.

"It is very rarely now that we have the honor of entertaining a representative of noble Spain," said he, "and I am rejoiced to see that my home city appreciates the opportunity your presence presents."

There was something in Teresa's blood that rose in rebellion against the imputation of Spanish birth or ancestry, but in the absence of all proof to the contrary and in presence of the indisputable facts of a Spanish name and a decidedly Spanish face, she was forced to remain silent, if not acquiescent, under the allusion. "We heard of you in the East," he continued, smoothly. He was smiling now under his long gray mustache and she felt herself yielding to his magnetic personality. "Does it surprise you that your presence so interested Lexingtonians that they communicated it, as an important item of news, to absent friends?"

"It does, indeed," she returned. "Don't you know that I am only a music-teacher in the college?"

"What a piece of capriciousness on the part of Fate!" he exclaimed,—"or do you believe in Fate, Miss Martinez?"

"I believe in God, not Fate," replied she.

"Ah! Then we have come, at the very beginning of our acquaintance, to a subject of dispute. Perhaps you may convert me, or I should say, reclaim me. But let me introduce you to Mrs. Martins? You will find in her a true friend—if you will permit her to become a friend?"

"You compliment me by suggesting a friendship between Mrs. Martins and me," answered Teresa.

"She loves to surround herself with young people, especially young girls," went on the husband, as they advanced to where his wife stood with several friends. She stepped forward at the approach of her husband, and as her eyes fell on his companion she recognized the girl whose glance she had encountered on entering the room. She extended her hand at the introduction, and drew Teresa to her side.

"It gives me much pleasure to know you, Miss Martinez."

"Thank you," said Teresa softly, and the dark eyes lifted to the face of the speaker were filled with the admiration and reverence the queenly woman always inspired. The three made a striking group, and a young man then entering the room, stopped short to regard them.

"By Jove! where on earth did my parents discover that goddess!" thought he, and after paying his respects to his hostess, he sauntered down the room. The mother's eyes were quick to note his presence and her smile drew him to her side.

"You are late, Preston?" she said, half-rebukingly.

"When I escaped from Bently, I dropped into the office of The Star and in talking with the Major I forgot that there is such an uncomfortable thing as time," he said, his eyes wandering from his mother's face to the girl's. She, too, turned to Teresa, saying,

"Miss Martinez, permit me to intro-

duce my son, Mr. Martins? Preston, Miss Martinez."

The young man bowed low, after the courtly fashion of the day; then the father said, his soft smile passing from his son and Teresa to his wife,

"These young people would begin to think us heartless if we were to detain them and a dance forming," and with more bows and smiles the father and mother turned and rejoined their old friends.

## CHAPTER XII.

The attentions that the Martins had shown Teresa the night of Mrs. Barton's ball did not pass without comment, and, as a matter of course, because of it, and their subsequent cultivation of her society, her popularity increased. The Martins set the fashion for the little city. Their verdict was never questioned, and society felt a glow of satisfaction that its taking up of Miss Martinez had met with their approval. It would have required a mind more matured, less imaginative, than Teresa's not to feel gratified over the prominence she had attained. Yet often in the first flush of victory there would come a reaction. Perhaps a thought of Sister Mechtilde would cause it, perhaps the sight of Mr. Worthington's grave, sorrow-touched face. Would Sister Mechtilde approve of her giving over all her leisure time to pleasure? Did Mr. Worthington approve of it? Sometimes she thought that his dark gray eyes met hers in disapproval, and, as the months passed, he seemed to shun the little friendly chats over the breakfast table on Sunday mornings, the brief evening meetings in the parlor, previous to the ringing of the supper bell. She noticed also that he spent less time in the house than formerly, and that he frequently failed to appear at table during the regular hours, and the sight of his vacant chair would bring a dull ache to her heart. Mrs. Halpin was sorely puzzled over his actions, which were a contrast to his conduct for the past fifteen years.

"Maybe he is in some trouble," suggested one of the students as she poured forth her plaint one day at dinner.

"You may depend upon it there is something of importance on his mind," observed the editor. "Worthington isn't the man to depart from a life's customs, one might say, for mere ordinary business, which he says detains him in his office."

"I shouldn't be surprised," put in Lawyer Bennet, "if he isn't laying his plans to enter the gubernatorial contest. They say that Martins is certain of the Whig nomination. Now if the Democrats bring out St. John Worthington—well, then look for rocks to fly!"

"Are not he and Mr. Martins friendly?" asked Mrs. Halpin.

"Their feelings for each other are about as friendly as those of a dog for a cat, when the cat is a few feet out of his reach," returned the lawyer briefly.

"Which is the dog in the case of Martins versus Worthington?" asked one of the students.

"That judgment, my dear boy, I leave to you to make," answered Mr. Bennet, and he glanced toward Teresa, who felt a warmth rise to her brow, for she had a conviction, that, in her absence, her affairs were as freely discussed as were Mr. Worthington's now.

"Mr. Worthington ought to feel complimented at the comparison, on which ever animal Mr. Mayhew's judgment fall," she said sarcastically.

"And Mr. Martins!" threw in the editor, with pointed emphasis.

An indignant light crept into Teresa's dark eyes. She turned them full on the Major and after a moment's eloquent silence, said:

"And Mr. Martins." Then, excusing herself to them, the girl left the room. As she crossed the hall on her way to the stairs, Mr. Worthington entered the house. The warmth still coloring her cheeks and brow made him pause and as he greeted her he read in her two eloquent eyes the pain that was tormenting her young heart. She knew this, and the instinct to hide her misery made her raise one hand and pass it slowly across her forehead. The sight of that hand always conquered him. He drew it gently from her face.

"Is there anything the matter?" he asked.

The dark gray eyes were now meeting hers with the old tender light, and Teresa's nature gave way before it.

"Yes—No—O let me go, please!" and she drew her fingers from his detaining clasp and ran up the stairs before he could again speak to her, but not before he had seen her tears, heard her smothered sobs.

That evening Mr. Worthington came home early, but Teresa was not in the parlor, nor did she appear at supper.

"Where is Miss Martinez?" he asked, after a while.

"She has gone out for supper—to the Martins." Mrs. Halpin gave the information a little reluctantly.

"Is it possible that you haven't heard of the Martins' supper?" asked Lawyer Bennet, and he proceeded to give him the particulars of the affair: "Just very close friends invited. Ten, I think, and Miss Martinez one of the ten."

"Sent in the carriage for her quite early," took up the editor, "and Miss Martinez entered it, and drove through town as if she owned it—the carriage, I mean, not the town. But, if report is true, she will some day. Neither father nor mother can oppose young Martins' espousing a moneyless maiden, since they established a precedent. Can't blame the young fellow. Even the penniless, smooth-faced father did not win more beauty when he married Constance Preston, than his son will when he leads Miss Martinez to the altar."

"You seem to have settled the matter satisfactorily, Major—to you own mind, at least," remarked one of the students. "It is quite possible that Miss Martinez will not be snared."

"Yes, she will, my boy, for the net is golden," replied the editor, with a bitter laugh. "Did you ever know, or hear of, a woman whom the gleam of wealth could not blind?"

"Why, your statement, a month ago, regarding Mrs. Martins' marriage with penniless George Martins, gives a contradictory answer to your question," said he.

"You are mistaken. What we possess wears no glamour. Mrs. Martins was reared in the lap of luxury and wealth. Life could give her nothing she did not possess, and very likely she knew the satiety of riches. There was novelty, romance in forsaking all this ennui for the man she loved!" and again his bitter laugh broke across his words. "But Miss

Martinez is poor. There is a mixture in her blood that makes her present position slavish. It is slavish. I'd rather crack stones than try to beat music into the heads of children. Instead of this toiling for a mere livelihood, she is offered a palatial home, an honored name, high station, all the pleasures of life, the love of a handsome young husband and the affection of his doting parents—and you know for a certainty what she will do,—accept the change gladly."

"You have no faith in women, Major," said Lawyer Bennet.

"Oh! I don't believe in miracles, that's all," returned he indifferently.

It cannot be asserted that to the select supper party at the Martins home Teresa carried a happy heart. Like all imaginative persons, she was extremely sensitive and the remarks passed at the dinner table had wounded her sorely, because she felt her presence gave them point, and this wound had not been assuaged by her after-encounter with Mr. Worthington.

"I suppose he thinks, with the others, that I am too fond of my fine new friends," she thought bitterly, as she hooked the bodice of her cream-colored silk gown, while below the Martins carriage waited, the impatient prancing of the black horses breaking over the stillness of the quiet street. "Well, it was he who first insisted that I should make friends among these people. But after tonight it all ceases for me. This is the last time that Lexington society shall see me. I shall go back to my dull evenings after the day's plodding." She felt very sorry for herself as she made that determination, and as she lifted her eyes to the beautiful reflection in the mirror, she choked down a sob. "It is a cold, cruel, heartless world!" she concluded, as she turned from the room and swept her silken skirts down Mrs. Halpin's narrow stairs. "If you are rich, you are hated; if you are poor, you are despised. If you do not follow the advice of your friends, they blame you; if you do follow it, and it brings you happiness or success, they cut you off. I am heart-sick of it all, tired of the whole world!"

But that very misery and turmoil of soul made her hold her head more proudly erect as she passed across the yard and entered the carriage, made her wreathe her face with the smile the world early teaches us to wear. Preston Martins was awaiting her arrival on the veranda, and as the carriage rumbled up the drive he went down the steps, a joyous expression on his young face. He then escorted her into the library where his parents were seated.

"Did we send the carriage in too soon?" asked Mrs. Martins, kissing Teresa.

"If so, pardon our selfishness," said George Martins, drawing forward a comfortable chair, "but we wanted to have you for ourselves a little while before the remainder of the company arrives."

"I was very glad to come," said Teresa, sinking into her seat with a sense of release from her life's vexatious cares. The Martins home was her dream of life's refinement, luxury, and beauty, fulfilled. Its spacious rooms, richly furnished and adorned, differed markedly from other Lexington houses, and the difference, for Teresa, favored the Martins establishment. Its elegance was more Eastern

than Southern, and there was a certain air of formality pervading the place, which, associated with the appearance of unbounded wealth, elevated hospitality into a princely entertainment. That this characteristic of his home was entirely due to the master, there could be no doubt. His wife was a true Kentuckian and her son resembled her in spirit as well as in features, and he showed the rebellion of his nature against this engrafting of foreign manners on Kentucky's social life. But the mother had schooled her ideas to harmonize, where they could not unite, with her husband's.

Scarcely were they well launched on conversation when the servant entered with the card of a distinguished Eastern statesman, who on his way to Lexington had stopped, in passing the Martins house, to pay his respects to the family. As the door closed behind his parents, Preston Martins drew a breath of relief. He turned to Teresa, but her eyes were fixed on the portrait of a soldierly figure over the mantlepiece, and the young man asked,

"You know him, of course?"

"Colonel Johnson?"

"Isn't he splendid? Oh! why wasn't I born twenty years sooner, that I might have served under him!"

He had started to his feet and advanced to the hearthstone, and as he finished speaking, he turned his handsome, animated young face toward Teresa.

"Not all who went to Canada with Colonel Johnson came back," she remarked. "If you had been old enough to have fought with him, you mightn't be here tonight."

A swift thought of something else he might also miss if two decades were added to his three-and-twenty years, made some of the enthusiasm leave face and voice, as he said,

"And some one else might be here with you."

There was that in tone and manner that maiden Teresa's heart rose up against, but she said carelessly:

"And there is the consolation for the man who is born too late for a war as well as for the man who runs away from one—he may live to fight another day."

"I have no such hope," he answered. "England will disturb us no more. France, Spain and Russia are our friends—the only nations, beside England, that have any fight in them. Of course, there are the Indians—but I would follow no man against a crowd of painted savages."

"Not even if your country called upon you to do so?" she questioned.

"Oh!" he returned, easily, "the country will never again be in danger from the red-man. The frontiers may suffer, but I should not feel that there was any duty calling me to run the risk of being shot from behind a tree or bush by a howling Indian, because a few backwoodsmen were in danger. Now I think that a soldier's death on the field is the most glorious reserved for man; but to confess the truth, Miss Martinez, I should want that death to be administered by a white man and a gentleman."

"And you despair of a future war between gentlemen?" said she, with the flicker of a laugh.

"I do," he replied, smiling. "We are growing too commercial. War hurts business, hence there must be no more war. We are not as sensitive to honor's pricks as were our ancestors, or we mask our feelings. Ancient

virtue departs, the age grows venal! I say with the poet Moore,

"Oh! for the swords of former time!
Oh! for the men who bore them!
When armed for Truth they stood sublime,
And the tyrants crouched before them!"

"I did not know that you possessed such a martial spirit," said she. "You appear, outwardly, a very peaceful person."

"You do not expect me to go around fighting wind-mills?" he said, with his happy smile. "But I inherit my war-like proclivities. My grandfather Preston was a Revolutionary hero. Two of his sons went with Johnson and only one came back. On my father's side I am Irish, and you know that the Irish is a fighting race. My father's cousin, Gerald Martins, perished at Rasin."

"So did my father." Teresa could not have said why she made such a positive statement regarding the uncertain fate of her father, yet the conviction of its truth swept over her and pressed the words from her lips, while an instant's uncontrollable sorrow for her lost parent dimmed her beautiful eyes.

"Oh! pardon me for introducing so painful a subject!" said the young man.

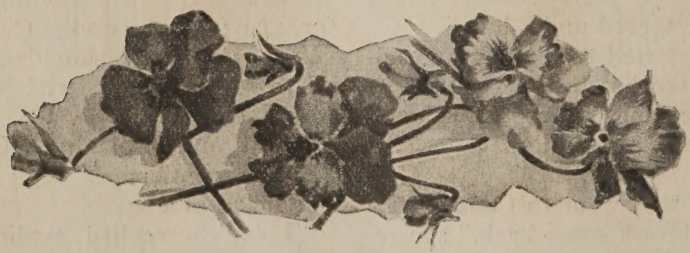
"There is a holy joy mingled with the pain of such a loss," she said. "That conflagration at Rasin lighted the way to victory. Oh! never think me so mean-spirited as to feel pity for myself and my own loss!"

She rose as she spoke and crossing to the hearthstone gazed on the noble face and martial figure of him whose followers mowed down Eng'and's hosts, with "Remember Raisin!" for their watchword.

"Colonel Johnson had it painted for my mother," explained the young man. "Father has given Jouett commissions for portraits of Uncles Preston and Cousin Gerald. And that reminds me, have you met Mr. Jouett?"

As Teresa was about to answer that she had, other guests were ushered in and, to Preston's regret, the tête-à-tête was over.

(To be continued.)

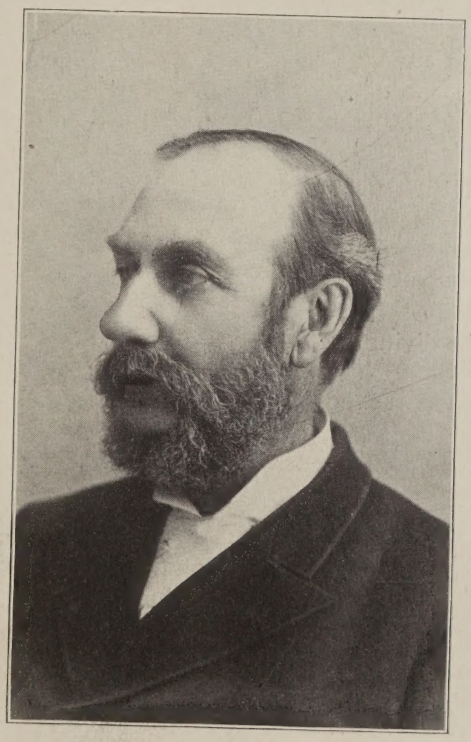


# CANADIAN POETS AND POETRY.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D.

Canadian poetry has a flavor all its own. It has in it the full-blooded strength of the North. Its metre is vital with the current of Canadian life and thought, its spirit is a key to the genius of our people.

There is something in the poetry of pioneer Canada that bespeaks purpose and heroism — something that sings of giant trees felled, mighty streams forded and bridged, humble homes builded and lit with the altar lamp of bright faith and hope. Truly the Canadian pioneer poet was a colonizer too. He blazed the trees in the beauteous land of dreams and cheered each toiler with songs of truth and love. But the old order has passed away and Canadians feel about them today new conditions, social and literary. The minstrel of twilight days has ceased to sing, he sleeps in "dull cold marble" leaving his purple mantle to be worn by others.



DR. THEODORE H. RAND.

The single voice heard in the wilderness has grown into a glorious chorus rounded out by sweet and tender soprano notes, full of grace and noble subjectivity. Not one Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but many with gifted hearts, not indeed so sweet and potent as the English Sappho, but with genius no less fervent and patriotic, are leading the choral service of our land.

It is quite true that Canada has not as yet produced a great poet—a Milton, a Browning, or a Tennyson—but it should be remembered that poetry is the expression of full and complete national life, and we cannot expect a poetic prophet in Israel to rise up seeing that we have had but the semblance of a Canadian nation for just one-third of a century. England was a nation for three hundred years ere Norman and Saxon had rocked the cradle of the first great English poet, Chaucer, and the United States was nearly half a century old before Bryant wrote Thanatopsis.

Doubtless the great poetry of Canada is yet to be written. Its era of art has not yet come. Its singers of today with their strong individual notes give promise of what that burst of

song will be when the divine fire of full inspiration shall have touched and quickened the poetic heart of Canada.

Yet our present choir of Canadian singers is a goodly one. They are nearly all young, and the supreme note in their song is Canadian patriotism. Canada lost a truly inspired singer in the death of Archibald Lampman. He was a Keats in his love of beauty, and a Tennyson in the excellence of his artistry. We have with us yet the strong clear voices of Charles G. D. Roberts, William Wilfrid Campbell, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott and Frederick George Scott.

Roberts, who is but forty-one years of age, has published six volumes of verse. His style is clear-cut, classical. No other Canadian poet, save it be Dr. Rand, has put more thought in his lines. There can be no doubting Roberts' poetic endowment, for every volume he puts forth is new testimony to his fine gifts. Yet to my mind, he is not so spontaneous a singer as either Lampman or Campbell. He is Canadian in spirit and Greek in technique. How beautifully the following stanzas are chiselled—worthy of the dream of a Canova in Carrara marble:

AN EPITAPH FOR A HUSBANDMAN.

"He who would start and rise
Before the crowing cocks—
No more he lifts his eyes,
Whoever knocks.

He who before the stars
Would call the cattle home,—
They wait about the bars
For him to come.

Him at whose hearty calls
The farmstead woke again,
The horses in their stalls
Expect in vain.

DR. DRUMMOND.

Busy and blithe and bold,
He labored for the morrow,—
The plough his hands would hold
Rusts in the furrow.

But the green growing things
Lean kindly to his sleep,—
White roots and wandering strings,
Closer they creep.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

His fields he had to leave,
His orchards cool and dim;
The clods he used to cleave
Now cover him.

Because he loved them long
And with them bore his part,
Tenderly now they throng
About his heart."

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

There is no Canadian poet of today who has a bolder wing and stronger vision than William Wilfrid Campbell. He puts all the music of Swinburne in his lines. Indeed it is very evident that Campbell must be a close and constant reader of the author of "Atlanta in Calydon" for some of his lyrics, especially his lake lyrics, bear the very mould and metrical fashion of those of Swinburne. Surely no one can read these lines and not call up at once Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden."

"Girdled by Huron's throbbing and thunder,
Out on the drift and rift of its blue;
Walled by the mists from the world asunder,
Far from all hate and passion and wonder,
Lieth the isle of the Manitou.

Here, where the surfs of the great Lake trample,
Thundering time-worn caverns through,
Beating on rock-coasts aged and ample,
Reareth the Manitou's mist-walled temple,
Floored with forest and roofed with blue."

On the death of Archibald Lampman, in the winter of 1899, there appeared in the press a poem entitled "The Bereavement of the Fields" from the pen of Campbell, one of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to the memory of a Canadian author.

The two Scotts, Duncan Campbell and Frederick George, are two poets widely different in the spirit and method of their work. Duncan Campbell Scott has a deftness and lightness of touch which entitles him to poetic kinship with Austin Dobson and Clinton Scollard. His muse is simple, unaffected, bright, artistic. There is too in the work of Duncan Campbell Scott an admirable wedding of music and thought. One word strikes off best the chief quality, the most enduring charm of this young poet's verse,—delicacy. Take, for instance, these three stanzas from the poem "Above St. Irenee." There is a light-

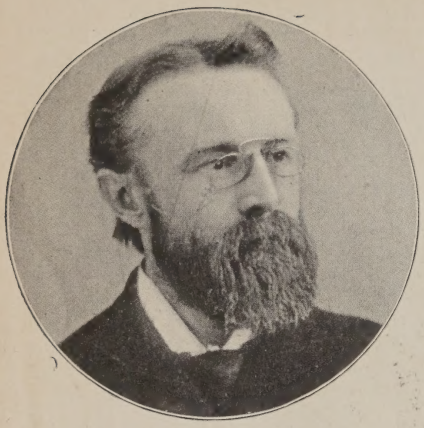
someness and magical movement in the lines not usually found outside of Celtic poetry:

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

"And there I saw a little child,
Between the tossing golden-rod,
Coming along to me;
She was a tender little thing,
So fragile-sweet, so Mary-mild,
I thought her name Marie;
No other name methought could cling
To any one so fair as she.

And when we came at last to meet,
I spoke a simple word to her,
'Where are you going, Marie?'
She answered and she did not smile,
But oh! her voice,—her voice so sweet,
'Down to St. Irenee,'
And so passed on to walk her mile,
And left the lonely road to me.

And as the night came on apace,
With stars above the darkened hills,
I heard perpetually,



JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Chiming along the falling hours,
On the deep dusk that mellow phrase,
'Down to St. Irenee:'
It seemed as if the stars and flowers
Should all go there with me."

The muse of Frederick George Scott is characterized by strength and sublimity. The imaginative quality is also very prominent in it. It would be difficult indeed to find in Canadian poetry a stronger poem than "Samson."

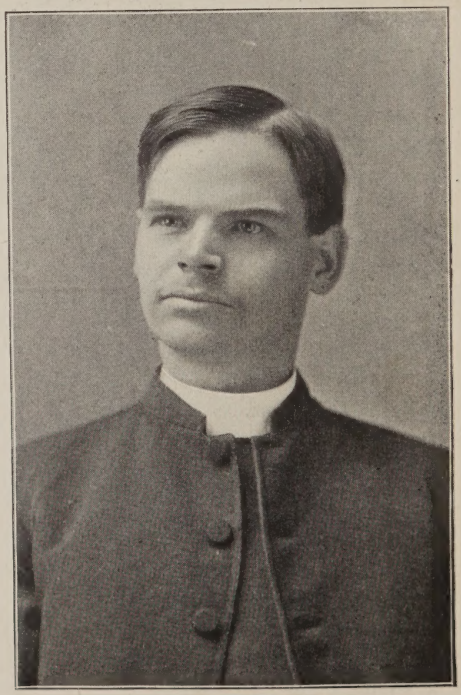
Perhaps, however, the form of verse in which the genius of Frederick George Scott has excelled most of his poetic brethren is that of the sonnet. If ever there is a volume of Canadian sonnets compiled the splendidly artistic work in this department of our author should receive full recognition. Let who will match this sonnet-gem which is as polished as the bosom of a star.

THE HEAVEN OF LOVE.

"I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
Sown thick with stars like grains of golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from His hand
Upon the floorways of His house on high;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom planned,
The weary wastes, the gulfs no sight had spanned,
And endless time forever passing by.

Then, filled with wonder and a secret dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head.
What cared I then for all the stars above?
One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love."

Bliss Carman is a Bohemian who dwells but periodically in his native Canada. His poetic genius too ranges abroad. No other Canadian poet can put the breath of the sea into his verse as can Carman. He is a very Viking in his love of the deep with its brood-



WILLIAM WILFRID CAMPBELL.

ing mysteries. Carman as a poet is strikingly original and many of his finest thoughts are daringly conceived and wrought out. Like his kinsman, Charles G. D. Roberts, he is a great canoeist and all through his poetry may be found glints and hints of his close communion with nature. His style is marked by strength and compression. There is no beating out of the gold of thought. The following verses taken from his poem on the Centenary of Shelley are fairly representative of this poet's strong work.

"Thou heart of all the hearts of men,
Tameless and free,
And vague as that marsh-wandering fire,
Leading the world's outworn desire
A night march down this ghostly fen
From sea to sea!

Through this divided camp of dream
Thy feet have passed
As one who should set hand to rouse
His comrades from their heavy drowse;
For only their own deeds redeem
God's sons at last.

But the dim world will dream and sleep
Beneath Thy hand,
As poppies in the windy morn,
Or valleys where the standing corn
Whispers when One goes forth to reap
The weary land.

O captain of the rebel host,
Lead forth and far!
Thy toiling troopers of the night
Press on the unavailing fight;
The sombre field is not yet lost,
With thee for star.

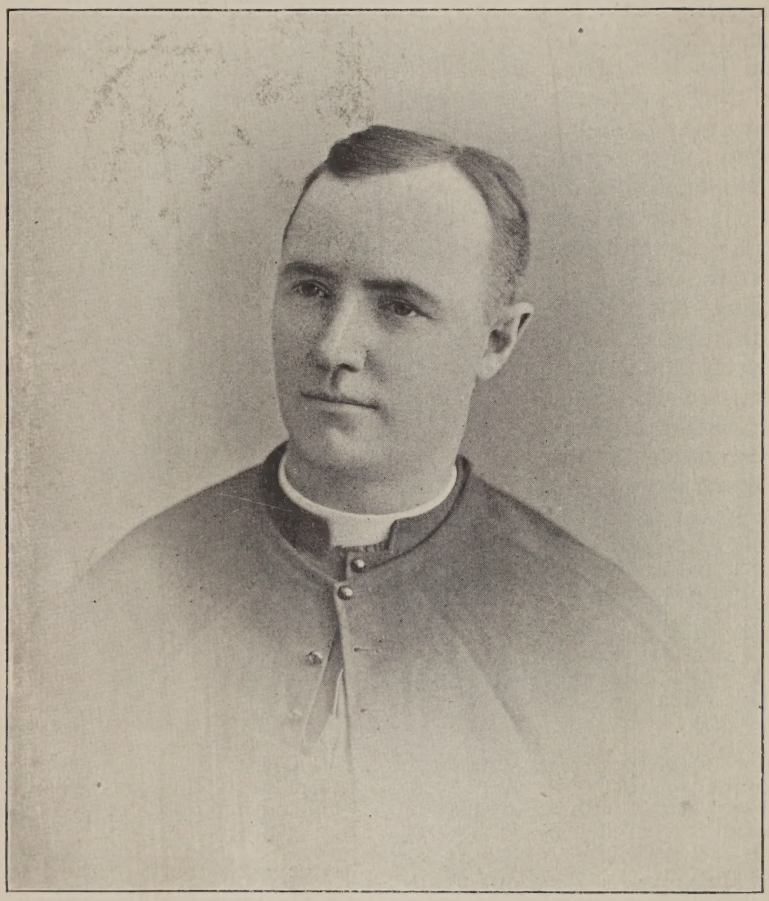
AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

The lips have set the hail and haste
Of clarions free
To bugle down the wintry verge
Of time forever, where the surge
Thunders and crumbles on a waste
And open sea."

The poetic work of the late Theodore Harding Rand is to be found in one volume. It is all gold. There is not a weak poem in the book. Like Browning, Dr. Rand, was first seer, then singer. "At Minas Basin" contains sufficient thought for four volumes of verse. Indeed I have no hesitation in regarding it as one of the rarest and most valuable books of Canadian poetry yet put forth. It is splendid with the purple of thought,

it is royal with the richness of color and diction.

Let this beautiful sonnet voice the good gifts of Dr. Rand's poetic genius.

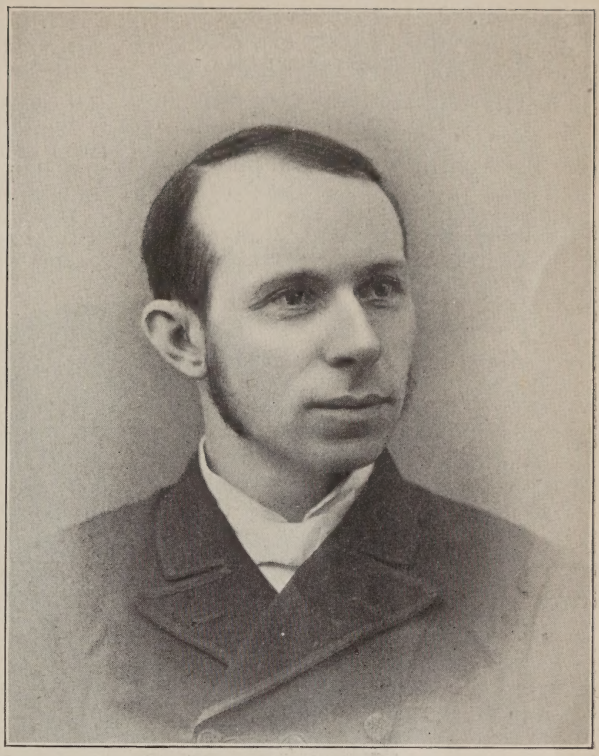


REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

JUNE.

"Now weave the winds to music of June's lyre,
Their bowers of cloud whence odorous blooms are flung
Far down the dells and cedarn vales among,—
See, lovely plains, sky-touched to heaven aspire!
Now flash the golden robin's plumes with fire,
The bobolink is bubbling o'er with song,
And leafy trees Aeolian harps new-strung,
Murmur far notes blown from some starry choir.
My heart thrills like the wilding sap to flowers,
And leaps as a swoln brook in summer rain
Past meadows green to the great sea untold.
O month divine, all fresh with falling showers,
Waft, waft from open heaven thy balm for pain,
Life and sweet Earth are young, God grows not old!"

Arthur J. Lockhart bears the title of the Canadian Goldsmith. He writes poetry with all the felicity and charm of expression peculiar to the author of "The Deserted Village." Lockhart lives in Maine, but his heart ever yearns for his native "Acadie." His poetry has a simplicity, beauty, and repose all its own. It reflects a soul full of faith and hope and love. Like the late Dr. Rand, Lockhart's judgments in things literary are very valuable. There is no surge or passion in his work, but the spirit of the true poet hallows all. He is a Millet in his love and idealization of simple rustic scenes, glorifying the common things of life and giving them a new and higher meaning in the vernacular of the soul.



ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Here is a sweet little poem which embodies Lockhart's spirit and method:

ACADIE.

"Like mists that round a mountain gray
Hang for an hour, then melt away,
So I, and nearly all my race,
Have vanished from my native place.

Each haunt of boyhood's loves and dreams
More beautiful in fancy seems;
Yet if I to those scenes repair
I find I am a stranger there.

O thou beloved Acadie,
Sweet is thy charmed world to me!
Dull are these skies 'neath which I range,
And all the Summer hills are strange.

Yet sometimes I discern thy gleam
In sparkles of the chiming stream;
And sometimes speaks thy haunting lore
The foam-wreathed sibyl of the shore.

And sometimes will mine eyes incline
To hill or wood that seems like thine;
Or if the robin pipeth clear,
It is thy vernal note I hear.

And oft my heart will leap aflame
To deem I hear thee call my name,—
To see thy face with gladness shine,
And find the joy that once was mine."

Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, in his little volume of verse, "Between Whiles," has added a new and individual voice to the academic groves of Canadian song. His muse is sweet

and tender, and is keyed chiefly to religious themes. Father O'Neill, it is true, does not reach any great heights in his verse nor does he very often fall wingless on the earth. There is much of the simplicity peace and purity and hallowed atmosphere of Adelaide Proctor in his work.

Does not this little poem contain

Wealthy nobles, poor plebians,
  Merry youths, and grandsires old,—
All repose in peaceful slumber,
  Sheltered from the bitter cold.

All, except some lowly shepherds,
  Men of simple moods and wills,
Who, enured to cold and hardships,
  Watch their flocks upon the hills.
Only these, and in a stable,
  Bleak and lonely, rude and bare,
Two expectant, humble strangers,
  Both absorbed in silent prayer.

IRENE ELDER MORTON.

more merit — more true poetry, than many of the Tower of Babel confusions that pad our popular magazines of the day:

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"Wintry night had spread her mantle
  O'er a fair Judean town,
On deserted streets and highways
  Moon and stars look calmly down.

Midnight steals upon the mountain,
  Lo, the shepherds start with fear,
What betides this radiant vision?
  What, this song divine they hear?
Yes; these must be forms angelic
  Winging downward from the sky,
And a thousand hosts are singing,
  'Glory be to God on High.'

Midnight lingers o'er the stable,—
  Spouse mature and maiden mild
Gazed with speechless admiration
  On a lovely new-born Child.

Myriad spirits hover round them
Eager all that Babe to scan;
For 'tis He whom God has promised,
Christ the Saviour born to man.

Sing, ye Stars, a song of gladness;
Echo, Earth, the blest refrain;
Banish, fallen man, thy sadness,
Let each heart repeat the strain.
'Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ever joyous be this morn,
God hath sent our blest Redeemer,
Christ is here—Our Saviour's born!' "

passion—everything requisite for the upbuilding of a ballad. Foran certainly does not lack music, though sometimes you trip upon careless lines of his. All Irish balladists are born rhetoricians, for balladry belongs to oratory rather than poetry. Here are two stanzas from our author's swiftly moving poem entitled "Meagher of the Sword."

JEAN BLEWETT.

Joseph K. Foran is a balladist. He has caught the spirit and method of the "Poets of the Nation." Indeed Irish genius lends itself readily to ballad writing. Your Celt is fully equipped for ballad building. He has fervor, fire, directness, intensity of thought, epic movement, and lyrical

"Crimson red the sun is rising
On a gorgeous summer day,
As a hundred thousand soldiers
Girt their harness for the fray:
Near and nearer roll the legions,
Like a sea of beauteous gold,
Wave on wave, above them gleaming,
Hundred banners they unfold.
Booms the cannon,—clash the sabres,—
Roll the volumes o'er the vale;

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Who is he that now receives them
With a shower of iron hail?
Who is he upon the rampart—
Where a hundred cannons roar'd?
'Tis the champion of a Nation—
Glorious Meagher of the Sword!

Soft the summer breeze is fanning—
Bright the summer sun is low,
Shedding forth his evening splendor
Where Missouri's waters flow,
Decking with a ray of beauty,
Close beside the yellow wave,
Willow trees that sad are bending
O'er a drear unknown grave.
Not a mound or cross appearing
Marks the hero's lonely bed—
There he sleeps, as thousand others,
Erin's great and holy dead!
There he sleeps a sleep eternal,
And his spirit's with the Lord—
Ireland's pure and loving patriot—
—Glorious Meagher of the Sword!"

Father James B. Dollard, "Sliev-na-mon," has recently brought out his poems in book form under the beautiful title of "Irish Mist and Sunshine," and it is a volume worthy of this gifted Irish priest. "Irish Mist and Sunshine" is a distinct and valuable contribution to the wealth of Celtic poetry. It is veined with Irish legend, sweet with Irish melody, aflame with Irish patriotism, magical with the spirit and innate deftness that are peculiarly the poetic property of the Celt. Father Dollard by his sweet lyrics and strong ballads has already attracted wide attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

This volume will assuredly enhance the fame of our modest and gifted "Soggarth Aroon." We have no hesitation in pronouncing Father Dollard the best writer of Irish ballads now living. No stronger ballad than the "Hanging of Myles Lehane" has been written for years.

Here is a little Irish ballad, full of tenderness and mother-love, that will give an idea of the poetic work of Father Dollard. It is dedicated to the American poet, Nathan Haskell Dole :

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

ON KENMARE HEAD.

Sweet Mother of the Crucified
Be nigh to aid me now.
My old eyes view the sad gray sea
Beyond the cliff's high brow;
The wide, gray sea that sullenly
Beats on the black rocks bare,
The while I moan, bereft and lone,
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

Oh bitter day I lost for aye
The dear ones of my soul!
And cruel sea!—twixt them and me
How broad and bleak you roll!
Two graves are lying far away
With none to kneel in pray'r—
And I, their mother, weeping here
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

My Owen left our cabin door
A dreary winter day,
"Full quick I'll send ye gold galore
The heavy rent to pay."
Mo nuar! 'twas the killing word
They sent from over there,—
"He's dying and his love he sends
To those in Old Kenmare."

Then Mary, treasure of my life—
How sweet her modest grace!
My timid lamb, she left me too
The hard world-winds to face.
Poor child, her heart was broken soon
With all a strange land's care;
They laid her by her brother's side
Far, far from Old Kenmare.

Now ever to my anguished soul
Their dying voices reach,
I hear them in the waves that roll
And sob along the beach.
I listen and the crooning winds
Those last love-whispers bear
To me, their mother, waiting lone
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

Sweet Mother of the Crucified,
Thy woes were greater far,
To thee an earthly mother prays
Who art the Ocean's Star.
Thou standing by the awful Cross,
Oh strengthen me to bear
My sorrow swelling like the sea
By the Head of Old Kenmare.

And here is another ballad from this poet-priest, who has brought to Canada, from his far-away home, a wealth of tender memories:

I'm leavin' of Kilronan
An' I'm goin' ten mile away
To the back of Nephin Mountain
Where the gentle rivers play.
I must fly the wicked ocean
That has caused my woe of woes,
For its cryin' waves they rack me
When the West Wind blows.

'Tis the torture of a mother,
When her treasured ones are lost,
An' she sees the bitter water
Where their cold limbs are tossed!
Oh, black the hour they sailed away
The angry clouds arose,—
An' their bed is cold and troubled
Where the West Wind blows!

I heard the Banshee wailin'
An' woke in heavy fright;
I said, "My Neil and Moran,
Oh, go not out tonight,
For I heard the banshee cryin',
Where the haunted hazel grows,
An' 'tis evil sound her keening
When the West Wind blows!"

My gold-haired Moran kissed me,
(Oh! bleeding heart so sore).
" 'Tis back we'll be at mornin'
With a brimming boat galore,
'Tis home we'll come at mornin'
When the full tide flows."
Ah! his words are with me ever
When the West Wind blows!

I'm leavin' of Kilronan,
An' the ocean's wicked waves,—
My keenest woe that never
I may kneel o'er their graves,—
But I'll pray to God, our Father,
He will grant their souls repose,
He will ease my bitter sorrow,
While the West Wind blows!

It is not too much to say that Dr. Drummond, the author of a volume of French-Canadian verse bearing the

title of "The Habitant," is the most popular poet in Canada today, and it is well to know that the beautiful personality of the man and the real merit of his poetic work are worthy of this. Dr. Drummond has done by far the best dialect work in Canada. He has written himself immortally into his French Canadian dialect poems. It requires but little talent to set the foibles of a people to metre, but it calls for genius in touch with the lowly and divine to gather up the spiritual facts in a people's lives and give these facts such artistic setting that both people and poem will live forever. This certainly Dr. Drummond has done. "Le Vieux Temps" and "How Bateese Came Home" are as fixed in the life and thought of Canada as is the Citadel of Quebec.

Was ever the affection for and love of home and country more beautifully, delicately, and tenderly expressed than in the following lines from Drummond's "When Albani Sang."

"Dere's rosebush outside on our garden,
ev'ry spring it has got new nes',
But only wan bluebird is buil' dere, I
know her from all de res'.
An' no matter de far she be flyin' away
on de winter tam,
Back to her own leetle rosebush she's
comin' dere jus' de sam'.

We're not de beeg place on our Canton,
mebbe cole on de winter, too,
But de heart's "Canayen" on our body,
an 'dat's warm enough for true.
An' e'en All-ba-nee was got lonesome, for
travel all over de worl',
I hope she'll come home, lak de bluebird,
an' again be de Chambly girl!"

All Canadians too are proud of the women singers of Canada. They are indeed a nest of sweet songsters that with notes of grace and tenderness cheer the hearts and homes of the land of the Maple Leaf. Flat assuredly would sound the music in our academic groves of song should these sweet sopranos cease their rapturous notes.

Today the voice of Sappho—even in fragment—glorifies the lyric heart of Greece, nor can the world ever forget the genius of an Elizabeth Barrett Browning, all fire and dew, while classic Italy with its Dante, its Petrarch, and its Tasso, has a place in its literary shrine of devotion for Vittoria Colonna whose sonnets of love touched and quickened the heart-fire of a Michael Angelo.

In our great Northland, too, the heart of woman has pulsed to the divine music of song. The very twilight of Canadian letters is filled with the beauty and splendor of her voice. A Mrs. Lawson in Nova Scotia, a Mrs. Leprohon in Quebec, a Mrs. Moodie in Ontario, struck their harps beside the fireside of the early settler and cheered his heart in mart and field. Canadian literature owes much to these gifted colonizers in letters, and much to the noble band of Canadian women singers of today who are striking high notes of patriotism and leading the people up the altar steps to broader freedom and nobler aspirations.

It is worthy of noting that almost all these leading sopranos in the academic groves of Canadian song of today are young. But few of them have yet reached forty, while two or three still dream in the very springtide of life.

Canada has the unique distinction too of producing the first aboriginal singer in the New World, in the person of the Indian poetess, E. Pauline Johnson—Tekahionwake—who is the daughter of the late George Henry M. Johnson, head chief of the Mohawk

Indians of Brantford, Ontario. Miss Johnson has real poetic insight, and when she touches Indian themes she truly voices the spirit and passion and genius of her race. It would be difficult to find a stronger poem than "As Red Men Die." Probably, however, the poem which best gathers up Miss Johnson's rare qualities in verse is that sweetly melodious and music-haunting lyric, "The Song My Paddle Sings." Surely the genii of canoe and paddle presided over the upbuilding of such noble lines as these:

"West wind, blow from your prairie nest!
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing, while paddle, canoe, and I,
Drift, Drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash! dash!
With a mighty crash,
They seethe and boil and bound and splash.

Be strong, O paddle; be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills, against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings."

Some four years ago Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald of Fenwick, Ontario, published a volume of verse entitled "The House of the Trees and Other Poems." It was the revelation of a truly poetic and gifted soul singing as naturally and sweetly as a bird nestled in the boughs of leafy June. There is no straining or hiding of thought in the work of Miss Wetherald, no gloom, no mysticism, but the wholesome sunshine of nature endows it with a charm—a subtle charm rarely found in the poetry of our day. It is doubtful too if any other Canadian poet has produced a rosary of sonnets superior to those contained in "The House of the Trees," for Miss Wetherald is essentially a sonnet writer whose workmanship in this department of verse entitles her to a first place among Canadian sonneteers. Let this short poem testify to the spirit and method of Miss Wetherald's work:

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES.

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night
Singing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood."

The most heartsome poetry written in Canada today is the work of Jean Blewett of Toronto, Ontario. If Miss Wetherald is the poetess of love, Mrs. Blewett is the poetess of this love transfigured and glorified by the virtues that blossom in Canadian homes. She sings sweetly and tenderly of the rose-buds of affection that transform humble cottages into palaces of delight, and touches with womanly sympathy a chord in the great heart-beat of life that finds ready response in every heart and home of our beloved Canada. Mrs. Blewett possesses a deep and rich nature, made deeper and richer by the wisdom of a kindly, gentle and womanly heart, ever attuned to the higher and better things of life. These stanzas from "The Two Marys" will illustrate the character of Mrs. Blewett's work:

"They journeyed sadly, slowly on,
The day had scarce begun,
Above the hills the rose of dawn
Is heralding the sun,
And now they turn to go away
Slow stepping hand in hand,
'Twas something wondrous He did say
If they could understand.

. . . . . .

The sun is flooding vale and hill,
Blue shines the sky above,
'All hail!' O voice that wakes a thrill,
Familiar, full of love!
From darkest night to brightest day,
From deep despair to bliss,
They to the Master run straightway,
And kneel His feet to kiss.

O Love! that made Him come to save,
To hang on Calvary,
O mighty Love! that from the grave
Did lift and set Him free.
Sing, Mary Magdalene, sing forth—
With voice so sweet and strong,
Sing till it thrills through all the earth—
The Resurrection Song!"

In Picton, Ontario, there lives a very clever Canadian poetess, who writes with the mystery of nature around her and the key to its secrets in her heart. Helen M. Merrill was born to the poetic purple. Her gift as a singer is a genuine one. Her work reveals a mind in close sympathy with nature whose subtle influence has moulded and fashioned her highest and holiest dreams. Not always is the thought of poetry born poetry—more frequently is it incarnated in prose, and then cradled and clad in the flowers of poetry. The test of true poetry is that it cannot be translated into prose without doing violence to its spirit.

Now it will be found that Miss Merrill's poetry measures up to this test. It is thought born on the mountain top and clad in the most fitting raiment. Miss Merrill has not yet published her poems in book form, but her work has found representation in all recent compilations of Canadian verse. Here are a few stanzas from her poem, "The Blue Flower," which give a hint of her fine work. It is as the author writes, "a personification of the unattainable."

"Still though the sun is setting,
She lingers unheeding the hour,
Her face held to its splendor,
Her heart in thrall of its power.

Her hair is golden burnished;
In her eye the heaven's hue;
Her charm of immortal beauty
Holds me from dawn till dew.

She has a soul of fire,
Pure as a star's white flame;
I gaze in silence, and wonder,
The glory whence it came.

She is the spirit elusive
Sorrowing poets seek;
I stand rapt in her presence,
And listen to hear her speak.

All time in the forest olden,
She tells her wondrous chain;
My hope of suns eternal,
Priest of a mighty fane.

Through the pale light glowing golden
She watches the day decline;
She sings from her ancient volume,
I interpret line on line."

Down by the sea in Clementsport, Nova Scotia, the name of Irene Elder Morton stands for clever poetic workmanship. Nova Scotia, with its tonic thought and romance-clad vales, has nursed many a gifted child of song. Heaven has been indeed kind to those vital children of the East in that they have been privileged to bear away to their Nova Scotian homes from the altar of Song much poetic fire.

Mrs. Morton's work in verse is strongly subjective. Her chamber of thought is filled with good things of the soul, with the large gifts of life, with purple morns and golden eventides. Too many of the women poets of our day put aches in their lines—key their verse to doubt and despair. It reflects a degeneration of life, for if the heart of woman cease to be optimistic, cease to idealize the lowly things of this world, and find not good in everything, there is little hope for the moral advancement of the race. Mrs. Morton's strength of thought is well exemplified in the following short poem:

COMPLETENESS.

"Life gives us better than it takes away,—
In brighter hope, and broader, fuller day.

There is no past, but all things move and blend
In sure fulfilment of a promised end.

We leave the misty capes and vales we trod,
For the glad sunshine on the Hills of God.

To slow grand measure up the aisle of years
Move truths enfranchised from long bonds and tears.

Hands that groped darkly for the truth of things
Hold the clear signet of the King of Kings.

Broad waves that tossed in fierce white-passion heat
Fall into psalm and kiss the resting feet."

Annie Campbell Huestis of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is the youngest of the nest of songsters whose grace, gifts, and heart-notes form the subject of this paper. Miss Huestis, who is but twenty-two, has already, in her occasional verses contributed to various magazines and journals, given evidence of genuine poetic endowment. Sometimes her work lacks definiteness, but it has a spontaneity in it that bespeaks true inspiration. Not the least merit too of Miss Huestis' work is the strong and original thought it embodies. She is much more than a singer, a mere melodist, she is a true idealist and dreamer whose concrete creations body forth the beautiful world of the soul. Here is a very original poem from her pen:

GOD'S LULLABY.

"Hushaby! Hushaby!
Who shall make a lullaby?
Who shall sing a quiet song our weary eyes to close?
Grief and pain and fretfulness,—
Oh, to find forgetfulness!
Oh, to feel again the charm the tired baby knows!

Hushaby! Hushaby!
Who shall make a lullaby?
Night has known our restlessness and day has pressed us sore;
Bitter are the years and long,—
Oh, to hear a mother's song!
Oh, to hide away and sleep till Time can vex no more!

Patiently, quietly,
Let your time of waiting be,
The twilight throws about your feet its shadows cool and gray;
Here's a hand upon your eyes
Light and sweet with lullabys,—
Here's the strangest song of all to hush your cares away!

Hushaby! Hushaby!
Here's a bed where you shall lie
Death shall be your mother, she shall sing from you your pain;
Hushaby! for, safe and deep,
You shall hide away and sleep,—
Sleep untroubled through the dark, a little child again.

Hushaby! Hushaby!
Beautiful it is to die;
The turning of the silent world shall be your cradle swing.
Oh, full sweet and motherly,
Death shall lift her voice for thee!
God hath taught her from His heart a lullaby to sing"

Not yet has come our Canadian Browning, our Canadian Tennyson, our Canadian Longfellow. When he does come he shall come dowered with the fullest gift of song, and shall catch up in that song something of the ardor of our Canadian skies, the light and glow of our Northern Star; something of the sweep and dash of our mighty rivers, the music and murmur of our blossoming prairies, the honest manhood of our marts and farms, the strong virtues of our homes and firesides, the tenderness of our mothers' prayers, the sweetness and purity of our maidens' hearts.

# POTTAGE.

BY EUGENIE UHLRICH.

Josephine waited in the little parlor, observing with quick eyes that its details were in promising taste. The exhilaration of the life and movement of the city, fresh upon the long quiet of the summer in the little home town, filled her face with color and sparkle; and the long unquiet, rest-breaking hours, when she would stand beside dull pupils, had not yet cast their shadow on her spirit. While she was away her room-mate had moved, and this was not the regulation boarding house-parlor, but the little reception room in an apartment "with all the modern improvements"; and the contrast of the blustery, damp October morning without to the cozy warmth within gave Josephine a grateful sense of present comforts and an optimistic indifference to possible discomforts to be.

"Smart girl is Eleanor, to get a place like this for the price."

Presently Eleanor came in and kissed Josephine on both cheeks and gave her an affectionate little hug.

"If I had known," she said, "on what train you were coming, I should have come to meet you."

"Meet me? You make me feel like a stranger—the idea."

For answer Eleanor looked at her gloomily, and then said—"If you have a home, why don't you stay there, instead of coming to this place? Life goes all right here as long as you have 'luck with your feet,' as an old Irishman told me once. But if you stumble—" She had taken Josephine's little bag and was leading the way to their room along a hall close with the heavy air of steam heat and sunlessness. To Josephine it was as though a curtain had fallen and shut out the merry mood of a few moments before and that the city's hardness was once more upon her.

"Neat little place," said Eleanor. "Isn't it? Pleasant people, too. I think you'll like them. New thing for them to take in any one and they have not yet learned the trick of taking you in, Nice, isn't it? You up there in Peaceville," which was Eleanor's name for Josephine's tame little town, "can't think what a time I had when I first came back after my little two weeks off. Most tragic series of untoward happenings! I wrote you remember about our washerwoman dying of exhaustion during the heat, and of course you know that poor Mrs. Cook fell dead. Heart failure they said, but that's an easy answer. And then the dear little woman with whom I went to stay after that went out of her mind. She was a sweet-hearted little creature, an oasis in the desert, but I suppose the strain of being both sweet-hearted and keeping boarders in the city is really too much. I'm going out now—sorry. I have left drawer and closet space for you, and you will find yourself by noon.

"Of course it is a bit close here after you come straight from a whole prairie full, or mountain full, which is it? of air and room. How's Jack?"

Josephine smiled. "Just the same."

"Poor Jack," said Eleanor. "How many years has he been waiting, one, two, three, four, five, six, isn't it?"

"Coming back to dinner?" asked Josephine by way of diversion.

"You dear country girl! They have

dinner about that time up where Jack lives. I believe it's lunch or luncheon, something like that hereabouts." And then she was gone.

"Something wrong with Eleanor," soliloquized Josephine. "Must be that man again. She pretends she doesn't care, but I know better."

Over her own head the question of "caring" had passed very lightly, and so had that of making a living. There was one Jack who had been her knight since she was a girl with a skipping rope. And there had been a cousin in the city to help round off the first edges of her city life when she came to teach time, tune and technique to pupils who seemed to use their ears mostly for the purpose of keeping out of the way of street cars. However, there were pupils enough to make Josephine see visions wherein were brilliant scenes and glowing lights, and Jack barely a blur in the background. But the lights had grown duller and duller during the last two years, as success retreated farther and farther. Was it the courage of the unyielding that brought her back this year, or was it only that the pungency of the city was in her nostrils making the breath of fresh meadows and the hill winds across the river seem tame?

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Eleanor did not come back to luncheon, and after dinner she said, "Come and be my David, dear, and play away my evil spirits."

Josephine's own spirits had lost all their buoyancy by this time. Four of her last year pupils were at convent schools. Two more could not afford to take lessons for a while, and one was ill and would not be well enough to work for months.

"Seven pupils, a dollar a lesson, twice a week," figured Eleanor. "That's hard luck to begin with."

"I shall have to begin all over again in the city," said Josephine, despondently.

"Why don't you go home, go back to Jack? Perhaps it is a pointer vouchsafed by Providence to turn you in the right direction."

"Oh, really," said Josephine on her dignity. "There are many men here."

"Many men," added Eleanor sententiously, "are not worth a man."

That night Josephine slept the sleep of utter weariness. But there were days, fast following, full of increasing disappointments. Then, when she lay down to sleep, the sounds of the street seemed to whirl in her brain, and the court with its dreadful nearness of grey walls grew oppressive with the consciousness of the many people who breathed its air. A cuckoo clock whistled the quarters and called off the hours, dully persistent and inane, breaking her very life into bits. A cough, distressful and long drawn out, thrust its suffering upon her, and then a baby's fretting wail pulled at her heart strings. The while the white river with the quiver of the moonlight creeping over it, and the deep sky above, framed by the line of black hills came in fitful flashes into her mind to torment her by contrast. And the dear, long summer days, the days of many summers, when the mist hung low in the evening, and the water lapped the banks, saying things to Jack that she feared she had no ear, or better, heart, to hear, haunted her with their far-away peace. Then in utter restlessness she rose and looked up as out of a prison at the lurid vapor rolling above in lieu of sky, like the

smoke over some vast pit. She crept back into bed softly lest Eleanor should wake. But Eleanor was awake--

"Why don't you go home?" she asked.

"But have I not prayed and prayed. I just finished a novena—"

"But, maybe," said Eleanor, "you are just praying so much to justify your own way to yourself. If you felt sure that you are doing the right thing, I do not think you'd need to make so many novenas. Sort of a moral opiate it seems to me sometimes which enables some people to put off facing the real issue."

There was bitterness in her words, and hardness in her tone, but to Josephine, who knew and loved her well, it was the hardness of tears frozen over.

"It seems to me," said Josephine, gently, "that you are not so much better than I am, or you would go where you will not see that man any more—"

Eleanor laughed mirthlessly.

"If you said a Hail Mary each time you think of him," Josephine went on, "you would soon be so you would not care in the least."

Eleanor was silent for a while. "You must not blame him so much," she said, then, answering Josephine's thoughts rather than her words. "He thinks I am a good chum, a sensible woman. Sensible women, you will observe, are not supposed to have any emotions. I think I'd like to be a fool for a while. The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, you know."

"It is that man who is the fool," said Josephine hotly—"Or else the egotist, and the egotist is the worst kind of a fool, for he never gets out of his folly because he never gets out of himself. The worst thing you can do to him is to leave him to his own folly."

"Ah, my dear Josie, what a long speech! Where did you get the profound philosophy?"

"Association with you," said Josephine.

"But I'll tell you truly, Josie," went on Eleanor, "if I had a home to go to anywhere in the wide world, I'd get up now in the night and take the first train out of the city."

"I don't believe you would."

Eleanor stared at the greyish light coming in under the curtain at the window. It was a hot night, though it was November, and the steam pipes left her throat dry and her lips burning. The acuteness of her physical discomfort was even a relief, as an offset against the recurrent pain in her head. But the terror that seemed to be looking in at her from the vague half light was insistent. How long could she stand the present strain and where would she be when she no longer had luck with her feet? If she only belonged somewhere, to some one, had some one to work with, to suffer for, if need be. The aloofness of the world around her was its heaviest burden, and against it what was the mere gift of something to eat, a few clothes to wear, and even to be sometimes called brilliant?

After a little Josephine said, "Why don't you leave the syndicate?"

"Well, yes, I might now," Eleanor said slowly, as if with difficulty. "It is well begun. He could get along without me. But it is not easy to find something at once in the city."

"It would be no harder to find something else, than to go on letting that man eat up your heart and brain."

"He does not mean to do that—he thinks I work just like a man, height of efficiency—"

"Let him find the man! He'd have

to pay him a great deal more than he does you, and a man who had your gifts would not go on subordinating himself to any person. He'd be making his own way, and it would be as fine a way as anybody's. Why don't you go to the Doddsons'? You've been neglecting them of late and you know that you cannot afford to do that. They like your work."

"There's something wrong—I do not know what it is, what ails him—" Eleanor said instead of answer.

Josephine had one more arrow in her quiver and she waited a little to get a steady aim. "There was that Kitty Crowley. She's rather good-looking, and her father's in a lot of things that are worth while in the city."

"But she's just—" Eleanor paused and waited a long time before she went on in a voice strangely even—"Oh, you do not think that he—he would do anything like that?"

"Like what?" persisted Josephine.

"Marry just for—for money—"

"He only sees her," went on Josephine, relentlessly, "when she looks her best, and she has the gowns and the background that make her look her best most of the time."

There was a movement as though Eleanor were pulling the covering over her face, then she spoke thickly out of the darkness.

"I think I'll go to see the Doddsons in the morning."

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The Indian summer days sank into the moist slush and sleet of December and flurries of snow took the place of the dust clouds.

Eleanor came in one afternoon looking calmer than she had for a long time. "Yet," she said, after explaining to Josephine, "I feel a bit guilty for accepting the Doddsons' offer. He may have hard work to get along when I am gone. But the Doddsons are really going to pay me better for less work."

"And less worry," added Josephine. "What did he say?"

"Oh, he said that he is glad I have a good footing at last in the city, though he's sorry to have me go. He'll miss me, he said." She added the conventional little phrase wistfully, as if turning it over in her mind for a bit of consolation that was not in it.

"Of course. It will be rather hard to find some one else like you," said Josephine, drily.

Josephine was beginning to find the Sundays intolerable patches of loneliness between the worries. For they had accepted board under the family conditions, and their host and hostess went visiting innumerable relations on that day and left them to their own devices, and an unintelligible German servant, for meals. Once Eleanor said: "I am so glad you are here. What would become of me alone? Just the same I wish you would go home. Just imagine what Christmas week will be like, here all alone for five days! If it were our own place we might go out and ask in the forgotten from the highways and byways, but this way we can do no such thing."

And Josephine began to imagine. The phrase stuck in her mind when she passed the great stores, and even when she saw the gaily decorated little pigs in the meat shops. She had spent but one Christmas week at home in five years. Then the Cushing children had come over, and she remembered how much her mother had "made" of them in lieu of grandchildren of her own.

Josephine constantly saw toys and trifles that they would like. Then there were ties that would have been the joy of her brother, and gloves and stocks for her sister, and books for everybody. There were comfortable-looking house jackets for her father and a piece of fine, black cloth that simply begged to be given to her mother. And then she began wondering what Jack would like, and a hot flush came into her cheeks, for indeed what Jack would like best she knew very well.

"Wouldn't it be nice," said the insistent Eleanor one evening, "if you and Jack could be married during the holidays. Let him come down here. It will save a wedding at home—and a lot of gowns. You know I have an economical turn."

"Oh," said Josephine. "Jack dear would marry me in any gown and anywhere."

"Rare man. Don't tempt Providence too long, Josie, there are not enough of his kind to go around. I wonder what he is doing this evening?" Eleanor went on, and Josephine, knowing that it was more than a week since Eleanor had seen "that man," knew very well that this "he" did not refer to "Jack dear."

There was but one week left before Christmas and the Yuletide was coming in anything but a flood of joy for Josephine. Four of her pupils had just told her that they wanted three weeks' vacation and she came to her room very blue, and glad to see a light over the door. Eleanor, with all her cynicism, was a comfort and a tower of strength on an evil day. But when she opened the door Eleanor was prone on the bed seeming to lie still by an effort.

"Why Nellie, dear, are you ill?" asked the astonished Josephine. For answer Eleanor broke into a quiver of noiseless sobs.

"Oh, don't! don't!" pleaded Josephine. "I can't bear to see you cry like that." She knelt down beside the bed and began to stroke the throbbing temples. "What is it, dear?" she asked again.

Eleanor shook her head, and Josephine asked no more. Presently her eyes fell upon a crumbled bit of stationery. She looked at it uncomprehendingly for a few seconds and then the meaning of the words flashed upon her—A wedding invitation!

Josephine felt that she herself grew pale. She knelt down beside Eleanor again, and put her arms around the girl in helpless sympathy. What was there to say? The heart must sound its depths of grief alone.

Several times Eleanor turned her head as if to say something, but her voice seemed to refuse control. At last she spoke, "I wish you would do something for me."

"Of course."

"Write to Jack—"

"I do write to Jack."

"But not the way I mean—"

"What shall I say?" she asked gently.

"Oh, tell him you're tired of trading your birthright for a mess of pottage, tired of playing Esau—"

"It wouldn't be like me to say things that way," remonstrated Josephine, after she had wandered meditatively around the room several times. "I'll think about it."

"No, write now."

"Now?" Josephine continued her reflective wandering—then she stopped suddenly, "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll go."

"We?"

"Yes, we. Do you think I'd leave you alone? If we take an early train we'll be there by evening."

"It is too late now for me to arrange to go for Christmas, but I might make ready for New Year's," answered Eleanor.

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The locomotive slid over the snow-wet track, threw itself back with a jolt and stopped. Josephine stepped out on the white platform and drew Eleanor after her.

"Let's go around behind the station, and just give our checks to old Murray and let him bring our things. Maybe he can get up Main street without telling everybody that we're here, and probably we can walk faster than his old horse can."

"That's Spaulding's," said Josephine, after a little, as they turned a corner. "I wonder where Jack is?"

The great trees along the street, with their wide-spreading white branches and dark under lines, were like a veil of lace overhead in the grey light of the cloud-hidden moon.

"There's our little church," said Josephine. "How many times I have played there. Listen! they're practising. Oh I'd like to go in and help them."

The roll of the music came down to them in the still street, void of city sounds. A few boys played in the soft snow, happy in the license of New Year's eve, and presently a ball struck Eleanor gently. Quick as a flash some spirit of physical mischief woke in her and she stooped and flung back a handful of snow. Easy and friendly, an answering ball hit her, and then two or three more, and she was in the thick of a snowball fight, laughing as hard as the boys. Breathless, she ran away from them after Josephine.

"I'm astonished," said Josephine.

"So am I," laughed Eleanor, but the end of the laugh was a sigh. With the sudden exhilaration of the little play came upon her anew what life might be to her moving in the simple and affectionate ways of happy common life, from which step by step her fate had forced her through her abilities and her necessities.

They came upon a thick row of firs whose sweeping branches were festoons of white, and Josephine turned in at the big gate, hidden under their thick darkness.

"Let's see what they're doing," she said, excitedly, as the light from a half-raised blind fell upon them. She pulled Eleanor over within range of the window. There was a glimpse of a sitting-room with the glow of home on it, a big base burner, a great lamp and the radiance of a Christmas tree with children playing around it in the corner. Then a gray-haired woman moved into range and put her arm around the shoulders of the smallest child.

"There's mamma and there are the Cushing children. They are about twenty-fifth cousins of ours you know, and there's a whole bunch of children. If it weren't for mamma they wouldn't have much of a Christmas. And oh, —there,—that's Jack." Josephine grabbed Eleanor's arm. "Dear Jack, he's always doing something for somebody," as the man climbed on a chair and took down something from the tree for a tiny girl.

Eleanor's eyes were wistful with the longing of the looker-on.

"Let's knock at the window and see what they'll do." And Josephine ran

up the steps to the porch and tapped at the window. First they seemed to hesitate as if suspecting some New Year's joke and then the window was thrown wide open by Jack and Josephine stepped over the low sill into the room. Eleanor, in the laughter, exclamations and surprise, stood back on the porch until Josephine's mother came toward her and said, "And this is Eleanor, I know. I am so glad Josephine brought you along," and she laid both hands on the girl's shoulders. Whereupon the tears suddenly rushed into Eleanor's eyes and from her own straight height she stooped and kissed the gentle, wrinkled face, over and over again.

Even if it had not been New Year's Eve there would have been too much to say to think of sleep before midnight, so much indeed that Eleanor almost lost her sense of apartness, and it did not rush upon her again until Josephine whispered when they were going to bed, "I am going to stay."

"There is one good resolution for the New Year anyway," Eleanor said and kissed her, and then turned her face to the wall and cried softly to herself.

At Mass in the morning a visiting priest preached the sermon. He was young and timid. Eleanor settled herself to listen forbearingly. Here, in the hill-hidden town there might be, there undoubtedly was, saintliness, sound doctrine and charity, but good style! It would be a mere waste. The keenness of her eye and mind was finding a stimulus in the new scenes about her, while her overwrought nerves were soothed to calm by their simplicity. She seemed to be coming back to the wholeness of her own self, for her mind and soul had been for more than two years but a sieve through which she had let the thoughts of another run. Once he himself seemed to think her the mate of his life and work until this new temptation of money and success and ambition came upon him. The young priest was beginning to speak. His low voice vibrated with his hesitancy and yet it filled the church. The color came and went in his face, with utter shyness, but the words seemed to force themselves forth irresistibly. And she listened. He had the ardor of youth still upon him, the faith of him who believes that if he calls some one will hear. And he knew how to use words, so well that she forgot how he was saying it, for the sake of the thing he was saying. Not that she had not heard it all before in some way, but never before had the message come to her with such threefold power of conviction, eloquence and sympathy. It made a new revelation of the new thing that came into the world with the birth of Christ—the religion of sorrow triumphant, suffering exalted, failure uplifted, the spirit crowned in the conquest of the flesh. Ambition, success, power, wealth—these belonged to the world and the world to them of old—even as now, thought Eleanor—and they were built step by step upon the mass of helpless humanity below—that humanity which failed in the pursuit, and had no right but to labor and to die. The new thing was the religion which gave heaven, and gradually a piece of earth, to these oppressed ones also, the religion which opposed humility to pride, silence to boast, endurance to impatience, detachment to envy and greed of the earth—and so as each one made these greater in himself les-

sened the evil burden of the whole world.

Some strange feeling went through her as he spoke. Was it the deliverance for which she prayed? She smiled in very happiness. An ineffable jo filled her as one who has at last a possession, of which none can rob him. Could it be that this wonderful change had really come to her—to her, who an hour, fifteen minutes, before had but hoped that life would not be too long. She could hardly r iember, so long ago it seemed and so altogether had the old feeling fallen away. Struggles, suffering, loneliness, there might yet be, there must still be in her life—but she felt as if she could stretch out her hands towards them as the martyrs of old did to the tortures that were to win for them the crown of glory.

When the sermon was over she bowed her head in her hands. She had prayed for escape, to be spared, to be taken away, if she could not have her happiness. But now she felt that she could go on living, whenever, wherever, however it pleased God that she should. Not that she hoped to be blessed every moment as she was just now. Her mind even in its exaltation was too clear not to feel that there must be times when this joy would fail her, but then there would be strength instead. Thus she prayed, she believed. Suffer she did in the past, but like one beating helplessly against a wall, suffering that was full of bitterness against the man who had mined the gold of her sympathies that he might gild with it the path of another woman, and had given her nothing but shining brass. But now the bitterness was gone. She felt only a deep and abiding pity as for one who had sold his birthright. Out of it she prayed, "Whatever he does, Lord God be mindful of him in Thy Mercy and abandon him not." And so she, too, began a New Year, and a new way.

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# SIGNS OF OTHER SEASONS.

## WHEN THE ROBINS CALL.

BY WALTER M. EGGINTON.

The sky is brightly blue with soft and fleecy clouds lying here and there, flakelike and inert. It is a dreamy sky but the air is cold still with the chill of winter though the snow has gone. The trees stand bare and still and gaunt and the roadway is hard and rough. The shady sides of pine-clad hills show patches of lingering snow contrasting sharply with the sombre green of the trees and conveying an impression of still present winter

The river, high in its channel, sweeps along, a rush of chocolate-colored water; and innumerable talking brooklets are precipitating themselves down the steep hillsides to join the larger flood.

The sounds of nature are loud in the ear. The indefinable quiet voice of the swift moving river, only interrupted occasionally by a sullen splash of remonstrance against unseen but hardly submerged rocks, is supplemented by purling streamlets and the gurgling babble of little water-falls coursing down the hillsides. With these, the tender spring breezes woo the ear with a soft murmur, and there seems to be a plenitude of sweet noises. But the sudden caw of a crow, swinging lazily in a semi-circle across the sky above, jars upon the ear and has all the harshness of sudden sound breaking upon silence.

Over all and permeating all is the glorious sunshine, full of warmth and life and hope. It drenches the tree-tops and sparkles from a hundred tiny wavelets on the river. It flashes and scintillates from the hillside streamlets until they seem like trembling threads of diamonds. In woodland glades the interfulgent rays lie upon the softening ground in brilliant patches bathing in gentle warmth the small tendrils that struggle, green and fresh, through a carpet of dead leaves. The aspect of winter is lost.

## THE SUN-FLOWER AND THE VIOLET.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

In a tangled, old-fashioned garden, where old-fashioned flowers mingled familiarly with their more aristocratic sisters, grew a tall sun-flower, whose head unconsciously lifted itself far above its companions, not in pride or arrogance, but in an absorbing desire to follow the sun whithersoever it led.

A tiny white violet growing at its feet, gazed in awed admiration at the noble stalk, and bright warm petals; and sighed—realizing its own insignificance. Its perfume, rising like incense, sent a strange thrill through the heart of the sun-flower, awakening in the unsuspected depth of its nature a strong desire to stoop from its high degree and pluck the wee modest flower, to have and to hold, for its very own.

But it stood as erect as before, lifting its face to receive the sun's warm kisses. There its duty lay. But, duty, performed merely for duty's sake, will in time become irksome.

The sun-flower grew restless, and discontented. The sun's rays no longer satisfied it. It longed for something more real, more tangible.

The breath of the violet filled it with ecstasy, and it longed with all the ardor of its strong nature to lift the shy white thing and shelter it within its heart forever.

But duty's chains are strong—and the sun held it captive. The violet, all unconscious of the feelings it had aroused in the heart of the sun-flower, and, frightened by its own restless pain, shrank and trembled, whenever a gust of wind stirred the giant stalk, lest the very breeze should betray its secret. Painfully alive to its own insignificance, it was content to worship

from afar. And yet—day wore on. The violet drooped and faded: its dying breath, rising like faint incense, filled the sun-flower with a sickening sense of unrest that savored of despair. And its face was turned toward the sun.

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## PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rev. Michael C. O'Brien, V.G., of Bangor, appointed to succeed the late Bishop Healy of Portland, is one of the leading clergymen of Maine. Since 1894 he has been vicar general of the diocese, having received his appointment from Bishop Healy.

Father O'Brien is a man of rare tact, keen judgment, unusual energy and great intellectual power, and that he will discharge the duties of his new position with ability it is not necessary to predict. He was born in county Kerry, near Killarney, Ire., October 20, 1842. He finished his earlier classical studies in Ireland, and in 1869 came to this country, landing in New York. The following spring he entered St. Charles College in Maryland and remained there until September, 1861, when he entered St. Mary's seminary in Baltimore for the full four-year course to fit him for the priesthood.

June 25 and 28, 1865, he was ordained sub-deacon and deacon, and on September 8 following, at the cathedral in Portland during the term of Bishop Bacon, he was ordained to the priesthood. At that time he was nearly fourteen months under the canonical age, and the ceremony was carried out only by a special dispensation.

For more than a year after his ordination he remained at the Portland cathedral as assistant priest, being there at the time of the great fire in 1866, and doing good service. In December, 1866, he was sent to Rockland as pastor of the Catholic church there, and at that time his parish embraced the entire section of the country from Winterport to Wiscasset. In the summer of 1868 he was called to St. Dominic's as the administrator of that parish.

In 1871 Father O'Brien went to Exeter, N. H., as pastor of the church there, remaining six months, and having Newmarket and Rochester under his charge, the whole parish embracing territory where several priests are stationed now. In December of that year he went to Augusta as pastor of St. Mary's, and in 1877 he went to Oldtown as pastor of the churches there, and at Orono, with the Penobscot tribe of Indians under his spiritual charge. It was during his pastorate there that the distinguished clergyman made the researches into the Indian tongue which have made him famous among philologists everywhere. He was unusually successful, and when sent to Bangor in 1880, it was with the utmost regret that the people parted with him.

In September, 1890, the reverend father celebrated his silver jubilee in the priesthood, and the exercises were among the most interesting and impressive ever held in Maine, clergy being present from all parts of the country. Father O'Brien is now fifty-eight years of age, but has the appearance and energy of a man fifteen years younger. His popularity with Catholics and Protestants is very great, and the news of the new honors conferred upon him caused much rejoicing here.

He was made permanent rector of St. Mary's church in 1896, and since Bishop Healey's death he has been administrator of the Maine diocese.

Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, S.J., has been appointed head of the eastern division of the Jesuits of the United States. An official order to this effect was received from Rome a few days ago, stating that the Pope had chosen Father Gannon for this honorable and responsible position, as successor to Rev. Edward L. Purbrick, who left here three months ago for England.

Father Gannon was born in Cambridge, July 14, 1853, and attended the Allston school. He then entered Boston College, where he spent four years, pursuing classical studies and devoting

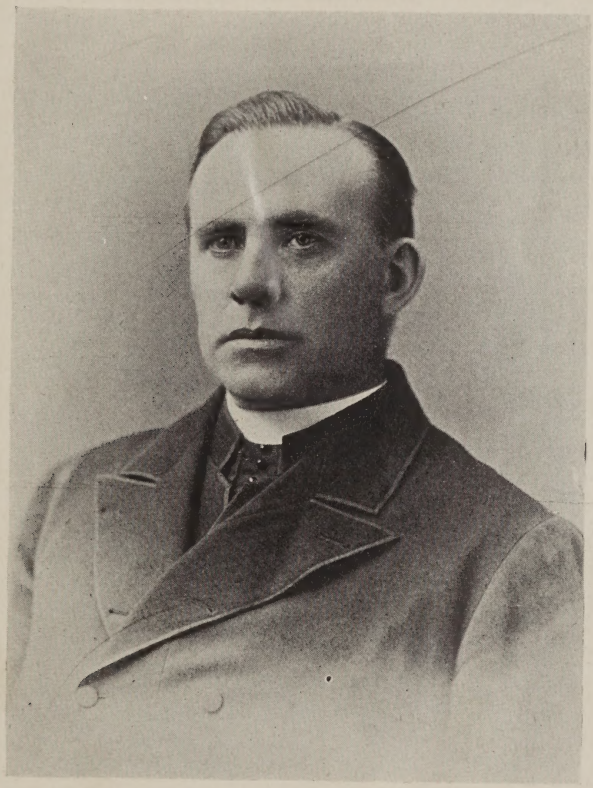
some time to writing poetry. In his last year he came out with the first premium in poetry, being excelled only by two others, who took medals. He also took first medal in French, and a prize for declamation.

In 1872 he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, remaining until August 15, 1874, on which day he took the simple vows of religion. After spending a year in reviewing his classical studies at the juniorate at Frederick, Md., he spent three years in the study of philosophy, the sciences and higher mathematics.

Massachusetts was then designated as a field of labor for Father Gannon, and he went to Holy Cross College, Worcester, to take one of the professorships in that institution. He remained there five years, when he returned to Woodstock College and took up the study of theology.

After devoting four years to this he was raised to the priesthood, August 28, 1886. Returning to Boston he taught philosophy and ethics for a short time and then resumed his work at Woodstock College as instructor in logic and general metaphysics.

In July, 1890, Father Gannon was appointed assistant to the then provincial of New York and Maryland, Rev. Thomas J. Campbell. This position he held until late the following year, when he was promoted to the rectorship of St. John's College at Fordham, N. Y., where he remained nearly five years. He again became assistant provincial and filled that post until his elevation to the office of provincial a few days ago.



VERY REV. MICHAEL C. O'BRIEN.

The province in charge of Father Gannon includes New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the district of Columbia and the New England States. In this province are twelve colleges and institutions of the order, and some 800

members, priests, scholastics, novices and brothers.

Rev. L. J. Vaughan, the distinguished lecturer, promises to reach the highest rank among the really great orators of the country. In Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, he has so swayed the people that there is scarcely standing room at his lectures.

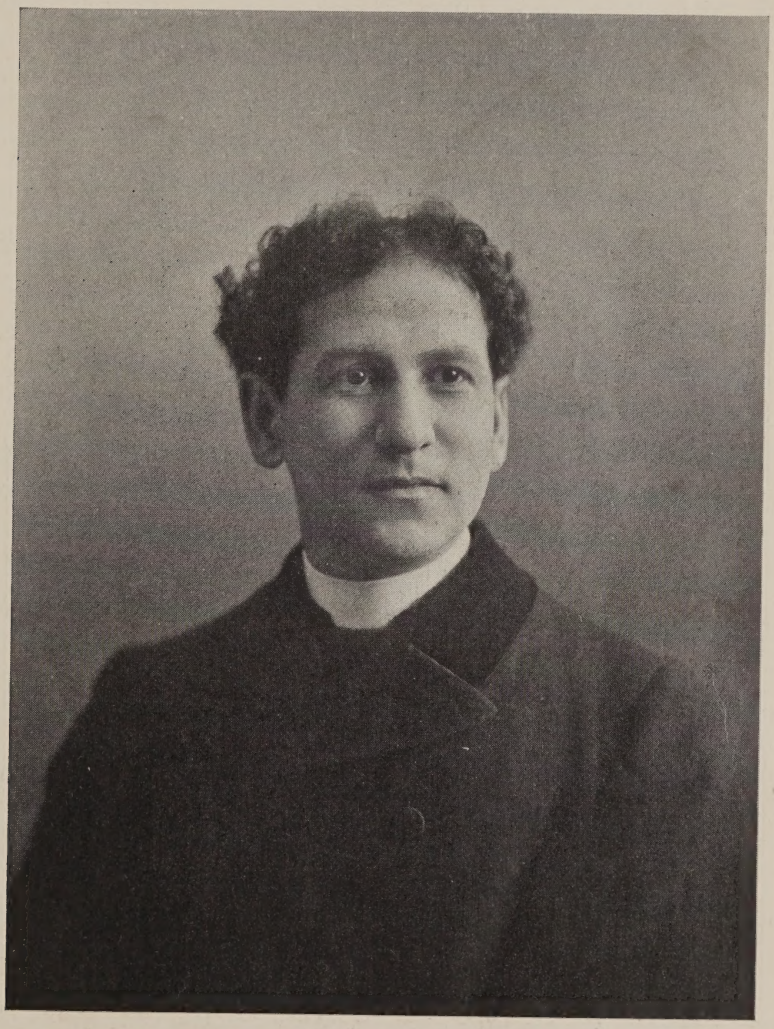
A man of refinement, polish, and scholarly attainments, Father Vaughan's work is creating in the west a deep religious enthusiasm, and the press reports are unanimous in praise of the power to influence his fellow men that Father Vaughan exerts through his gift of oratory.

The New England Women's Press Association is to be congratulated on the election of Mrs. Annie G. Murray as its president. The choice is a most happy one. In the various offices she has filled, Mrs. Murray has shown herself possessed of the qualities that make for success in conducting the affairs of such a large and distinctively representative literary association, and the handsome majority by which she was elected is not

REV. THOMAS J. GANNON, S. J.

only a fitting tribute to her charming personality, but also the most convincing proof of her sister members' appreciation of her unfailing efforts to promote their pleasure, and to make each one feel that personal interest and sense of ownership so essential to the upbuilding of any organization.

Mrs. Murray is the wife of Major George F. H. Murray of the Ninth Regiment, and a sister of Lieutenant Colonel Devine, Medical Director of the Second Brigade. She was born in South Boston, and has always resided there. Educated in Notre Dame Convent, Mrs. Murray, in her literary and social career has demonstrated the intrinsic worth of convent training.



REV. L. J. VAUGHAN.

Mrs. Murray does not consider herself an active newspaper representative, although eligible to the N. E. W. P. A. She first commenced to write stories and

sketches for the Yankee Blade, afterwards for Drake's Magazine, and later conducted a department in the South Boston News, from whose pages several well known newspaper men and women have graduated into wider fields of literary work. For several years Mrs. Murray contributed weekly verse to the New York Weekly, and has also contributed prose and verse to the Pilot, Boston Post, the Traveler, the Herald, and to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Accomplished, tactful, and resourceful in meeting and overcoming the difficulties incidental to high office, Mrs. Murray is admirably prepared to discharge her new duties, and her administration cannot fail to add to the prestige of the New England Women's Press Association.

MRS. ANNIE G. MURRAY.

# SHALL WE SEE IT?

BY MULLA.

Back to Banba of the Shamrocks! back to Banba of the streams!
Shall we see it, as it hovered over all our waking dreams,
Fair, God's Holy City, couchèd behind ridges of the deep,
Cradled in its mighty arms, lulled to far-forgotten sleep?
We have heard its streamlets singing, as they swept the chords along,
Agate rock and ruby pebble,—jewelled stops for silvern song.
We have seen its purple mountains, laced with all their shimm'ring veils,
Clouds and mists of shadowy vessels, hung with white and phantom sails.
We have heard in dreams the rushing of its rivers to the sea;
And the forest organ-thunders, as the storm-wings sweep the lea.
We have seen its feathered pine-groves lift their lances to the sky,
Dipped in windswept salutations to the phantoms fleeting by;—
Ghosts of legions from the dead past, haunting every dale and glen,
Long-lost warriors whom the fireside legends say will come again;
Kernes unkempt and gallowglasses, spurred and booted cavaliers,
Heroes of the skian and pike-shaft, warriors of the sword and spears,
Fairy queens, and elves of moonlight, Druid priest and Christian saint,
Girt around with all the glamour of a twilight, grey and faint.
Lo! they pass among the shadows, there beneath us in the glen,
Shades of night, they hold the presage of a dawn shall rise again!

Shall we see it? see that longed-for gold dawn break across the sea?
God, roll back the mists of ages from Thy Isle of Destiny!
Let Thy glad smile break around it from the centre to the deep;
From the wind-rocked eagle's nest to where the black sea-urchins sleep.
Is she proven? Hath she borne all her centuries of wrong,
Darkened but by fitful gleam of patriot-sword and poet-song?

Hath she not repelled in scorn threats of hell and bribes unpriced,
For your honor, O ye nations? for Thy sacred creed, O Christ?
Summon then, from shores the farthest, Thy winged angel, Liberty!
Let her spread her mighty pinions o'er the Sleeper of the Sea!
Let her wave her wings of light, and gather from the speeding years
All the remnants of her army, all the wide world's pioneers!
Lo! across the ocean swinging, plunge the argosies of light;
Hark the anthemed echoes ringing through the watches of the night!
Hearts of steel and hands of iron gird their motherland once more,—
Great world-builders, thewed and sinewed like the mighty men of yore.
Gates of Ocean! swing your seawings back from Camden and Carlisle,—
Piers of power, granite sockets, for the whole world's broad turnstile!
Saxon names still cling unto you; on your cliffs are Saxon guns;—
Those we'll change, and these will vanish where the swirling sea-tide runs.
As the sea-tide homes, and fills darkened bight and river nook,
Shall our legions spread and fill the sacred soil they once forsook.
Pine-fledged mountain, caverned seashore, stately city, hermit dale,
Echo back the shout exultant of the sea-united Gael.
Mother Ireland! Mother Ireland! gathered here around thy knee,
Thou shalt tell thy sons returnèd all thy glorious history,—
Not the tale of Troy and Carthage, or their hundred storied peers,
But thy own dear fight for freedom lasting twice three hundred years.
Mother Ireland! we will crown thee, chance or change, whate'er may hap,
Not with Britain's nodding helmet, not with Gallia's Phrygian cap;

But a coronal of shamrocks, dewy from the fragrant sod,
By the great saint blessed forever, symbol of the Triune God.

Shall we see it? God, Who swingest suns and systems into space,
Turn Thine eyes to rest a moment on the cradle of our race!
Though a speck in Thy creation, what are Kingdoms unto Thee?
Suns and sands alike are atoms in Thy vast immensity.
What Thou seest are souls that spring from the matrix of the earth,
Souls that strain to reach the splendors of a promised second birth,
Valiant souls that spurn the gifts of Fortune, to be ever free,
Lovers ardent, clients fervent of their country and of Thee.
Will Thy Face at last turn towards us? Lo, there's light upon the sea,
Trembling upwards as the black Night spreads his raven wing to flee.
Sky and sea have felt Thy breath; earth is shaken 'neath Thy feet,
As the thunder rocks the heavens in the track of lightning's fleet.
God, He comes! the zenith lightens 'neath His eyes, from pole to pole;
From His right hand stretches downwards all our history's blood-stained scroll!
Whither goes He? whither turns He? To His Israel of the West!
We shall see it. God has spoken. Nations answer His behest!

# THE MEN OF THE MUSIC.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

I heard it first one August morning as I lay close to the thatch in the gable-room of the little country hotel where I had come to spend my fortnight's holidays. There was a sudden shock to my dreaming--my love's smiling face disappeared into soft shadows, and I wakened to a droning whirr of melody that further dazed my half-slumbering senses. For a moment I did not realize that the music was aught but imaginary, then, as I heard it growing louder and louder, I sprang out of bed to discover the cause. A thick curtain of ivy almost concealed the four-paned window, which moved inwards on a hinge and was open owing to the heat. Through this curtain I thrust my head and saw, coming down the only hilly street of the village, two old men,—two stooped and slender old men, whose resemblance to each other astonished me. It was as exact a resemblance as if one of them was gazing into a mirror. They were clad in the ordinary homespun clothes of the peasant; each wore a cloth cap with ears drawn close on his grey head, and round each wrinkled neck was tied a blue-spotted cotton handkerchief. Their faces were thin but ruddy; their features aquiline; their eyes a bright blue-grey. As they marched in steady step together they kept playing a sad, tender, crooning air which I have since learnt to call "An Bunan Buidhe"—The Yellow Bittern. The old man nearest me played upon a fedán or whistle, the other had his lips curved around the mouthpiece of a flute. Their harmony was perfect as they trod lightly over the cobble-stones, their bent elbows almost touching, while the tune floated away in a thin wail on the morning mist. I leaned through the little window as far as was compatible with my safety, and watched them disappear round the bend of the street. Then I went back to my pillow to pass the time in wondering—until the household should be awake—what was the story of these two who had gone by with their strange music so early in the autumn dawning.

"Ah then," said my host, Niall Beg MacGinley, as we sat one in each cor-

ner of the wide settle in the window that faced the street. "Ah then," filling his after-breakfast pipe with great deliberation, "'tis the same question as has been often put to me, and what man has a better right to answer, or what man in all the Glen can give you the truth as I can, word for word. Yes, God He sees, word for word."

Here he reached out for a lighted turf which he applied to his pipe and puffed away in unctuous silence. Floundering through my amateurish Gaelic I begged him to proceed.

"Ah yes, it is myself, Niall Beg MacGinley, can tell the tale. Often and often I have told it, gentleman, to others coming like yourself for the fishing to Loch na Soluis—for the music going by so early has wakened many in that gable-room. One time it has been 'Is that room of yours haunted, Niall?' or 'What was the music that disturbed me?' Or again, 'Cannot the local band choose a more suitable hour than dawn for their practising?' or maybe another would ask, 'I saw two strange old men go by playing this morning, Niall. Who were they? What does it mean?'"

He paused to gaze for a moment into the fire and his jovial face grew thoughtful.

"Gentleman, it was the Men of the Music you saw—the Men of the Music."

"Who are they, and why are they called so?" I queried.

"That you will hear in good time," he replied slowly with all the dignity of the seanachie. "It is a sad story, theirs, and a strange."

I leaned back in my corner resignedly, seeing that my eagerness merely flattered him into further procrastination.

"Padraic and Brian O'Keeney are the names they will be having," he announced at last, "and they went by this morning to cut the little field of corn they have ripening by the Loch side. Do you see that little house up on the slope there," here he led me by the arm to the doorway, "with its white walls and the neat fences around? That is the home where they were born, and where they lived together since the mother of them died. A good woman and kind was Mairgread, may her bed be soft in heaven, always generous with the bite and sup to the needy. It was at one birth the boys were born, and Manus was the proud father surely that day when he saw the two little heads on the pillow beside Mairgread. They were never a day separate in their growing-up, nor had one a thought apart from the other. The handsome lads they were too—handsomest in the parish—and first at every diversion, with their music and their dancing and their love-eyes at the colleens. Padraic, it was the fiddle he played; and Brian—Oh! Where was his equal on the pipes?"

He nodded solemnly at the fire, as he repeated the last sentence, half to himself.

"My mother, God be good to her, used often to say that she felt the fairies around her when Brian would be playing his pipes of a summer evening on the rath behind; and then she would grope for her beads in the big pocket she wore, so as to keep their spells away. She knew the Little People must be jealous because he had stolen their art, for I swear to you, gentlemen, it was like no human music when Brian O'Keeney put his fingers on the keys and his lips to

the mouthpiece. Oh no, like no human music that ever was."

"They were young—scarce past twenty years—when the cruel fever carried off both Mairgread and her man within a week of each other. Mairgread, she was the last to die, made the lads promise to stay together in the old home. 'If one of ye marries,' she said, 'let him bring the woman here and she will be a sister to the other; if both of ye do it then there is room for all—many a small roof covers great happiness. It is my blessing I leave ye, and my prayer that no woman may ever cast sorrow upon my sons.' "

"Ah, my grief; it was the knowledge that was in the poor dying heart of her made her speak, for a woman came and the bitter black sorrow indeed she cast upon them. She was a young colleen and fair—well do I remember—with eyes as innocently blue as the Loch water under a sunshiny sky, and the hair of her like the harvest gold, and the lips of her red as rowan berries. Truly the lovely young lass she was, but the rash tongue she had, and the foolish mind for all her beauty. Soon she had set the young men of the Glen against each other—with her kiss to this one, and her smile to that, and her kind word for the other, and her truth for none. Ah, no indeed, her truth for none, as I learned to my cost, though," with a sly glance towards the dairy where a short matronly figure moved hither and thither, while the thud, thud of the churnstaff as it lashed the milk made a pleasant subdued noise, "the vanithee beyond was never a bit the wiser of that young folly of mine, nor need she ever be. Men will be men, and there is much the woman that is your wife had best be ignorant of."

"True man you are for that saying, Niall Beg." I nodded my head sagely in approval. There was a twinkle in his eye as he resumed.

"Well, it was not long until the village began to see where the tricks of Eilis would make trouble. One time she would be walking with Brian through the boreens in the gloaming, and next she would be whispering with Padraic across some stile when she should have been hurrying home from milking the cows. The other lads seemed to have found out her mischievous ways for themselves before it was too late, but the brothers were too simple and no one dared to warn them. Soon we noticed a coolness between them. They did not come together as before to the dance and the merry-making; nor did they go away together. Maybe, for all we guessed, each went his separate road to catch a last word or smile from the girl who was torturing both.

One evening, it was in the middle of summer, for I remember the hedges were dotted with wild roses, I came upon the three, and bitter, bitter speech passed between them. Eilis sat a-top of the stile that was at the end of the meadow I was crossing as my nearest path home, and the brothers stood one on each side, purple anger on their faces, and their mouths hot with the curses that were hotter still. It would have been an ill sight for their mother to see, and I've often thought since that it was the kind God He was to have spared poor Mairgread this. Their hands were uplifted to strike, while Eilis sat smiling, drawing the strings of her bonnet between her lips and taunting

one and the other in turn. She grew suddenly white as the ceanabhan blossom when she twisted round and saw me standing behind her.

I did not spare the treacherous, foolish thing; for I had my own score to pay back to her. I was the lad she had given her kiss to and her pledge, and it was over the head of Padraic and Brian we had quarreled. She had cried sore, and clung to me, saying I was the only one she wanted, but I did not heed. I cast her off, and the love I had in my heart for her died away as a fire of peat might die into grey ashes. When I saw her raising the wind of hate between poor Mairgread's sons, all that was in my mind against her went out in flaming words.

"Brian, friend of my heart," I said, "and Padriac a dhilis, is it for a light foolish woman you will be throwing the curses at one another? Few of them are worth an honest man's rage, and she least of all, for it is nothing but trouble she has been stirring up in the Glen since she came. And I said much more, gentleman, which for shame's sake I will not be telling you now that the past is past, and the resentment long left me. Maybe it was too harsh my speech was, and she such a slender pretty young flower of a maid, but I did not weigh the words then and they tumbled from my lips in a torrent. I only knew how cruel they were by the horror in her eyes.

When I had finished, she stepped down from the stile, and stood before me. "God forgive you, Niall MacGinley," was all she said, and a stab ran through my heart that I thought hardened to her wiles, for her miserable eyes had told me the truth at last."

His voice broke and I could see a moisture gather on his lowered lashes as he continued,

"But it was too late for any understanding between us, gentleman. I had wounded her to the core. She walked away slowly with head down bent, and the next morning she left the place for some kinsfolk that dwelt in a distant town. I have never seen her since. Sometimes the old people like myself talk over the story, and the young smile at it in their untried wisdom, and now and then a tender-hearted one will drop a tear; but the years have brought little change to the lives of those two—making their music day after day—except the gray hairs and the weariness, and the backward glances into the long gone time that the old cherish most.

"There now, it is the tongue of me is running too fast, surely, gentleman. When the lease of life is shortening the tongue gets longer—is a wise saying. Soon we all saw that matters were growing even worse between the boys, so one day I went to the little white house and begged that peace should be made between them for their mother's sake. They were silent at first, and angry belike; then Padraic spoke what was in the heart of him, poor lad—'twas the sore heart too. 'I will live with him that is my brother and was my friend because he is my mother's son,' he said, 'but never again will the word cross my lips to him—no, never in this life. He can go his own way, I will go mine.'

"My sorrow! I knew it would make further mischief if I said more, so I only looked at Brian. His eyes were hard and his mouth was set. He glared at his brother for one instant while I saw the muscles of his neck swell and his hands clench, but he did

not speak. Instead, he opened the door quickly and stepped out into the night.

"They gave up their sports and dancing, and by degrees their friendly ways of dropping in on this neighbor and that. But I used to go for a chat by their fireside sometimes, though only one would talk to me, and that mostly Brian. Padraic would sit in a dark corner as far as possible from the fire, playing on his fiddle so as to keep out of the talk. It was afterwards I discovered—through the curiosity of the children who stole off to peep in the window every evening—that when they were by themselves Padraic took up the fiddle and Brian the pipes, and thus they put in the time between supper and bed.

"Well God be thanked, the music kept them from worse maybe, and now when they go to cut their corn by the Loch side, or cross beyond to the fields to plough or sow in the spring—'tis ever the same; the flute and the fedán give notice of their coming. For you see, gentleman, the fiddle and the pipes would be awkward to carry morning and evening, leaving aside that the moist air would be bad for both. So 'tis the flute and the fedán they choose instead, for they could play them as well as the others. And now, that is their story for you, every word true as gospel; Christ and Mary look down on their spoilt sorrowful lives."

I came back the next autumn to the same little gable-room and the music of the flute and the fedán. The brothers were just as usual, my friend, Niall Beg, assured me in answer to my eager inquiries; yet, strange to say, a change in their monotonous existence was impending, in the bringing about of which I myself was to play a part.

When I was in the place a few days an unexpected invitation reached me from a friend who had taken a fishing lodge in a distant quarter of the county. "I am in the heart of a glen," he wrote, "and there's sport such as you've never seen in your life before, in these waters. Only a group of cabins in the whole place, and my shanty. So you'll get quiet, and homely fare. Do come."

I went, and drove down that glen in the sunset when every nook and corner of it was glorified in the magic light. The heather ran in flaming purple floods down the mountain sides, out of which huge boulders rose moss-grown and rugged; and the river, which was so full of promise, wandered like a thread of silver through the gold and russet and purple peacefulness. The corn fields, newly cut, together with other signs of pastoral life, charmed my practical eye; and I noticed too that all the women I passed on my way were knitting, or flowering—as the fine hand embroidery on muslin and cambric is called. They returned kindly Gælic greetings to my "Dia dhuit" (God save you) with pleasant smiles; and truly I deemed my friend and myself fortunate in our surroundings.

One afternoon I had wandered towards the farther end of the Glen, and feeling thirsty and very tired under the hot sun, called at the open door of a neat cottage for the wayfarer's bite and sup. Just inside the threshold an old woman sat spinning, who rose and brought me a foaming jug of milk, and a generous square of thickly-buttered oaten bread. As I ate and drank she interrogated me

thoughtfully, noting my exhausted condition. Was it a long journey I had come? Had the fishing been good? Did I think I would feel able to return again that night? If not, she would make me a shake-down by the fire; and her nephew, with whom she lived, would gladly see after my comfort. She was a little thin woman with a pretty red on her old cheeks, very alert in her movements. As I answered, and told the distance I had come, she made little crooning sounds of interest. I showed her my basket heavy with fine trout, and begged her acceptance of a couple. "Ah no, no," she shook her head, "the gentleman ought to keep what he had won by his hard day's tramping to show his friends at the lodge or perhaps they wouldn't believe he had caught so many." Then we drifted into conversation about the country beyond the high hills that bulwarked the valley. Yes, she had once been beyond there when she was young; though now it seemed like a dream to remember that she had ever been anywhere in the world outside her own glen. She gave a strange start when I mentioned Loch na Soluis, and a shadow came over her eyes.

"I used to live there when I was a girl," said she.

I mentioned the names of a few of the villagers; amongst others, the Men of the Music.

"Ah, God forgive me," she wailed, putting up her hands to cover her face. "I knew them long ago."

At that a sudden light broke on me. "You are Eilis," I exclaimed involuntarily.

She dropped her hands on the instant, and the old face went pale as death.

"How do you know, who told you?" she gasped.

Already I had regretted my hasty and unwarrantable remark, but I had gone too far now to refuse the explanation she evidently desired. I fidgetted a moment awkwardly while she sat expectant. "If you please, will you tell me, gentleman," she said timidly.

So, as we sat there by the open door of her little cottage, with the twilight mists falling like a veil upon the heathery slope, and yellow corn-fields, and the river singing a little lullably of its own to the dying day, I told her the after-tale of Padraic and Brian O'Keeney. She crouched silent, with her apron over her head, rocking gently to and fro, as I spake.

When the tale was ended she uncovered her face and gazed at me earnestly with tear-filled eyes.

"What can I do?" she whispered. "Can I do anything at all?"

Then I had an inspiration. "Come back and make peace between them," I said. "You owe this reparation to their ruined lives."

She beat her bosom in passionate self-accusation.

"Ah yes," she murmured lowly, "we are old, now, and the grave near. I will go."

That night I accepted the hospitality of the nephew, and the next morning saw me set out accompanied by an old weeping woman, who all the way kept dabbing with a red cotton handkerchief at drenched eyes that were hardly to be seen under the dark gathered border of her hood. In spite of her grief she was excited and pleased at the novelty of the journey, and the swift motion of the train in-

spired her with awe. I could hear her praying softly at intervals.

When I brought Eilis to Niall Beg MacGinley's that worthy man looked as if a ghost had arisen. He recognized her at once, and it was a trembling hand he stretched out to clasp hers. I drew him aside and explained that after she had rested, he must take her up to the little white house on the hill. I had done my share,—with God should be the rest.

Afterwards Niall Beg told me the details of the interview. My regret is that I cannot give them in the impressive Gælic of his own words.

"They were sitting playing, one on each side of the greesaugh, when we came in," said he, "and the crickets were chirruping very loud. But for all that, it was a lonesome sight. Eilis stopped just inside the threshold, for I made her enter before me, and Brian was the first to see her."

"'What woman is this?' he called out, and his voice was loud and threatening. 'There is no place for a woman here.' At that she put back her hood and oh, God in Heaven, such a look in all their eyes.'

"'Eilis,' cried Brian.

"'Eilis,' cried Padraic.

"'I have come to make peace,' said she reaching out her hands suddenly and clutching a hand of each. 'To make peace where I made strife long ago.'

"Neither moved; they were too dazed, but I saw clearly the thought running through their minds—that it was for this woman, no longer young, no longer lovely, they had borne the weary burden of hate. They, like myself, had always dreamed of her as we had seen her last in her handsome girlhood, and the reality, though a shock, was the one thing necessary both to disillusion them and to extinguish their antagonism. I drew back into the shadows, leaving the three to themselves. Padraic was the first to speak.

"'Why did you do it, Eilis?' said he softly.

"'Why did you put this heart-break on us?' said Brian.

"'Be kind and make peace and forgive me,' she begged. And across her bent head, with the old affection breaking through the crust of dislike, the brothers gazed remorsefully into each other's eyes."

* * * * * *

Several years elapsed before I again revisited Loch na Soluis, and then I brought with me my dear wife. I found many changes in the familiar place, but my host of former days, Niall Beg, was still alive, though rheumatic and very feeble. In answer to my inquiries concerning the Men of the Music he shook his gray head sadly.

"They are under the sod in Kilcreevanty," he said, "sleeping soundly together. It was on a Christmas Day they died, and, curiously, they had long prayed that God might take them to Him on that day of days. They drew their last breath almost at the same moment; and were laid side by side in the one death-bed. There was never such a wake known before in the country, for people came from far and near. On the morning of their burial it was very wild and stormy, with a cold rain blowing from the west. Yet, for all that, two lighted candles were carried in front of their coffins across to the church-yard beyond, and though the rain fell and the wind blew, the candles were not

quenched nor did the flame flicker even once. This was a sign to show that they were holy souls, and had died at peace with God. May He give them rest."

And "May He give them rest," I repeated fervently after him.

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## UP AND DOWN.

BY KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

Some are going, going up,
In their hands a burnished cup,
Cheek and lip with hope aflame,
Eager for a quaff of fame.
Some are coming down instead,
With a heedless, listless tread,
Lo, their broken flasks of gold
Not a drop of honor hold.

Some are going up with flowers,
Fairest, rarest of life's bowers,
Going up to place their wreath
Feet of demi-god beneath.
Some are coming, coming down
With a faded scentless crown,
Where they dreamed it fond should lay,
Stood an idol but of clay.

Some are going hand in hand,
Confident that they shall stand
On love's summit, joyous, free,
In eternal harmony.
Some are coming down alone,
All the mystic music flown,
Sable garments tell of loss,
Of a cruel, crushing cross.

Some go up when skies are bright,
Winds of summer soft and light;
When in blithsome, waltzing way
Birds sing sweetest rondelay.
Some in weariness and strain
Wander down in dark and rain,
With their feet bruised, bleeding, bare,
And their hearts rent with despair.

# EDUCATORS' VIEWS ON EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

"Woman is the God-appointed educator." *

BY RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D.D.

Since it is our duty to educate, it is our duty to give the best education: and first of all to give the best education to woman: for she, as mother, is the aboriginal God-appointed educator. What hope is there of genuine progress, in the religious life especially, if we leave her uneducated? Where woman is ignorant, man is coarse and sensual; where her religion is but a superstition, he is sceptical and irreverent.

If we are to have a race of enlightened, noble and brave men, we must give to woman the best education it is possible for her to receive. She has the same right as man to become all that she may be, to know whatever may be known, to do whatever is fair and just and good. In souls there is no sex. If we leave half the race in ignorance, how shall we hope to lift the other half into the light of truth and love? Let woman's mental power increase, let her influence grow, and more and more she will stand by the side of man as a helper in all his struggles to make the will of God prevail. From the time the Virgin Mother held the Infant Saviour in her arms to this hour, woman has been the great lover of Christ and the unwearying helper of His little ones; and the more we strengthen and illumine her, the more we add to her sublime faith and devotion the power of knowledge and culture, the more efficaciously shall she work to purify life, to make justice, temperance, chastity and love prevail. She is more unselfish, more capable of enthusiasm for spiritual ends, she has more sympathy with what is beautiful, noble and godlike than man; and the more her knowledge increases, the more shall she become a heavenly force to help spread God's kingdom on earth. Doubtless our failure to win the hearts of all men is due in no slight degree to our indifference to the education of woman.

* (From a sermon preached in the Church of the Gesu, in Rome, for the benefit of a free night-school.)

## CATHOLIC WOMEN AS EDUCATORS.

BY MONSIGNOR CONATY.

The Old Testament loves to dwell upon the names of women prominent in the instruction of the people—Anna, the mother of Samuel, and Miriam, the sister of Moses, Judith at Bethulia, Esther at the Court of Assuerus, Ruth in the fields, and the mother of the Machabees at the altar of martyrdom. These are a few of the great characters which influenced the Jewish people. The deeds of three of them were of sufficient glory to merit a record in special books of the Testament. In the Christian dispensation Anna taught Mary the law, and Mary unfolded to the youthful Saviour the lessons of religion. Anna, the prophetess, foretold his greatness, and Elizabeth prepared the Baptist for his lifework. St. Paul constantly re-

fers to the women associated with him in apostolic work. He reminds us that St. Timothy, his disciple, learned the Scriptures from his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. Priscilla, with her husband, Aquila, accompanied St. Paul to Ephesus, and "there found Apollo, an eloquent and fervent man, and expounded to him the way of the Lord most diligently." St. John wrote his second Epistle to Electa, a lady eminent for piety and charity.

The first centuries of the Church are full of examples of noble women recognized. St. Methodius tells us in his Banquet of Virginia that St. Thecla, a disciple of St. Paul, was the first in secular philosophy and in polite literature. To compare a woman with St. Thecla was the greatest possible compliment. The Cathedral of Milan was built in her honor. One of the famous paintings in the Munich Gallery commemorates the preaching of the faith in Alexandria by St. Appolonia. St. Catherine of Alexandria, the niece of Constantine the Great, and daughter of the King of Egypt, renounced her right to the throne, in order to devote her life to the study of philosophy, with Plato as her favorite author. She shares with St. Jerome the honor as patron of scholastic philosophy. Her Acts and the Greek Menology of Emperor Basil affirm that she supported her theses of Christianity against the arguments of forty of the ablest heathen philosophers, and converted them to the faith, for which they were martyred. Art represents St. Catherine as the Christian Urania. Barbara was instructed by the great Origen; St. Basil and St. Gregory of Nyssa were instructed by their sister, St. Macrima. Hypatia, invited by the magistrates of Alexandria to teach philosophy, led many to Christianity. Theodora educated Saints Cosmos and Damian. St. Fulgentius tells us that he was educated by his mother, who made him learn Homer and Mender. St. Paula inspired St. Jerome to write his most important works. She was as well acquainted with Hebrew as with Latin and Greek. In letters written by him on the education of St. Paula's daughter we may see the estimate placed by St. Jerome on the higher education of women: "When old enough, let her read the works of St. Cyprian, the epistles of St. Athanasius, and the writings of St. Hilary." One can readily imagine what study this demanded. He said that he would be more honored by teaching the Spouse of Christ than the Philosopher Aristotle in being preceptor to the Macedonian King. St. Marcella, whom St. Jerome calls the greatest glory of the city of Rome, was often consulted by Bishops and priests on Biblical questions, after St. Jerome, who had taught her, had left Rome. Paula, Laeta, Fabiola, Marcella, all Roman ladies, were students of Scripture in St. Jerome's School. St. Melania was of great assistance to St. Augustine in his struggles with the Pelagians and the Nestorians, entering often into open controversy with them. St. Eustochius, according to St. Jerome, wrote and spoke Hebrew without Latin adulteration. Much might be said of the women who were in constant correspondence with St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Fulgentius, both with regard to the program of studies as also to the system of studies. Valaria, Proba Eudoxia, and Paula are names of Christian

women associated with the establishment of educational systems for the training of young women.

Volumes have been written upon the work of the nuns in education. The monasteries and convents which sprang up with the development of Christianity were nurseries of learning. Intellectual activity was often the test of a convent. St. Brigid, at Kildare, in Ireland; Hilda, at Whitby, in England; Lioba, with Boniface, in Germany; Gertrude, at Neville, in France, were the beginnings of great centres of knowledge which gave to the world a scholarship which spread through the Middle Ages, and has reached even to our own day. Mabillon recognizes that one of the glories of the Benedictine Order was the learning of its nuns, and he recalls the names of learned religious women in the monasteries which were as normal schools. He adds that there was great emulation for study between the monks and the nuns. St. Hildegards, of Bingen, known as the Sibyl of the Rhine, wrote treatises upon the laws of nature, anticipating, it is said, much of modern science. St. Gertrude, under Dagobert, learned the Holy Scriptures by heart, and translated them from the Greek. She sent to Ireland for masters to teach music, poetry, and Greek to the cloistered nuns at Neville. St. Catherine, of Sienna, was commanded to harangue the Sacred College of Cardinals, and Ventura says, "This showed the power of eloquence and depth of wisdom of this young Christian heroine." Ozanam says, "She shares the glory of the great writers." St. Teresa wielded as strong a pen as any writer in Spain. Hrotsvita, poet, dramatist, and historian, was a nun of Gandersheim, wrote Latin poems and stanzas, "which prove," says Bishop Spalding, "That in the institutes of learning of that day classical literature was extensively and successfully cultivated by women as well as men." In this convent of Gandersheim the course of studies included Latin, Greek, the philosophy of Aristotle, and the liberal arts. In the twelfth century the Abbess Herrade wrote an encyclopædia, which contained, says Dupanloup, all the sciences known in her day. Montelambert tells us that literary studies were cultivated in the monasteries for women in England during the seventh and eighth centuries perhaps with more enthusiasm than in the communities of men. Latin, Greek, poetry, and grammar were in the schedule of studies, while many were devoted to the study of the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and the New Testament. The annals of the famous monastery of St. Gall inform us that a woman introduced Greek in it. Quedlinburg, in Germany, like Gandersheim, attained to a high standard of education. Both were called colleges, because they were a centre of learning and a teaching body. Religious and classical writers were studied, and even law was taught. Hrotsvita gave the greatest reputation to Gandersheim, and her literary work has of late become the object of admiration among critics, as she by her dramas is thought to furnish the link between the comedies of classic times and the miracle plays of the Middle Ages.

St. Elizabeth, of Schonau, an adviser of Emperor and Pope, was a Benedictine nun in the Monastery of Schonau in the twelfth century. The Abbess Gertrude, known as St.

Gertrude the Great, in her convent at Helfta, in Germany, in the thirteenth century, was one of the great mystics, and she maintained that the girls should be instructed in the liberal arts, for, she said, if the pursuit of knowledge were to perish they would no longer be able to understand Holy Writ, and religion, together with devotion, would disappear.

The Catholic nun as an educational force is not a result of modern civilization nor of modern educational demands; she is rather one of the forces which have made modern civilization possible, as she is also one of the sources of strength and grace working for the salvation of modern society. She has what Fenelon calls "that divinest characteristic of love, the forgetfulness of self which spends itself without measure and gives itself without reserve." Si vis amari ama, love is only won by love.

The intellectual work of women in the Church found expression outside the convent in the ranks of public life among the royal families and in the quiet home circle. Editha, the wife of Edward the Confessor, taught grammar and logic. Queen Matilda, daughter of Margaret of Scotland, in her correspondence with St. Anselm, showed wonderful knowledge of Latin, and her acquaintance with Cicero, Quintillian, Jerome, and Gregory. Queen Clotilde was renowned for her knowledge of theology, and was an ardent opponent of Arianism in the court of her uncle, the King of Bergundy. Queen Redegonde, wife of King Clotaire I, was learned in Latin, Greek, and the Fathers, and established at Poitiers the first great Christian school for women. Queen Bathilde, wife of Clovis II, was zealous for science and religion, and established a monastery at Arbie, in France, which became famous because of its able masters. Vittoria Colonna was a woman of broad culture, whose poetical gifts entitle her to high rank in the literary world. The daughters of Sir Thomas More, in England, and Anna Binns, in Flanders, are a few of the many women who in their day attained intellectual greatness. Blanche of Castille, Isabella of Spain, Elizabeth of Hungary, Margaret of Scotland, and many other royal personages might be cited to show the anxiety for higher education which was often rewarded by great literary excellence. It is well to bear in mind that this desire among Catholic women for education was at a time when nations found more glory in conquest than in intellectual development.

If we cast a glance at the history of universities, we will find Catholic women associated with them, not merely as students, but as teachers. The Chronicles of Richard of Poitiers, speaking of Manigoldus, remarks that his wife and daughters were highly educated and taught Holy Scripture at the school of Salerno. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have some remarkable illustrations of the position held by women in university life. Bologna and Padua are world-famed universities of the Church. Among the teachers of Bologna we find the names of Prosperza de Rossi, who taught sculpture; Elizabeth Serani, a famous painter, who taught painting; Novello d'Andrea, who took her father's place in class and taught canon law for ten years; Anna Mazzolina was professor of anatomy; a woman succeeded Cardinal Mezzo-

fanti as teacher of Greek. Statues are erected to two women who taught botany in Bologna and Genoa. One of the famous teachers of the University of Padua was Helen Cornelia Biscopia, who proved herself worthy of the title of doctor of philosophy, which she received publicly in the Cathedral of Padua in 1678. Maria Agnesi, of Milan, who has given her name to the mathematical curve known as the Witch of Agnesi, was elected to the Bologna Academy of Sciences. Pope Benedict XIV declared that she was without question among the very first professors of analytics. The Pope in 1759 named her professor of mathematics at the University of Bologna, and when she demurred he assured her that Bologna had often heard in its chairs persons of her sex. Mlle. Legardiere wrote a work which Guizot says is the most instructive now extant on ancient French law. Plautillo Brizio, a woman architect, built the chapel of St. Benedict in Rome. In the eighteenth century women took degrees in jurisprudence and philosophy in the papal universities. Laura Bassi received the doctor's degree at Bologna, and was appointed professor in the philosophical college, where for twenty-eight years she delivered public lectures on experimental philosophy, until her death, in 1778. Vittoria Dolphina, Christina Rocatti, Veronica Cambera, and Troquinia Molza are a few of the many women honored by university degrees. Read the story of what some Catholic women have done for university education in England and America.

St. Elizabeth of Portugal induced her husband to found a university at Coimbra. The first regular professorship at Cambridge, the chair of divinity, was founded in 1502 by a Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII and of the Tudor line. She founded St. John's College and also Christ's College. Pembroke College was endowed in the fourteenth century by the widow of the Earl of Pembroke. Clare College was endowed and named by the Countess of Clare in 1338. Queens' College was founded in 1448 by Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI, who had founded Kings' College in 1441. Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV, and a friend of Margaret, completed her work. The first founder of the Catholic University of America and the donor of Caldwell Hall was Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, whose munificent gift made the University possible.

For fifteen centuries we find a record of noble deeds of Catholic women in education. It is true that much of it is hidden in the archives of convents and monasteries, and away from the glare of publicity, attesting indeed the simple service of consecrated lives to the glory of God and the salvation of souls. We must not forget the social conditions which often precluded the possibility of the general education of the last few centuries. It is impossible at this moment to more than refer to the establishment of those religious institutes of women, which for two centuries have taken so great a part in educating the women of the world. When the times demanded a more popular education the Catholic Church gave inspiration and encouragement to Catholic women to aid in the revival and general diffusion of knowledge among the people.

The student of education and edu-

cational methods will find abundant food for study in the annals that tell the history of the founders of those great religious institutes of women, which have sent forth into the educational life of the Church consecrated virgins whose one ideal is Christ, and whose one aim in education is to make Christ rule in the mind and in the heart of the people. Dominicans and Franciscans, Augustinians and Ursulines, Visitandines and Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy and Loretines, Presentation and Providence, Holy Cross, Sacred Heart, and Notre Dame. Their names are legion and their work is known best by the God whom they reverently serve. A Teresa, a Gertrude, an Angela Merici, a Jean Francois de Chantal, a Madame Barat, a Mother Seton, a Mother McAuley, a Madame LeGras, a Nano Nagle, a Mother Clarke, a Mother Ross, a Mother Catherine Drexel, a Mother Angela, a Mother Lalor, a Julie Billiart—these are the names of noble women full of faith and character, who have done wonders in the work of Christian education among Catholic women. Thus may be seen not only the desire for intellectual culture among Catholic women of the highest sanctity, but also the Church appears encouraging and rewarding them with most distinguished honors.

The Church in this country at this moment is rejoicing with the daughters of Madame Barat, who are thanking God for the Institute of the Sacred Heart, founded by her a hundred years ago for the education of women. It is not a mere coincidence that, at the same time, the Sisters of Notre Dame crown their work in the education of girls by the dedication of Trinity. Madame Barat, of the Sacred Heart, and Sister Julie Billiart, of Notre Dame, who were intimate friends, began their religious work together and remained united in the bonds of Christian charity, seeking the glory of God in the education of women.*

## "BETTER THAN THE HALL OF FAME."

BY REV. THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, S. J.

We can readily admit that our colleges for women are not equipped as extravagantly as other establishments which have lately been erected. That is due to reasons which are self-evident and in no way implies a disregard of such pursuits. But, nevertheless, in spite of our temporary drawbacks, we have yet to hear of any modern woman who has won lasting fame in such sciences. We have yet to find the equals of the Italian woman, Anna Mazzolina, who was professor of anatomy in the Papal University of Bologna, and of Maria Agnesi, who held the chair of mathematics in the same school; of that other woman who succeeded the marvellous Mezzofanti as professor of Greek, and of Novella d'Andrea, who taught the theologians their canon law. They were only a few of the distinguished women who lectured in that oldest of European universities which was under the protection of both Pope and Emperor, and which at one time had no less than ten thousand students from all parts of the world. It was no small honor to be conspicuous in such a place. In its halls dissection of the human body was first essayed, there Harvey

*(From Monsignor Conaty's address at the dedication of Trinity College.

worked out his theory of the circulation and transfusion of blood, and its museums of anatomy were famous all over Europe. There Galvani discovered what is now called galvanism, there Mezzofanti presided over its libraries, with their two hundred thousand precious volumes and their six thousand manuscripts. Its musical school had its seventeen thousand books on music, and in our own day Richard Wagner was happy to accept the honor of its degree. It had its agricultural and humanitarian schools established in a palace and, better than our Hall of Fame, it had its Pantheon of the university professors whose busts are placed in its niches. It was in the Papal States and distinctly under papal patronage, and yet we are informed that not for a time only but for centuries women were famous as professors there, and, although it may be a shock to our prejudices, that their taste commonly led them to the chairs of medicine and particularly of anatomy. Hence it would not appear that the Church was opposed to the higher education of women, or that it looked askance at the cultivation of the physical sciences.

A mannish woman is as offensive to the soul and even to the eye as is an effeminate man. As for fortitude, there can be no question but that women possess capacity for it to such a degree that men very frequently, even in common, every-day life, are forced to contemplate them with amazement, and sometimes with bitter self-reproach and shame. Once convinced of the worthiness of the object to which she is devoted, a woman does not keep incessantly harking back to the possibilities of failure, as men do, but through darkness and defeat hopes on and fights on to the bitter end. What is especially to their credit is that their battle is fought unnoticed of the world, while men have the glamour of public applause and the fear of public disgrace to keep them at the post of danger. As on the field of battle they know they will be shot down by their own men if they retreat and will be hailed as heroes if they remain. Holy Scripture represents the mulier fortis, the Woman with Fortitude, as rising in the night and toiling amid the cold of the snows, while her husband is honorable in the gates of the city and sitteth among the senators of the land. He has the applause of his fellow-men while she labors and suffers unnoticed at home, except by the Spirit of God, who records in Holy Writ that "far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her."

No Catholic can forget that, leaving out of consideration the unutterable heroism of the greatest of women, when men fled from the Christ, one valiant woman broke through the rabble and the ranks of the soldiery to wipe the blood from His anguished brow, and that others without fear stood publicly weeping and bewailing His sorrows as He journeyed to Calvary. Women stood at the foot of His cross where only one man dared to appear. The voice of a woman was heard amid the tumult of Good Friday, bidding Pilate desist, and one from the Court of Herod stood fearlessly forth as His disciple. Women were first at the tomb when men were cowering in the upper chamber "for fear of the Jews," as Holy Writ is careful to record, and they hastened in multitudes to clothe themselves with the red robes of martyrdom, and have

ever been as eager as men, only in greater numbers, to plunge into the dangers of savage countries for the salvation of abandoned souls; and at the present moment multitudes of delicate shrinking women are displaying the most astounding heroism in the depths of the forests of Africa, in the frozen regions of Alaska, or are laying down their lives with joy in the butcheries that are startling and shocking the civilized world in the upheaved empire of China today.

Their fortitude is not only not less but in many instances far greater than that of men; it is freer from the taint of vanity and unsupported by the human helps and accidents that sometimes manufacture heroes who a moment later would have succumbed as cowards. They are satisfied to be heroic and to be unknown if the object to which they willingly sacrifice their lives is advanced or even if it fail.

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(From an address delivered at Manhattanville on the occasion of the Centenary of the foundation of the Society of the Sacred Heart.)

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## BEYOND THE DEEP.

BY THOMAS A. WALSH.

Beyond the deep God grant us sleep,
And everlasting peace,
God grant us rest among the blest,
And from all ills surcease.

Beyond the night God grant us light,
And happiness supreme
Without a care in castles fair
By some celestial stream.

Beyond the flood where vapors brood
God grant we reach the shore
Of glorious skies in Paradise,
And joy forevermore.

Our labors done at set of sun
Let twilight's shadows come,
While from afar the evening star
Shines sweet as we go home.

# A BROADWAY IDYLL.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

The richest curio store on Broadway, New York, was that of Isme Gaboroff, and the richest man that could be found on Broadway, in a day's walk, was Isme Gaboroff himself. Fortune had done everything for him, but, in accordance with the eternal equities, Nature had done nothing, or rather, to be rigidly exact, she had done her best to make Isme Gaboroff the antithesis of beauty. Yet even ugly persons often possess a set-off to lack of good looks. They have a pleasant way about them, or they have very good personal traits, or they have kindly hearts. But none of those off-sets were bestowed on Isme Gaboroff. Temptations to do good were often thrown in his way, but he had heroically resisted them on every occasion. The stoicism with which he regarded adversity in other people was Spartan in its inflexibility.

Many thought at first that Isme Gaboroff was a Hebrew, for his physiognomy in some features suggested a Semitic strain. But his disposition repelled this supposition very quickly. The Hebrew race are sympathetic at least to suffering, and many of them make an effort to be agreeable whereever they can without loss of dignity or of money. But it was not so with the unfortunate Isme Gaboroff. Whenever he refused to do a good turn he always did so with a snarl and a bitterness of manner that made the refusal doubly mortifying.

He was a little man with an enormous head. He was very sallow in complexion, and his nose was long and beak-like in formation, so that it appeared almost to touch his lower lip. His eyes were sunken, and his eyebrows thick and shaggy. His hair which he wore short, stood straight like the bristles of a blacking-brush. He was round shouldered, and his arms were nearly as long as those of a gorilla. No one knew to what nationality Isme Gaboroff belonged. Some thought him a Russian, others believed him to be a Pole. A few ventured the opinion that he was a Hungarian gipsy, but those who had any business dealings with him that left him master of the situation pronounced him emphatically to be a Turk.

Isme Gaboroff's staff consisted of a small boy whom he called Flip. This was the proprietor's way of pronouncing the boy's name, which was given to him, when he inquired, as "Philip Finnigan, please, sir." Whenever a customer called for something in a remote corner, Isme Gaboroff immediately yelled out for "Flip" to go in search of it, and it was not long ere the youngster was known by this funny sort of sobriquet all about the "Rialto," for the customers at the little store were chiefly men of the airy and pleasant theatrical caste, which likes a joke or a bit of oddity of any kind, and which often makes the study of such characters as Flip and his employer by way of professional exercise.

Flip had been one of Father Drumgoole's orphanage boys. But he had made a false step. He had had a chum, a much older lad than himself, one Mike Brady, a wild spirit, one of

the frequent sort that is popularly known as harum-scarum. He was filled with the sea. The sea, the sea, was always flowing in his brain. To be a gallant rover like the one he had read of in Fenimore Cooper's "Water Witch"—this was the career of glory whose vision captivated Mike Brady. He endeavored to infuse some of his enthusiasm into Flip, but with indifferent success. Still Flip was so much attached to him that when he made off from the Home, and started off for the wharf to look out for a ship to accept his services, Flip went along with him. They found a ship, but the captain had no need for a second boy. Mike, being the stronger, got the place, and poor Flip was left sobbing on the wharf when the ship sailed out in the evening. He cried and waved good-bye as long as he could get a glimpse of his chum standing in the ship's shrouds, and when she disappeared in the evening mist he turned into a hallway and said the rosary for the success of his friend in his ambition to become a gallant sea rover, for poor child! he had no idea of what it meant. Then he walked sadly back up Broadway, not knowing what to do. He feared to face back to the Home as he believed himself to be a terrible culprit. The dazzling exterior of the theatres fascinated him as he sauntered along. He was gazing open-mouthed at one of the gorgeous show-boards and the proprietor of the bar, a stout gentleman with a bellicose air and a huge diamond in his shirt front, got a glimpse of him through the door. There was something in the boy's bright face that caught his fancy and he beckoned him inside. He wanted a boy and he there and then offered Flip the place. It was accepted, but not kept beyond the next morning for before the boy had been half an hour in it his ears were assailed with such profanity that he feared fire from Heaven would come down and consume it. He left after breakfast next morning, after telling the owner the reason of his departure, a fact which made that gentleman swear worse than any of the rest. Again he was fortunate, for only a few doors away the sign "Boy wanted" in Isme Gaboroff's window caught his eye. He went in, and, after much questioning as to his antecedents, was accepted. His story had been related so frankly that Isme Gaboroff, keenly suspicious, as he naturally was, did not ask to go to the Home to have it verified, but engaged the lad staight off when he had finished a short cross-examination on the main points of the tale.

Flip had caught a glimpse of a youthful, beautiful face peeping out curiously from behind a hideous Chinese idol, while he was under fire. By and by when he was duly installed, Isme Gaboroff said to him:

"I now go to lunch, boy, and if any customer calls for me you call my daughter Aglea inside there, and let her speak, not you, mind dat. You speak nothing at all, for you know nothing. If you speak one word about anything in dis store until I have put you up to all about it, out you go. Dye hear?"

Flip having intimated that he heard with all his ears, the old man shuffled out, and then, Aglea, who had been bursting with suppressed merriment inside came out and gave vent to her emotions aloud. When Flip first saw her fully, he felt dazzled as by a sudden gleam of sunshine. She seemed

like a liberated bird now that the presence of Isme Gaboroff was no longer felt. Flip was stricken dumb with astonishment while he watched her disporting herself like some beautiful wild thing of another world. She danced about the place like a fairy, and made it ring with her merry laughter. She made faces at the pair of bronze satyrs, caryatides from Pompeii that stood beside the antique ormolu cabinet from the castle of Gustavus Vasa. She then took down a pair of rusty sabres and crossing them on the floor danced the "gillie, callum" or scotch sword dance for Flip's delectation.

"My father," she explained to Flip, when she had recovered her breath, "won't let me stir from inside for a moment, only when he can't help it. He'd like to keep me in a cage, I think, so that nobody could ever see or hear me. Don't I be glad whenever he lets me alone?"

An instantaneous sympathy was established between these two innocent spirits. Aglea began immediately to put the boy in possession of everything she knew about the old store and the people who were in the habit of calling. She dwelt a good deal on one whom she called young Mr. Trevor. She described the face, figure, and gestures of each individual customer with such mirthful mimicry and pretty grimaces, that before a week had passed Flip had been able to recognize them one by one as they casually dropped in to look up whatever new things in old curios Isme Gaboroff had succeeded in picking up.

So packed was the interior of the old store with a medley of art paraphernalia that there was very little room for daylight left. Massive antique cabinets carved with quaint and grotesque figures formed a background. Heavy tapestry, heirlooms from the feudal ages flung a glamor of ghostly mystery about the innermost recesses. Full length effigies of men in armor, with grim-looking barred visors drawn down, kept motionless guard upon dusty pedestals. A sombre Rembrandt scowled from the wall beside a mellow Galatea of Rubens. Some rare old cabinets set off specimens of china that had come down from the fortieth dynasty before Confucius. A glass-case strongly wired displayed a glittering store of costly gems and coins of many kinds scattered in a promiscuous heap.

A great awe had chilled the heart in Flip when he first looked around the place, but this sensation did not last very long under the practical influence of Isme Gaboroff's business habits. Every spectral man in armor had his commercial value in hard dollars and every ghostly-looking piece of tapestry that fluttered eerily in the evening breezes when the twilight shadows began to steal in came down into the region of hard fact whenever an intending purchaser appeared upon the scene.

It was not very long until young Mr. Trevor dropped into the store, also looking for curios, and he came pretty often. Flip observed him looking in the direction of the Chinese idol, and sometimes he saw Aglea peeping out slyly and smilingly at young Mr. Trevor.

One day old Gaboroff, turning suddenly round, caught her smiling thus and it did not appear to gratify him by any means. When Mr. Trevor departed Gaboroff took his daughter aside and administered what Flip be-

lieved to be some parental advice. As it was in a foreign language he could only surmise this.

Aglea did not come to the store for some weeks after this episode, but young Mr. Trevor came in once to look after an antique bronze which had just emerged from the tomb of Agamemnon, as was advertised, or, more likely, from the forge of Bill Smith in Brummagem. Flip saw him look anxiously around the store, and noticed that he seemed quite wanting in interest in the antique bronze, after that hurried investigation. But his interest quickened apparently when Isme Gaboroff, who seemed to be in high spirits, produced a wonderful treasure which he had lately acquired, and began to unfold its beauties.

"This," said he, "is de gold chain that was worn by de mayors of Belgrade down to de time of its siege. It is composed of pieces presented by every king of Hungary from de time of St. Stephen down to John Hunyadi. Dat is Hunyadi's portrait dere, set in brilliants."

"It is a splendid relic, I admit," said young Mr. Trevor, as he examined the rare old piece of jewelry, "but I suppose it is only a millionaire who could afford to buy it. What figure do you put on it, Mr. Gaboroff?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars, not one cent less," replied that amiable individual, with a triumphant grin. "Dere is not anoder curio in de whole world like it, Mr. Trevor. Oh, it did cost me ever so much money, and troubles to get it."

"Whew," exclaimed young Mr. Trevor, "that's more in Jay Gould's line than mine. Dad is not quite as rich as Gould, and though he doesn't mind giving me a few hundred now and again for real good things, he'd run me out if I mentioned anything like this. Why you could buy an estate for that figure."

"Very true, Mr. Trevor, but it is an estate in itself, dat antique," answered Isme Gaboroff.

The young man turned the treasure over and over, examining its workmanship with a critical eye. It was in truth a masterpiece of the jeweler's art.

"It is worth a king's ransom," he said, holding the treasure out at arm's length and admiring the collective effect. "That chain, stretching over a pair of broad shoulders with a mantle of crimson and a cape of ermine, must have made the wearer look something majestic."

Isme Gaboroff as he took the chain remarked while he folded its glittering links in sections:

"It is all good, Mr. Trevor, all very good; but see here, dat von piece in de middle, dis picture set in diamonds, is as good to me any time as ten thousand dollars."

"I'd give my eyes to be able to buy it as it stands," said the young man. "But what's the use? Dad would never hear of such a deal, he couldn't afford it. Put the thing away, Mr. Gaboroff, please; it is too tempting."

"It might tempt an honest man to steal it, eh? You tink so?" queried the hideous old man with a grin intended for a tantalizing smile as he put the heap carefully back into its velvet-lined box of inlaid ebony.

"Well, you had better not show it to everyone, that's all, I tell you my friend," replied the young man, with a laugh. "Some might think a few years in Sing Sing not too high a price to pay for it."

He went out and Flip did not see him again for several days. When he did see him it was in the dusk one evening near the hour for closing the store. Flip had gone outside to get small change for a dollar as the old man wanted some nickels ready to hand to pay his car fare for he never cared to change money in public places. As Flip turned the corner of the block in search of an open store he came plump against young Mr. Trevor and Aglea. They were standing at the corner of the block, out of sight of Isme Gaboroff's store, and engaged in some absorbing conversation. Flip's sudden appearance startled Aglea not a little. "For your life don't tell father you saw me speaking to Mr. Trevor this evening," she said.

"I mind my own business, and if I'm asked no question I'll tell no lies," was Flip's answer as he darted up the street on his errand, fearful of incurring the wrath of old Gaboroff by staying one moment longer than the minimum of time necessary for his purpose. But the Fates would have it that he could not get the needed change as easily as he and Isme Gaboroff imagined. There was none at the cigar store and he was only successful in getting what he wanted after he had tried half a dozen places.

Impatient, angry and wondering at the prolonged absence of his messenger Gaboroff had put his padlock on the door of the store, and started out in search of him. He saw the lad disappear around the corner, and this way he bent his searching steps.

At the corner of the street he met his daughter, and hurrying away in the opposite direction he saw a man's figure which, even without his spectacles, he had no difficulty in recognizing as that of young Mr. Trevor.

"Father," began Aglea, "I came to tell you that the servant has left without giving any notice, and—"

"The servant be ——," interrupted Isme Gaboroff, furiously, "what are all de servants in New York to me? I see Trevor going up away dere. You have been speaking to him, I know you have. You need not deny it."

"I met Mr. Trevor," faltered Aglea, "and I could not help speaking to him."

"I know you met him; you took good care to meet him," sneered the old man. "But believe me, I'll put a stop to his coming after you. I'll settle Mr. Trevor if he keep running after you; mind dat."

The approach of Flip with the change put a stop to the old man's angry threats. But Flip caught their meaning immediately, for he had seen Mr. Trevor up the street, and he remembered the former episode between Aglea and her father, of which Mr. Trevor was the subject.

Next evening a little before the hour for closing, young Mr. Trevor strolled into the store. "That chain," he said, "Mr. Gaboroff, I cannot get out of my head. I have been speaking to Dad about it, and if he could only see it he might be tempted to do something about it. But 'tis no use asking him to come here."

"I guess not; he doesn't care for being seen in my store. It is not a place for one of de four hundred, but a poor second-hand place," said the old man.

Young Mr. Trevor could not but catch the tone in which Isme Gaboroff said this. It was bitter and sneering, and he wondered why. So far as he

knew his father and old Gaboroff were perfect strangers.

"You are wrong by a good deal," he said, rather warmly. "My father is none of that sort. He goes whereever he has a mind to or his business takes him, and is not ashamed to be seen anywhere, for he has no reason to be."

"Oh, I meant no offence, M Trevor, not at all. I only meant to say your father is very rich, and has no need to go about looking for second-hand things when he can so easily buy splendid new ones."

"A man who owns a gold mine might come to a store like this, and there are no new things made like this chain by the modern jewelers. So I don't see how your remarks apply, Mr. Gaboroff."

The old man again attempted an awkward apology, and made himself very busy hunting up rare curios from the recesses of his cabinets, anxious apparently to retrieve the mistake he had made in referring to Mr. Trevor, senior, so sarcastically. It was easy to appease the young man's anger. He told Isme Gaboroff to say no more about it as there was no harm intended, and in a moment was joking and laughing with the old man as gaily as ever.

A few minutes after he left the store, and Isme Gaboroff called out Flip, who was in the inside room dusting the pictures and furniture, to run after Mr. Trevor with his gloves which he had forgotten on the counter. Flip dashed off like a greyhound and overtook the young gentleman just as he was about turning into the theatre.

"Do you never get tired of that old bric-a-brac store, Flip?" he asked, as he looked at the bright face of the lad, after he had thanked him substantially for bringing back his lost property. "You are too smart to stick there all your lifetime."

"I like the place very well," answered the lad. "I feel as if I was at home, like, with the pictures and the men in armor. They're a kind of relations at times, I think, as I've got none others that I knew of. The only drawback is that they're all so deaf and dumb."

"There are pictures and statues that speak sometimes, and perhaps some of those in the store can do so, if they only like. Likely enough when you and old Gaboroff quit the store at night they settle down to talk over all the day's doings."

Flip looked hard at Mr. Trevor. That young gentleman's face was as rigid as a pier of Brooklyn bridge.

"I have heard some talk about tables that rap out words like the telegraph," said Flip, slowly, "but this is the first time I heard about anything like pictures being given to gab. I can't understand it nohow."

All the way back he thought over this subject. He had never heard or dreamed of such a thing, and now that he had he was not inclined to credit it. Still it had a strange hold over his fancy all at once. Isme Gaboroff did not hear him enter the store when he got back. The old man was bent down very near the floor, fumbling about the pedestal of a large bronze group, known as the "Laocoon." So absorbed was he in his occupation that he did not hear the boy. A great wagon loaded with iron rails happened to be rumbling by as he entered, and the noise it made for a few minutes was deafening.

Like a flash an idea entered Flip's

mind. Why not stay in the store all night and see whether Mr. Trevor was right or not? There was an antique lounge upon which he could sleep very well, and there were piles of hangings which would serve well for bedclothes. In his pocket there was a hot Frankfurter sausage which he had bought a moment before for his supper, thanks to the liberality of young Mr. Trevor. He might never have such a chance again. Instantly thought of, instantly the plan was put into operation. To throw himself under a heap of curtains which lay in the corner of the store, away at the back, was only the work of a second. Then came an anxious moment. Isme Gaboroff came along, muttering to himself, as he took his usual nocturnal survey of the contents of the store previous to taking his departure.

"Dat boy should be back before this," he muttered several times. "De young rascal is getting a loiterer. I shall scold him in de morning. I will fine him, may—be—yes, dat would be better. Now I shall shut up de store, for it does not matter whether he comes back or not."

"Ho! ho!" he went on, laughing hoarsely and slapping his hands together in a sudden burst of glee, "ho! ho! will I not have my revenge out of that villain, Trevor? To have his son charged as a tief—dat will be splendid. To be sure, it will not be so good as to be able to steal his wife, but it takes away some of de debt. Half a loaf is better than no bread any day."

A horrid fear froze the heart in Flip as he listened to these astounding threats. What direful mischief did they forebode to the unsuspecting young man whom he had just quitted? What painful family history did they hint at? He had never heard a whisper of anything relating to it, and yet there must be some dreadful secret at the bottom of all these gloating threats. He pushed a fold of the curtains slightly open, so that he could get a peep at the old man.

Isme Gaboroff was now standing before the bronze statuette of the Laocoon, rubbing his hands gleefully and chortling to himself like an ugly bird of prey. He was stooping and examining first one side, then another, of the pedestal.

"Safe as de grave," he chuckled, as he straightened himself as nearly as his bent shape would allow. "Not one in a million would ever suspect dere was a secret slide in such a work as dat. Lie dere until you are wanted, John Hunyadi; you will do better in dere dan along with your company.

This was all a riddle to Flip; the only key to it was that some harm was intended the young gentleman who was always so kind and genial to him. That was enough.

A few more chortles and chuckles, and then Flip heard the welcome sound of the door slamming and the patent lock turning, and the old man was off at last. Now Flip was free to learn for himself all about the talking statues and pictures. There was one of these things at least that was able to keep a secret, and that was better than speech sometimes. Extremely few people have that gift. Even old Isme Gaboroff, with nobody to hear, as he thought, was unable to keep his own mind to himself. What a very beautiful provision of Nature that seemed to Flip, just then.

But it was growing dark, and he was anxious to find out more about

the secret. He went to work at once. He examined the pedestal with as keen an eye as the lessening light would permit, but it showed no division or mark of any kind. He lifted it up, though with difficulty on account of its weight, and peered at the lower surface, and felt it with one of his hands whilst the other kept the group tilted at an angle. He pounded the pedestal on the stout table on which it rested; it sounded solid. Flip began to think he must have been mistaken about the matter, and that old Gaboroff meant some other work while he accidentally stood opposite this one. But he must not give up so easily. He set the group down again, and with both hands began an investigation of the figures, feeling the surface of the work bit by bit, and pressing firmly as he went along with forefinger and thumb. One of the sides of the pedestal suddenly shot out from the square as he was examining the cavity under the armpit of the central figure. It revealed a silk-lined and padded drawer, filled with sparkling gems, and amongst these the medallion of John Hunyadi!

Why this piece should be detached from the remainder of the chain, Flip could not imagine. All that he could surmise was that it was connected somehow with the mischief that was intended young Mr. Trevor. He pushed the drawer back into its place, into which it glided silently and then snapped fast with a click. He had found out enough about the talking statues and pictures for that occasion. Though his curiosity was satisfied, however, his hunger was still to be appeased. He munched his Frankfurter with gusto, and then, coiling himself up in the bundle of drapery, was soon in the land of dreams.

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The noise made by Isme Gaboroff on opening the store in the morning recalled Flip to the world of reality. The dilemma which confronted him now was the most difficult part of his enterprise. How to put in an appearance, or how to account for his being in the store, was a tremendous crux. He began to shiver. But while he was working himself up to an agony of terror over his miscalculated difficulty, the old man suddenly solved it for him, by making a sudden dash from the store and running out into the street, yelling "Police" in a shrill and unearthly voice, half croak, half hysterical treble.

Flip saw that in his excitement he had left the door open. He peeped out, and saw Gaboroff a few yards away, his back turned to the store, and his cry for the ever-absent in extremity still resounding through the half-empty thoroughfare.

Flip at first thought something was really wrong, seeing that he had gone out leaving the door of the store wide open, but a look around showed him that in doing so he had run no very alarming risk. Everything was secure in its place in the store. The showcases had not been unlocked, and the great safe was just as he had left it on the preceding evening. Only large and weighty objects lay about the store, none of which could be removed without difficulty. The old man, just then turning around, caught sight of Flip coming, as he thought, to the store.

"Here, boy; quick," he cried. "Run down de street as fast as you can, and fetch one or two policemen—if you can find any of de loafing rascals. Go to de station if you can't get any in

de street. Bring one or two here as fast as you can."

"What is the matter, sir, suppose they ask me?" inquired Flip, in the most innocent way possible to imagine. "Matter!" cried his employer. "I've been robbed, dat's de matter. Thousands of dollars' worth. Run and bring de police instantly."

Flip now was sure that the old man meant mischief, for he knew that he had not opened the safe or looked at anything in the store since he opened it that morning. The thought of such villainy made him gasp. What good angel led him to steal a sleep in the store, he wondered. It was like some of those things he had seen on the stage, where some lucky accident to one of the characters always prevents a murder, or a young lady being carried off by an unappreciated lover, or some similarly dreadful thing. To the station he had to go in order to get an officer of the law, as the exigencies of the public service required then, as now, that no unseemly haste be shown in the movements of dignified bodies.

A great robbery had been committed in his store since the preceding evening, was the old man's statement to the officer. Before he had time to say any more the policeman stopped him, and, glancing with a profound look of sagacity at Flip, told the old man to stop until all witnesses were out of hearing.

Isme Gaboroff took the hint, and desired Flip to go down the street and buy the morning paper.

This manœuvre greatly disconcerted Flip. He was dying with anxiety to watch what turn events were about to take, and here he was at the very outset blind-folded, as it were. But the suspense was not to be of long duration. The policeman was leaving the store just as Flip came back with the paper, and not a word was said by Isme Gaboroff on what had passed during his absence until after a second visit from the policeman, which took place about noon. Then Isme Gaboroff called the boy and bade him come along with him, without saying whither. Flip asked no questions, although his curiosity was consuming him.

He had never heard of the Spartan boy who kept a dignified silence while a wolf was leisurely devouring his internal anatomy, but he played his part under these aggravating conditions just as well as Flip of Sparta did.

Locking the store behind him, Gaboroff started off with the boy beside him. He took the street car crossing over in the direction of the Jefferson Market police station. When Flip saw him mounting the steps of that ominous building his heart failed him. He knew by this that Isme Gaboroff was up to mischief.

But he was not long left to speculate upon the outcome of this novel drama. He soon found himself in the midst of a knot of policemen and gentlemen who looked liked lawyers' clerks, and to his utter astonishment beheld among others his friend, as he had come to regard him, young Mr. Trevor. Beside Mr. Trevor was a policeman. Behind these stood an elderly gentleman who, despite his white moustache neatly trimmed and his grey hair, bore a great resemblance to young Mr. Trevor. Florid in face, and slightly corpulent though he was, he still bore the traces of having been in his day a remarkably handsome man. Flip con-

cluded at a glance that he stood in the relation of parent to his friend. And Flip's inferences were usually correct.

While he stood lost in wonder at this position of things, a voice cried out, "Isme Gaboroff, complainant; Horace Trevor, defendant."

Isme Gaboroff stepped forward. He was sworn to tell the truth, and he immediately proceeded to state that he had been robbed of a costly jewel, to wit, a medallion set with diamonds, forming a link of a great relic, the chain of office of the mayors of Belgrade, the portrait of the hero, John Hunyadi.

Flip, knowing what he did, gasped with astonishment. It seemed almost miraculous that he should be brought there to throw light, as he immediately determined to do, upon this dark transaction.

The old man went on to tell how he had been showing the ornament to young Mr. Trevor, of the eagerness to acquire it which the young man had exhibited, and of his being the last person who had handled it previous to its abstraction. It was taken off the chain, he believed, while his back had been turned for a moment. Owing to the way in which the chain was made, he explained, it was quite easy to slip it off and link the chain together again. He produced the remainder of the chain to show how this could readily be done by a person of ordinary dexterity.

"Have you any witness to the fact of this young gentleman examining the chain, as you state, Mr. Gaboroff?" queried the magistrate.

"Yes, sir; I have dis lad who attends de store," replied the old man.

"Let him come forward," said the magistrate. "Now, what is your name, my little man?"

"Flip, sir."

"Flip," echoed the magistrate. "What kind of a name is that?"

"I don't know, sir. That's what I'm always called."

"But surely you must have some other name. What is your baptismal title?"

"I almost forget it, sir. Oh, yes, I believe I was christened Philip Finnigan, but 'tis so long since any one called me by that name I almost forget."

"Do you know the nature of an oath, my little man?"

"Yes, sir; I am calling God to witness that I am telling the truth."

"A good answer, indeed. Now, do you know anything about this robbery?"

"'Tis no robbery, sir; only a fake. I know all about it, and I'll tell."

Flip then went on to describe all that he had overheard and discovered during the night. The face of Isme Gaboroff, as he listened to his witness became distorted with rage and fear, until it gave a very good artistic suggestion of the "missing link." With a half-suppressed cry he sank upon the seat beside him, as if from weakness. Then he jumped up and made a movement toward Flip, with outstretched talons of hands, as though he would choke the boy. But the burly form of the policeman interposed to frustrate his intention, whatever this was. Then the magistrate said:

"This case appears to be taking a very peculiar turn. What have you got to say to this very grave accusation, Mr. Gaboroff?"

"It is all not true," he said, hoarse-

ly. "I wish to go out of dis. I do not want to say any more about it."

"Stay where you are," commanded the magistrate, sternly. "You appear to forget that you are dealing with the law, after you had invoked it. You say this lad is telling lies on his oath."

"Let me go home," persisted Gaboroff. "It is all lies, but I want to hear no more about it. I wash my hands out of de whole business."

"They will require a good deal of washing, I am inclined to think, judging from your behavior. In order to decide whether this boy's statement is true or not, he shall go off to your store in company with an officer of this court."

"He shall never go back to my store. It is locked, and he shall not get in," cried the old man, shrilly.

"The door shall be broken in if you offer any obstruction to the process of the law," replied the magistrate, in tones whose meaning no one could mistake. "Another word from you of a similar character, and I shall order you under arrest for contempt."

It was now for the first time that the old man seemed to realize the gravity and danger of his position. His sallow face grew lemon-colored with fear as he looked at the severe and threatening face of the magistrate and read there that he must expect no assistance out of the trap which he had so little compunction in laying for another. He cast an appealing look at the dignitary and in a very humble tone, said, "I see I have been wrong, sir, in making dis charge against dis young gentleman. I am very sorry for it, and I will beg his pardon. I now beg you will be so good as to let me go."

"I shall do no such thing," replied the magistrate. "I shall instead make out a warrant for your committal on the charge of wilful perjury, and let the grand jury deal with you."

A despairing cry burst from the lips of Isme Gaboroff as he listened to so dreadful a sentence, as it seemed to him. Then, before any one had had time to anticipate his action, he had gained the side of Mr. Trevor, the elder, and the gleam of something in his uplifted right hand was seen by those in the immediate vicinity of the group.

"Take dat for de wife you took from me, you sleek old villain," he yelled as with the fury of a maniac he made a lunge at the old man. "If I go to prison I shall at least—"

His left arm was coiled about the old man's neck—for he had sprung upon him like a wild cat—and the blow was about to descend when the knife was jerked out of his hand and he himself flung to the floor in a heap by the policeman. Then a pair of handcuffs were quickly slipped on his wrists, and he was forced back, struggling, gibbering, and foaming at the mouth, upon the seat from which he had darted to make the attack.

All eyes were turned upon the elder Mr. Trevor when this exciting scene was at an end. It was felt that unless his assailant was a sheer lunatic there must be something at the bottom of his vindictive action. The magistrate cast an inquiring glance at Mr. Trevor.

"Some explanation of this strange attack is, perhaps, called for," he said, coming forward to the table, "and I shall give it briefly. My only previous knowledge of this old man is confined to one occasion, about fifteen years ago, when he was apparently a

traveling peddler. I resided at the time at Yonkers, the place being then but sparsely inhabited, and my residence being at a considerable distance from any other. Walking home one evening from the train, I heard a woman's cry, some distance ahead. I ran forward, the cry being repeated, and found this fellow, Gaboroff, savagely beating a very delicate-looking and pretty woman, who I subsequently learned was his wife, according to Gipsy law—for I believe the fellow is a cast-off member of that tribe. I flung him aside and I believe struck him with my cane—for my feelings at seeing a woman beaten got the better of my judgment. He rushed at me with a knife, as he has just now done, but I soon disarmed him—for I was then stronger and suppler than I am now. The woman, who was trembling with terror, implored me not to leave her to his tender mercy. His rage was caused by jealousy. She feared he would kill her, and I, being a magistrate, took it on myself to be her protector. I warned the fellow that if he followed us I would give him into custody, or if necessary shoot him, and he slunk away, cursing as he went along until his voice died in the distance.

I brought the woman to my house and placed her under my sister's care. The poor creature was sadly in need of some tending her nerves were so shattered, and her system so much reduced by a long period of violence, hardship and continual terror. When she had been brought around a little I counselled her to seek legal separation from her persecutor. She assented, but her first anxiety was about her child, a little girl, whom she had had to leave in New York.

Her fears on this head were but too well grounded. I sent a confidential messenger to the city to try to secure the infant, but it was too late. Gaboroff had been there beforehand and had gone off with the babe, no one knew whither.

How deeply this affected his miserable wife I cannot describe. From that day she gradually drooped and pined away. It was pitiable. She was so young, so sweet-faced, and so fragile. A strange climate and a life of wandering and hardship had undermined her constitution, and the seeds of consumption, we found, had been planted so deeply in her system that her removal was hopeless. Well, sir, there is no use in prolonging the story. It is a painful one to me for I had never been so profoundly moved as by the fate of that poor girl. Her piety, under all her sufferings reminded us of the stories of the saints. We had heard something of the fervency of Catholic faith, my sister and I, but never could we have realized how deep it was and how consoling at the hour of death, until we saw this gentle young mother prepare to quit this life, trusting implicitly in God and the Blesed Virgin to guard her infant in life, and praying for the wretch who had been so cruel to her.

Soon we carried her to the little churchyard in Yonkers, and she bore our hearts with her there for a while, she was so winning and beautiful in disposition. How such a fair and gentle being came to be united to a creature like this Gaboroff I often wondered. One day before she died she told me that it was a sacrifice she made to save her father, who was an Englishman living in Vienna, from the consequences of some crime into

which he had been led by association with the tribe to which Gaboroff belonged.

I knew nothing of Gaboroff from that time until a few days ago, when my son, in speaking about this place recalled the man to my memory. This is the whole story of my connection with him so far as it is necessary to go into it."

* * * * * *

It was expected by a charitable news-esurient public that a considerable amount of interest would be afforded in the trial of Isme Gaboroff for perjury and attempted murder, but this anticipation was doomed to disappointment. By some mysterious means he disappeared from the Tombs prison whilst sojourning there awaiting his trial, and people were left to speculate as to whether he had bribed the wardens to let him out or had been assisted out by supernatural agency.

There were not a few who believed the latter theory as the more probable one.

Aglea disappeared with her father. Young Mr. Trevor, who was almost distracted, set every agency in motion that he could think of to discover her whereabouts, but without avail.

* * * * * *

Another proprietor was running the bric-a-brac store on Broadway, and Flip, now several inches taller than when we saw him at first, was sitting in it one day, a couple of years after the change, when looking up from the paper he had been reading his glance fell upon a lady who had been watching him through the window. It was Aglea.

It was a joyful meeting that ensued there, and a still more joyful one when young Mr. Trevor was made aware of the fact of the girl's return. Her father had died abroad, she would not say where, or how faithfully she had stayed by him when every other hand was against him. Only the recording angel knew how faithfully she fulfilled a daughter's duty, forgetting his harshness in this one instance and only remembering how good he had been to her during all the period of her infancy. He had left her wealthy, and as she had made some friends in New York she felt that it was the only place like home to her now. It need hardly be said that this decision entirely met young Mr. Trevor's approval. Even New York was growing dull to him ever since Aglea disappeared from its precincts.

It was observed that Flip wore a wedding favor in his coat one morning a few months after her return. He was then the proprietor of a new bric-a-brac store of his own, set up on the strength of funds supplied by Mr. Trevor, senior. An exquisite miniature copy in marble of Father Drumgoole's statue now adorns the mantelpiece of his brown stone house on Madison Avenue, but the classic story of the other sort of priest who with his sons was sacrificed to the fury of the gods is ever before his mind's eye as he looks at the group of the Laocoon. This, which he secured at the sale of Isme Gaboroff's effects, he always keeps in his store and will not sell to anybody, because he considers it an impressive reminder of the punishments that await those who offend heaven by sacrificing to the false gods of jealousy, cruelty, and treachery.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

The third volume of Brownson's Life —from 1856 to 1876—has been published recently by his son, Henry F. Brownson, and like the preceding volume contains a mass of correspondence of deep interest not only to churchmen, but to all students of the church's history in America. Letters from Archbishops Hughes and Elder, Bishops Spalding, Kenrick, O'Connor, Wood and McCloskey; from Montalembert, Charles Sumner, General Rosecrans, and many other men, prominent in affairs of church or state, show clearly in what surroundings Brownson's life was passed, what influences entered into it, and the wide scope of human interests that engaged the earnest thought of this remarkable man, of whom his biographer says:

"Looking back on the long career of his life, and knowing how little he cared for the praise of consistency, and how little pains he took to be consistent, the wonder is that he changed in questions of vital importance so seldom, and so little; not that he changed so frequently and so much. He maintained through life the same principles, and, since he had faith, the same faith. Before he was a Catholic he had no faith, and nobody ever heard him pretend that he had. As a Catholic not only did his faith remain firm, but in no instance can he be accused of having resisted legitimate authority, or of refusing ready and cheerful obedience to the orders of authority when speaking in its own name."

In this connection may be quoted Brownson's own words, addressed to his readers, in January, 1863, in reply to criticisms that had reached him:

"We hear from various quarters that we are growing old and prosy. Perhaps we have exhausted ourselves and have become a bore; but it is hard to make a bore feel that he is not agreeable and entertaining, or an old man believe that he is not still young, or at least just entering into the prime of life. The friends we have lost we of course regret, for not a few of them we love and reverence; but they have turned their backs on us, mainly through misunderstanding and the apprehension of what we might do, rather than for anything we have done. We are what we have been, what we shall always be,—a bold, rough, independent man, but a sincere, earnest, and devoted Catholic, who believes that he can save his soul only in the church, and has no wish to lose it. The Church is our mother, and never knowingly will we grieve her maternal heart, or, knowingly have we done so. We have labored in thought, word and deed, for what we regarded as the true interests of Catholicity in our age and country."

Writing on his father's views of common school education for American children, Mr. Henry Brownson voices his assertion that "it was only fitted to make them infidels, libertines, rogues and sharpers. Catholic children can be brought up to be good citizens only as Catholics, and in schools under the supervision and control of the Church."

His views on suffrage for women were equally decided. 'He honored woman as the dutiful wife, the loving mother, the affectionate daughter or sister, the warm-hearted friend," but had no admiration to waste on a certain class extravagantly denounced by him. 'He declared that if he were a young man, he would rather take a hurricane, a volcano or an earthquake to be his wife, than one of those spouting agitators who can breathe at ease only in storm and tempest.'

And yet there must have been much of storm and tempest for the gentle lady who shared his strenuous life, and of whom he says, writing after her death, 'I hope I may say that my wife was what the Scriptures call a valiant woman, and, under God, I am principally indebted to her meek and unobtrusive virtues in all the relations of her heroic life that my own mind was turned to the study of the truth, and by her generous encouragement led to embrace it, although she was not at the time within the pale of the Church."

Of particular interest are the chapters treating of the "American Redemptorists," "The Jesuits," "Dr. Forbes and Archbishop Hughes," "Slavery" and "War Troubles."

Dreading lest the judgment of a son might be deemed partial, Mr. Brownson says that in preparing this life of his father, his purpose has been to let others speak for him, and from the mass of testimony at his control he has put forward letters equally free in finding fault as in bestowing praise, and concealing nothing because it was unfavorable. "It would have been difficult otherwise to furnish the candid reader with premises

on which to form a just and impartial judgment."

Henry F. Brownson, Detroit, Michigan.

"The History of the Diocese of Hartford," by Rev. James H. O'Donnell, is a fine volume of more than five hundred pages, embellished with portraits of the present and former Bishops and Vicars General, and the Pastors of the Diocese, and numerous illustrations of churches, religious, charitable and educational institutions. The work is rich in historical data woven into the story of the trials and adventures, the struggles, defeats and triumphs of the sturdy Catholic settlers, men of brawn as well as men of brain.

Though Connecticut shared the illiberal spirit of those early days, and intolerance was prevalent, Father O'Donnell records to its credit that "Unlike Massachusetts, New York and Virginia, the statute books of Connecticut were never stained with enactments against the Jesuits or other Catholic priests. What have passed current for anti-priest laws are stupid forgeries, the creation of a clergyman (Rev. Samuel Peters), who was forced to leave Connecticut on account of his offensive Tory propagandism." Race prejudice was strong. Witness this extract from a document framed in Voluntown in 1772, a protest against the installation of a Presbyterian minister of Irish birth:

"Therefore we protest against settling Mr. Dorrance, because he is a stranger, and we are informed that he came out of Ireland, and we do observe that since he has been in town the Irish do flock into town, and we are informed that the Irish are not wholesome inhabitants, and upon this account we are against settling Mr. Dorrance, for we are not such persons as you take us for, but desire the Gospel to be preached by one of our own, and not by a stranger, for we cannot receive any benefit, neither of soul nor of body, and we would pay him to withdraw himself from us."

The saddest page in the history of Catholicity in Connecticut is that recording the treatment of the exiled Acadians in that state, where "they were frequently treated as paupers and bound out to the most menial service."

The history is a valuable acquisition to the library of every college and academy, and will familiarize readers with the glorious record of their ancestors in the faith in this country.

D. H. Hurd Co., Boston; or Rev. James O'Donnell, Watertown, Conn. $3.50.

"Shakespeare's Life and Work," by Sidney Lee, is a reprint, with certain omissions and abbreviations, of the author's "Life of William Shakespeare." It gives in small space and at moderate cost a complete and accurate account of the great dramatist's career. Students and general readers will find it a useful handbook, presenting as it does the results of careful research respecting Shakespeare's life and achievements. The more pertinent pieces of illustrative information contained in the footnotes to the larger edition are here embodied in the text. Some chapters dealing with Shakespeare's sonnets have been greatly abridged, and sections of the appendix deemed necessary to the exhaustive discussion of the subject have been excluded, but sufficient information has been retained to make the story of the sonnets perfectly coherent. A succinct bibliography of Shakespearian literature and a note on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy are found at the end of the volume. The full list of contents is intended to serve as a chronological table of the events and literature of which the book treats, and the elaborate index will give the student ready control of the somewhat varied stores of information which the volume contains.

The Macmillan Company, New York. 80 cents.

"Eleanor" is a novel with two heroines and no hero. Why Mrs. Ward should have elected to write such a book is not clear until one has read more than six hundred pages and reaches the part where the old priest, in conversation with Mrs. Burgoyne, thus counsels her:

"It is all true, my friend," he said, bending over her,—"the gospel of Christ —you would be happier if you could accept it simply."

The inability to "accept it simply" accounts for much of Mrs. Ward's writing —for vague explanations, ill-concealed bitterness, and often fierce arraignment of the Church and its institutions. To a Catholic it is saddening to read between the lines and note the struggle against conviction. Is not there admission in the words she makes Manisty speak, referring to the Holy Father: "What does the man himself matter, or his age? That's all irrelevant, foolish sentiment. What makes these ceremonies so tre-

mendous is that there is no break between that man and Peter— or Linus, if you like—it comes to the same thing —that he stands there recognized by half the world as Peter's successor—that five hundred, a thousand years hence, the vast probability is that there will still be a Pope in St. Peter's to hand on the same traditions, and make the same claims."

Manisty in moody absorption over a Greek book while waiting the coming of the papal procession is not engaging, not even when he essays the role of critic and pronounces judgment on the group of inferior clergy passing by: "Bad faces! aren't they?—all, almost all of them?" If the plot could have been constructed without this "cold, distant, dreamy" character one would carry away a pleasanter impression of Mrs. Ward's latest work. Manisty is intolerable, and in making two women fall in love with him the author reflects on the taste, judgment and common sense of her sex. That book of his is a weariness to the spirit, and after helping in its preparation one is rather surprised to find Eleanor again steeped in an overcharged literary atmosphere, in which Father Benecke is made to evolve his mental conundrums. There is a touch of absurdity in the situation depicting this ripe old scholar hurrying to consult with the woman whose mind is preoccupied by a rather hopeless love affair.

Lucy Foster with her repugnance to Catholicity and her fear of the Jesuits, whom Manisty characterizes as the only gentlemen in Europe who thoroughly understand their own business, is an interesting character study, particularly at the moment when she rallies all her forces in resistance, but is conquered, her prejudice momentarily overthrown, as "advancing towards her amid the red of the cardinals, the clatter of the guards, the tossing of the flabellæ, as though looking at her alone—the two waxen fingers raised for her alone—is the white-robed, triple-crowned Pope." "She threw herself upon the sight with passion," the author tells us, "trying to penetrate and possess it; and it baffled her, passed her by. * * * August, unheeding, the great pageant swept on. * * * Spirit and spectre;—embodying the past, bearing the clew to the future."

As a story, "Eleanor" is disappointing in the extreme, and readers seeking mere incident and sensation will find some of the chapters drag wearily. There is much in it of disjointed thought, explanations that are not explanatory, and attempts at theological discussions that would be farcical in their effect were it not that they show the working of a mind that will not allow the truth to make it free.

As in all her other books, Mrs. Ward paints some delightful landscapes, the descriptions of places and scenes being very beautiful.

Harper Bros. $1.50. New York.

"In the Palace of the King," a love story of old Madrid, is Marion Crawford's latest addition to his long list of novels. Whether it adds to or detracts from the reputation he has made, is a question that each reader will determine for himself. Its financial success is certain, 75,000 copies having been sold within four weeks after it was published. Those who are conversant with Mr. Crawford's work will miss much of the charm that distinguished other novels, notably "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario," and "Don Orsino." There are also some situations that would have been better left out, as the story gains nothing in strength or worth from them. This latest work is full of color, intense vitality, and vivid action, and displays to advantage the author's wonderful descriptive power. The scene is laid in the old Moorish palace, and drawing generously on his imagination, Mr. Crawford portrays for us the people who lived and loved in old Madrid at the time of King Philip II. of Spain. As an instance of his forceful style in character sketching, we quote the following:

"The King was one of those men who seem marked by destiny rather than by nature, fateful, sombre, almost repellent in manner, born to inspire a vague fear at first sight, and foreordained to strange misfortune, or to extraordinary success, one of those human beings from whom all men shrink instinctively, and before whom they easily lose their fluency of speech and confidence of thought. Unnaturally still eyes, of an uncertain color, gazed with a terrifying fixedness upon a human world, and were oddly set in the large and perfectly colorless face that was like an exaggerated waxen mask. The pale lips did not meet evenly, the lower one protruding, forced outward by the phenomenal jaw that has descended to this day in the house of Austria. A meagre beard, so fair that it looked faded, accentuated the chin rather than concealed it, and the hair

on the head was of the same undecide tone, neither thin nor thick, neither long nor short, but parted and combed with the utmost precision about the large but finely-moulded ears. The brow was very full as well as broad, and the forehead high, the whole face too large, even for a man so tall and disquieting in its proportions. Philip bent his head forward a little when at rest; when he looked about him it moved with something of the slow, sure motion of a piece of mechanism, stopping now and then, as the look in the eyes solidified to a stare, and then, moving again, until curiosity was satisfied, and it resumed its first attitude, and remained motionless, whether the lips were speaking or not."

This portrait, unpleasant as it is, is the kindliest tribute Mr. Crawford pays to the king whom he maligns, assigning to him the part of the heavy villain, thirsting for gore, and regardless of all claims of honor and gratitude. One scene in particular, that where King Philip privately examines the old general, Mendoza, tries the reader's patience to the last degree, and the dramatic climax afforded by Dolores' public avowal of dishonor, is another exhibition of heroics that might well have been spared level-headed folks outside the ken of courts.

In the rapid development of the plot—so rapid that all the events narrated transpire in less than two days —the characters are introduced with singular felicity. The love of the blind girl, Inez de Mendoza, for Don John of Austria, is woven into the story with that delicate touch in which Mr. Crawford displays his masterly skill. The lively play of imagination which he permits himself is here happily employed.

The book is a fine specimen of modern book-making, in type, binding and illustration what the public expects from such publishers as The Macmillan Company.

New York. $1.50.

"The World's Discoverers," by William Henry Johnson, describes the voyages of Marco Polo, Magellan, Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Drake, Sir John Franklin, etc. Readers who hold in high esteem the part played by Isabella will be surprised to learn as "a simple fact" that Ferdinand and Isabella acted very foxily towards Columbus. Poor Isabella! little did she think that the searchlight of knowledge would be thrown back over the centuries, to fix upon her character the stigma of "foxiness." Other historians tell of the sacrifice of her jewels to aid Columbus' enterprise, but they have not put on record that she was qualified to drive a hard bargain or to so delude Columbus by "honeyed phrases" that Mr. Johnson is compelled to sorrowfully remind his readers that "fine words butter no parsnips."

This writer should have a chapter to himself in his own book, for, running through the pages, one finds that he has made numerous discoveries, such as that "abject submission" in Spanish eyes "was regarded as the perfection of good government," and that a prelate of the Church "used all the ingenious devices that malice could invent to obstruct and thwart the Admiral's plans."

Little, Brown & Company, Boston. $1.50.

It would be well if the questioning of the curious always produced such satisfactory results as in the case of Charles Warren Stoddard, who attributes the writing of his book, "The Troubled Heart," "to being questioned by those who could not follow in the pa which led me away from my kinsmen and my comrades, and to whom the mysterious influences which I found irresistible were unknown, or with whom they were of no avail."

Simply, reverently, and very gratefully this gifted man tells of his conversion to the Catholic faith, and relates the events through which Providence brought about the happy consummation of his desires. The picture of the lonely child, "afraid of strange faces, and more than all else afraid of the dark," knowing only "a jealous God, visiting His wrath upon the sinful," is strongly drawn. We see the little lad turning with fluttering heart "a chosen volume of Sunday reading," depicting every form of human torture, a Protestant version of the Spanish Inquisition, and as a consequence recoiling with horror at the sight of a dark-robed priest; and again we see him spending weary hours in the meeting house "of dullest gray," listening to long, wandering prayers or yielding to the sinful temptation of turning his back on the minister that he might steal a glance at an angel outlined on the screen of the organ loft.

The work of the "Evangelist" is graphically described, and equally interesting are the youth's experiences wi the numerous denominations, all failing to meet the ideals he had set up in his "dream sanctuary." But best of all are

those chapters narrating the seemingly trivial happenings through which he was led to study Catholic belief, to know Catholics, and to seek admission to the Church, "my impregnable fortress and strength of my deliverance." Every born Catholic will be helped by this little book to a more grateful appreciation of his great birthright, and every convert will find in it a personal message.

Ave Maria Pub. Co., Notre Dame, Ind.

Seumas MacManus says in the dedication of his new volume, "Donegal Fairy Stories": "It is a humble disciple who dedicates with great reverence this little book to the memory of those Gælic shanachies who have kept alive for us—through love of country and love of story-telling only—the fine ancient tales of our race, from age to age, and from generation to generation." And wonderful indeed is the hold that those old stories have upon us! That they have lived so long without the aid of print proves their vitality, and Mr. MacManus has done a good service to young folks, yes, and to their elders, in giving them permanent form. That the fireside was not necessary to the full enjoyment of those tales is shown in the author's preface.

The ability to "reharse a rale ould tale" seems to have been possessed by the Irish in many walks of life, the man who brought his pony to the forge and beguiled the tedium of waiting by recounting some marvelous story, the white-capped old woman spinning by the glow of the fir-blaze, the tailor disarming his customer's wrath by the magic of his story-telling art, the beggar coming at "dayli' gone" and sure of his welcome for the grand stories with which he will reward the hospitable family, the professional shanachy alleviating sorrow in the wake-house, or holding an audience in thrall in the potato field, on the green hillside, and at the cross-roads. The occasions were many, and belief was strong, even such deeds of prowess as "putting his mare at the walls which were nine miles high" not asking too much of the credulity of some simple-hearted listeners.

All the elements that lend charm to the improbable stories of improbable happenings are worked into these Donegal tales, and the heroes and heroines will add to their renown by capturing many new admirers.

McClure, Phillips & Co. New York. $1.25.

An illustrated "Lives of the Saints for Children," by Th. Berthold, is one of the new publications that should be added to the young people's library. The language is simple, the stories pleasingly told, and the moral lessons so plainly conveyed in the subject matter that there really seems little need of the author's frequent pauses to exhort his readers, or to point out examples that children will readily recognize for themselves and apply to their own needs. There are numerous attractive illustrations, some of them charming, but their arrangement is rather confusing, for instance, on page 71 we find the life of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, but are obliged to turn to page 144 for his picture, which is set in the pages devoted to St. Joseph, the similarity of names helping to bewilder the child mind.

Benziger Brothers, New York. 75c.

In "The Hosts of the Lord," the author, Flora Annie Steel, makes one of her characters feel "a half choking, yet wholly strenuous desire to escape from the whole story, a wild, instinctive effort for a more wholesome atmosphere," and this is precisely what any sane, right-minded person will feel if compelled by circumstances to read "The Hosts of the Lord." It is a tale of life in India, with the full complement of undesirable acquaintances that so many modern writers force on the notice of reviewers. Mrs. Steel has constructed a wonderful central figure, with a face "that was like the nether mill stone in its stern passion and pride and power," and weird indeed are the scenes in which he plays a part—before the altar steps, in arched passages (what would authors do without these arched passages?), in fencing bouts, and inopportune intrusions on lovers' meetings. But most forceful of all is the encounter to the death, when this man of years and holiness confronts Roshan. The writer tells us "his very priesthood slips from him," but it evidently returns again as he drives home a death dealing lunge, with the ejaculation, "and may the Lord have mercy on your soul." Yes, he is a marvelous creation, this Father Ninian Bruce, who, though "saturated with mysticism" is yet alive to all the "goings on" of the characterless individuals who furnish copy for 344 pages of arrant nonsense. It is with vast impatience—we thank the author for this phrase—that we close the book, feeling that the time compulsorily spent in its perusal was indeed ill spent.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

The lives of the simple-minded and nature-loving natives of America are full of interest, a fact that Longfellow, Fenimore Cooper and other writers fully realized. And now comes Albert Ernest Jenks with "Ji-Shib, the Ojibwa," the story of an Indian child. Mr. Jenks displays deep insight into Indian character, and describes the red child as he might have been described by one who had lived in a wigwam and shared his life in the forest. There are numerous illustrations.

The American Thresherman, Madison, Wis. $1.00.

"The Two Stowaways," Mac and Billy, are as delightful acquaintances as one could hope to meet in a book or out of it. So altogether fascinating are they, and so numerous and thrilling are their adventures that one is almost afraid that boy readers may be tempted to fare forth in search of similar fortunes. Imagine being in Manila while our war trouble was at its height! and the escapades that might have ended in disaster! But that the stowaways were not always engaged in mischief there is abundant evidence, and even if they do stir the blood and excite desire to get out of the routine of the ordinary boy's life, they are manly, big-hearted, whole-souled fellows, exerting a strong influence towards right living and thinking.

Here is a delicate touch not only revealing the deeper impulses of the Catholic boy, but also significant in its reference to an outrage that roused the indignation of all Catholics:

"He (Mac) found James, and the two boys made their way to a little church, desecrated and partially destroyed to be sure, still the Blessed Sacrament had been reserved in the rudely carved tabernacle. Our Lord had dwelt on that humble altar at which they knelt and prayed fervently for the souls of those who had died that day in battle, friend and enemy alike, and they besought God to send His peace on this distracted land.

"As they retraced their steps towards the field where the regiment was to bivouac for the night, they met the native priest again. He had seen them coming out of his little church. He looked at them sadly, yet sternly, then said bitterly, in Spanish:

" 'There is nothing left in God's house to steal.'

" 'You mistake us, reverend Father,' replied Mac, quickly. 'See, we are Catholics like yourself,' and he showed the Sacred Heart badge pinned to the inside of his blue shirt.

" 'We went to pray, to say our beads,' bringing out the rosary that Madge had given him when he left home; blushing, too, for boy-like, Mac hated any public show of his devotions. James followed suit and the good priest looked at the two young soldiers in amazement.

" 'Americanos and not heretics!' he exclaimed.

"The boys laughed, and answered cheerfully, 'Americanos, and good Catholics, Father.'

" 'Are there many more like you?' asked the priest, simply.

" 'Millions of us,' answered Mac, energetically, waving his hands to impress the vast number of 'us' on the priest's mind.

"The boys insisted upon Father Miguel returning to camp with them, and they became very good friends before long."

Every Catholic boy should have a copy of Mrs. Bonesteel's story, written in such thorough sympathy with boy nature, and showing such close study of boyish inclinations. To read it is almost as good as to have shared the adventures of Mac and Billy.

D. H. McBride & Co. Akron, Ohio.

A 104-page Souvenir of the Triduum held at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, on November 13th, 14th and 15th, in honor of the canonization of St. de La Salle has been issued. It is a perfect gem of the engraver's and printer's art. In addition to about twenty half-tone portraits and other illustrations, it contains a full account of the three days' ceremonies, made memorable by all that could add splendor or give eclat to so very solemn an occasion. The sermons are given in full. The distinguished panegyrists and orators were: Right Rev. Monsignor Joseph F. Mooney, V. G., New York City; Very Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., Washington, D. C.; Rev. John J. Kean, LL.D., St. James Church, New York City; Very Rev. Robert McNamara, C. P. (Normandy), St. Louis, Mo.; Right Rev. Denis M. Bradley, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, and Very Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., College of St. Thomas Aquinas, Catholic University, Washington, D. C. The Secretary of Manhattan College, New York

City, has been charged with the publication and distribution of this beautiful Souvenir.

A publication of sterling worth is "The Gael." It grows better and stronger with every number. The January issue is splendid. Among other interesting features we note O'Connell at the Hill of Tara; Irish Roses (illustrated); portrait and sketch of F. N. Robinson, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Celtic Languages at Harvard College; Pedigree and Arms of the Kate O'Kane family; a pen portrait of W. B. Yeats, the well-known Irish poet; "The Irish Peasant," a study; Notes on Irish Books and Authors; Irish history in song; Dr. Douglas Hyde, in Kilkenny, and the Galway Archæological and Historical Society, etc. The poetical pieces include "A Leinster Love Song," by Mary A. O'Reilly; "Hills of Eire O" (in Gaelic and English); "Lav Laidhir Abu," by Rev. James B. Dollard; "She is My Love," by Alfred Perceval Graves; "A New Year's Greeting," by Owen Oliver; and "Quid Pro Quo," by T. J. Donoghue.

Published at 150 Nassau street, New York, for $1.00 a year.

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# QUESTION BOX.

A correspondent this month has offered to pay for our trouble in answering questions. No pay is expected or accepted from those who send questions. It is hoped that they either are or will be subscribers to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. But of this no inquiries are ever made. All questions of a general interest are answered. Questions of only private value are unnoticed. And a rule of Aristotle is observed, to the anger of some correspondents, as we have a few times learned. Aristotle said: Never ask questions that are too easy. The asking and the answering are a waste of time. Again we invite questions, and we will gladly try to give faithful answers, according to the rules of this department.

Q. Has the Church always celebrated the feast of Christmas on December 25?

A. Ancient writers do not agree as to whether our Lord was born on December 25. Clement of Alexandria mentions opinions of different persons, from which it appears he knew of no certain traditions as to the date of Christ's birth.

Among the Greeks, for a long time there was no special feast corresponding to Christmas day, but the birth of our Lord was commemorated on Epiphany. St. Chrysostom in a Christmas sermon, at Antioch in 836, says: "It is not ten years since this day (Christmas Day) on December 25) has been clearly known to us, but it has been familiar from the beginning to those who dwell in the West. The Romans, who have celebrated it for a long time, and from ancient tradition, have transmitted the knowledge of it to us." We have a like testimony from St. Augustine. So it appears that while the celebration of Christmas Day on December 25 began in the 4th century for the Catholics of the East, it had already established itself from the earliest Christian times in the West.

Q. Are any of the pictures of the Blessed Virgin supposed to look like her? I always thought that each artist had his own ideal.

A. A writer in the year 518 stated that St. Luke had painted a picture of the Blessed Virgin. But this statement made at such a distance of time after Mary's sojourn on earth, and after that of St. Luke deserves little recognition, being unsupported by proofs. That St. Luke as an artist may have painted a portrait of Mary, whom he knew, and from whose lips he undoubtedly learned of the Angel's visit to Mary, of the birth and infancy of Jesus, is not at all unlikely. But that is all we can say, having no authority for more than a conjecture, and no such portrait as proof. So our correspondent is still entitled to her first view, that each artist who has produced a painting of Mary, has had his own ideal.

A Catholic who has been frequently asked to answer questions and arguments against the Catholic Church, writes for questions that he may propose to Protestants regarding their religion.

Here are some queries, and they will of themselves suggest many others to the reader:

Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? Do you believe that He spoke the truth? Do you believe He meant what He said? When He said to an Apostle, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church," did He not expressly indicate one Church, and only one? Where today is that one

Church? Which of the numberless sects of Protestantism can claim the title? In what do Protestants agree? What is your belief? A Catholic knows the articles as well as the grounds of his faith. Can a Protestant say the same? Catholics are quite contented with their religion, and do not seek arguments to satisfy doubts, for they have no doubts. Why, on the other hand, are Protestants continually disputing about religion? Is not the reason in this that they are uneasy, unsatisfied in their longings after truth? Christ promised, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," and while Catholics depending entirely and without any fear upon the word of Christ, are free from anxiety in matters of religion, Protestants who take only what portion of His word pleases themselves are always restless.

If you say the Catholic Church today is not the same as the early Christian Church, then what Church is? Some Church must be, because Christ promised His church should always endure; that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and that He will be "with it all days, even to the consummation of the world." All the others, outside of the Catholic Church, that claim to be the Church of Christ, did not come into existence until about 1,500 or more years after His death. The Catholic Church has all the links of an unbroken chain up to the Apostles themselves. If the Catholic Church failed in her mission, or lost her position as the Church of Christ, what Church for 1,500 years took her place? What became of the promises of Christ? What means of salvation were placed before the people for 1,500 years, and how?

Where do you get the Bible? Is it not from the Catholic Church, that preserved it through all the centuries, and even through the raids and destruction of barbarism, and through what you call the "Dark Ages"? How do you know anything of the Bible during the 1,500 years before Luther, except through the Catholic Church? If every one must read the Bible to know religion and be saved, what of those who cannot read, in all parts of the world? What of those who could not afford to own a Bible in the days antecedent to printing, when a house was cheaper than a book? Where in the Bible do you read that reading the Bible is the way to heaven? Where do you read that your own private interpretation is the rule of faith? Do you not rather read that there are many things hard to understand, which the unwary turn to their own destruction? Where in the Bible do you read that the first day of the week (Sunday) shall be the day of rest, instead of the seventh (Saturday) which the Bible explicitly appointed for the Sabbath? And if you observe Sunday, is it not wholly on the practice and authority of the Catholic Church that brought about and decreed this observance?

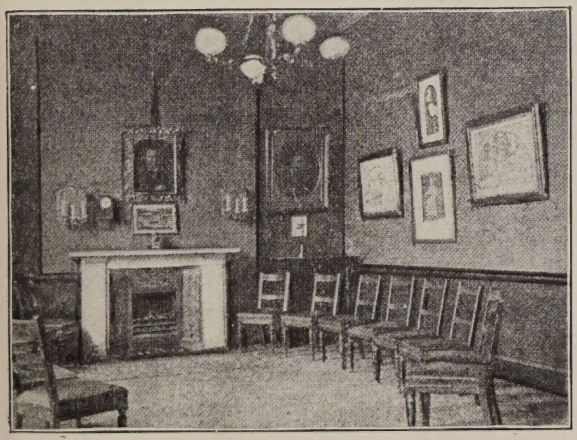
And what do you know about the Catholic Church? Did you ever try to learn just what she believes and teaches? Would you feel justified to attack any other society or organization, any individual or body of men, any state or nation, with so little knowledge, with scarcely any fund of information but prejudice?

Was it worth while for Christ to have come on earth, to have preached His doctrines, to have spent His time and labor in instructing and forming His Apostles, to have given them a commission to *preach* (not to *write* you notice), if one religion is as good as another? Does it not belong to Jesus Christ, as God, to decide what we must believe, as well as do, to save our souls? And since He said that those who believe the Apostles shall be saved, but those who believe not shall be condemned, is it not wisdom and duty to believe the Church which alone has any union with the Apostles, which alone has their doctrine, and teaches in the name and with the authority, not of mere human reason, which is capable of all errors, but of the Master of the Apostles, and of us all, the Lord Jesus Christ?

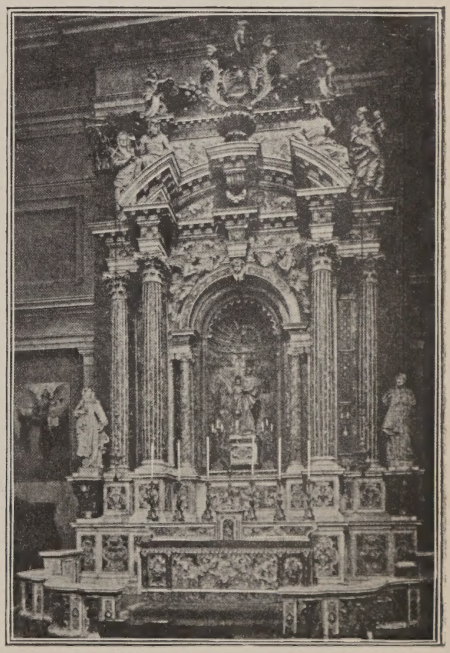
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

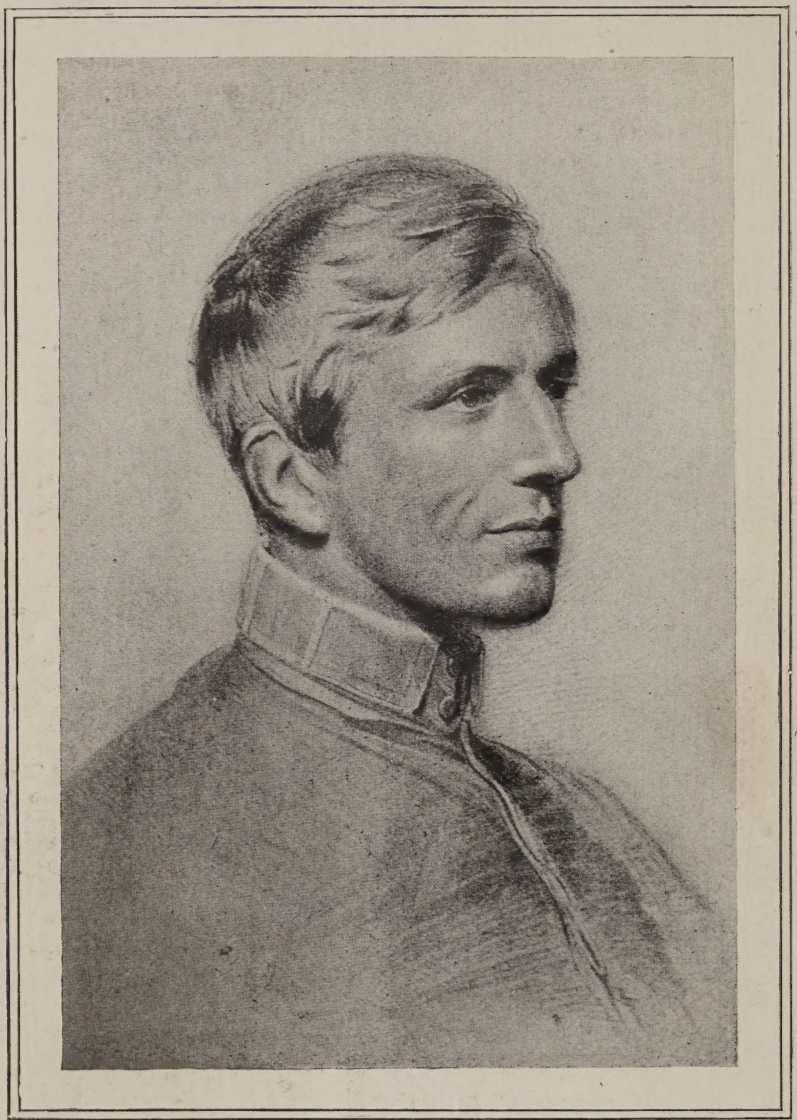
THE FIRST CHURCH AT BROMPTON,
OPENED AFTER NEWMAN AND FABER HAD CLOSED
THE KING WILLIAM STREET ORATORY.



RECEPTION ROOM IN THE ORATORY.



THE LADY ALTAR AT BROMPTON.



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1844.

By George Richmond, R. A.

The commission for this picture, taken just before Newman's secession from the Church of England, was given by his dear friend, Henry Wilberforce, son of the Emancipator. Before the engraving was made he too had joined the Catholic Church, and wishing to have his friend Newman presented in the dress of an Oratorian instead of the collar and tie of the Anglican minister the change was made.

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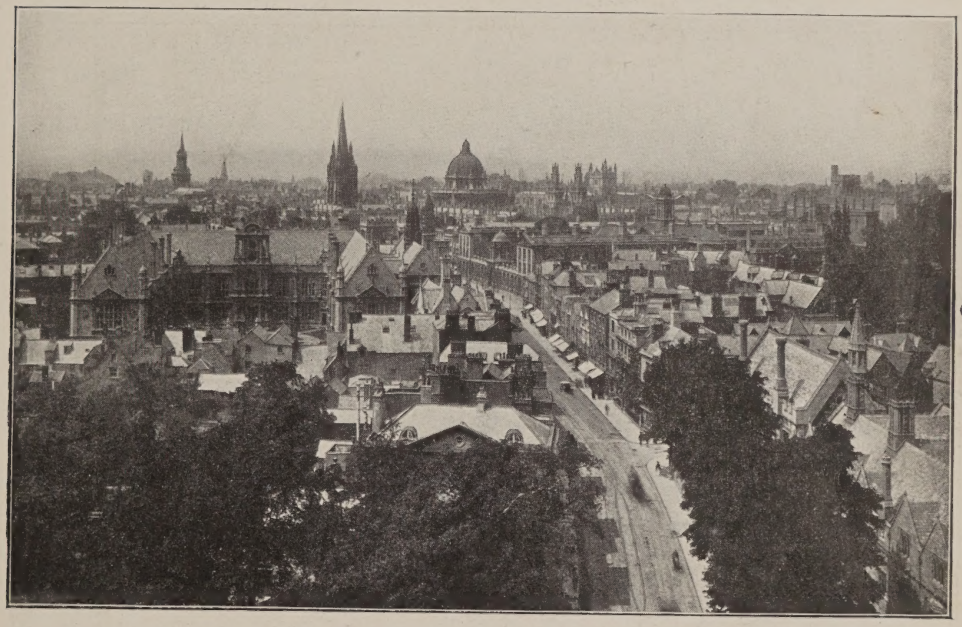


OXFORD, FROM MAGDALEN TOWER.

## CARDINAL NEWMAN.

BY REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

No towering monument of brass or marble recalls his name who just one hundred years ago began an existence the noblest that England has seen during the nineteenth century. But John Henry Newman needs not the act of sculpture to remind the world that he has lived. A monument more enduring he has raised in the works that he has written, and in the influence he has suffused over the face of the thinking world. It was the Saviour of the world who gave us a criterion by which to judge merit rightly. "By their fruits you shall know them." It is by his fruits that we know best the innermost soul of England's great cardinal. They stand not only as a

monument to his worth; they are in the truest sense a mirror reflecting the various aspects of his intellectual life at the various stages of his long career. To know him as he was one needs no extended biography; one needs but take up his writings in the order of their production, and they tell, what no others could, the height and the breadth and the depth of that great struggle which began at the birth of his thought, and ended only when the full light of truth shed its lustre around him.

TRINITY COLLEGE, WHERE NEWMAN ENTERED IN 1816, AND GRADUATED IN 1820.

Considered upon such grounds the life of Newman divides itself into three distinct periods. In the first of these the soul lay passive in the lethargy of accepted error; in the second, it struggled against the overpowering incubus; in the third, it stood erect like the mighty archangel calmly contemplating the prostration of its foe.

The first part of his career, the first thirty years of his life, was a season of submission to the accepted order. Born on February 21, 1801, his parents, strict adherents to the evangelical side of the English church, instilled into his mind a religion that was in part consolatory, but mostly full of gloom. As a boy he entered Oxford with a deep reverence for God and strong desire to know Him to the best of his ability. There was no period when his heart did not overflow with trust in the guidance of the Almighty, although in his early years this trust was builded much upon a lofty confidence in his own election, mingled nevertheless with a salutary fear lest he be mistaken after all, and be not worthy of love but of condemnation. He is troubled at times with thoughts like this:

"God sows in waste, to reap whom He foreknew
Of man's cold race;
Counting on wills perverse, in His clear view
Of boundless time and space,
He waits, by scant return for treasures given,
To fill the thrones of heaven."

year 1832, he wrote his poem "Bondage," in which he seems for the first time to acknowledge the darkness of his surroundings, and almost gives way to a feeling of despair at the thought of God's judgments.

"Then plead for one who cannot pray,
Whose faith is but despair."

NEWMAN FAMILY GROUP, 71 YEARS AGO.

By Maria Rosina Giberne.

Miss Giberne was an intimate friend of the Newman family, consisting, at that time, of Mrs. Newman, her sons, John Henry and Francis, and two daughters, Harriet and Jemima. The artist had a sincere admiration for the genius of Newman and after his conversion to the Catholic Faith she followed him into the Church.

There is a leaven of Calvanism running through all those years, a heritage from the Huguenot tendencies of his mother. It was a leaven, however, that found little congenial substance upon which to work, so that its force died gradually away as his mind tended towards its full maturity. Towards the end of this term, in the

The second period of Newman's life comprehends the time during which he was vicar of St. Mary's, from 1828 to 1844. It was a season of severe, constant and final struggle, burdened with repeated cries for "Light!" Its earliest result, "The Arians of the Fourth Century," shows us the first restless move-

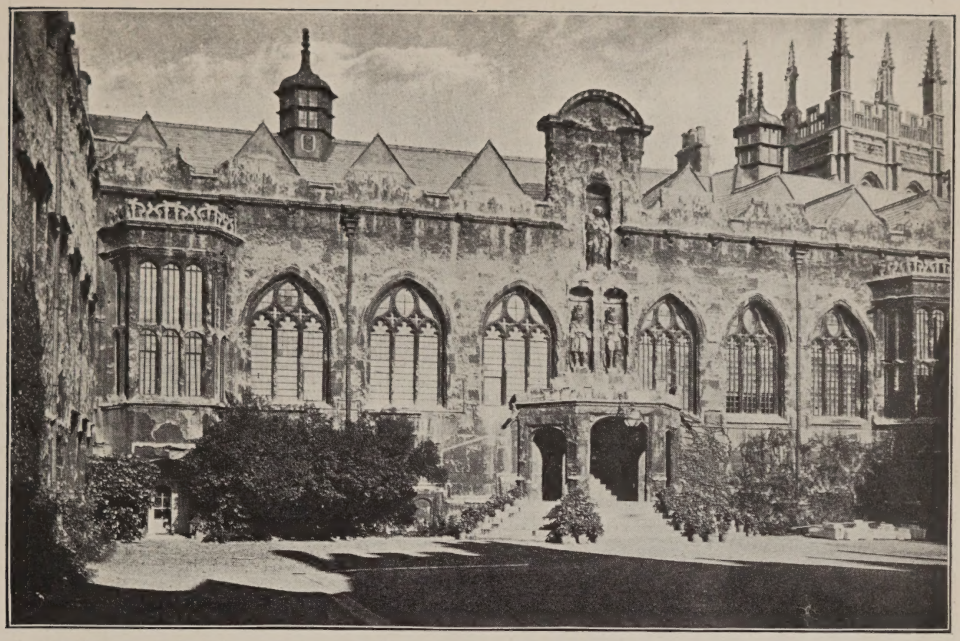
HIGH STREET, OXFORD.

ments for relief. He has gone out to the East, to the fountains of Christianity, to the sub-Apostolic days, and he has studied the ancient rebellion of heresy against the truth. He came out of his study with the well-founded conviction that dogma is essential to religion. He had, indeed, always believed in the utility of dogma even in his days of supineness. So he tells us in the "Apologia": "From the age of fifteen dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion; I know no other religion; religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream and a mockery."

The struggle became more noticeable during the Mediterranean voyage which he made in the winter of 1832 and 1833. During this time his soul spoke its thoughts in flashes of charming verse. As his ship tosses from port to port, his troubled heart now moans with grief at some fancied stain upon the scutcheon of the old Church; now it rises into bursts of affection at some consoling feature of her creed; again, it seems almost to grasp at the topmost heights of her glory, only to sink back again into doubt and darkness. So he wrote at Palermo the poem of the "Good Samaritan," addressed to the Church:

"Oh, that thy creed were sound!
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home."

So, too, in his dejection he rebuked some of the childish superstitions that he found among the common people of Malta. But when discouragement weighed most heavily on his soul, as his ship coursed over the waters in the soft radiance of a southern twilight, the spirit of divine grace seems to have



ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD, OF WHICH NEWMAN WAS ELECTED FELLOW IN 1822.

fallen upon him. All his being is irradiated with a glory that, though present, would still seem beyond reach. It was then that he wrote his "Pillar of the Cloud," those verses that are a compendium of the thoughts of years, an acknowledgment of darkness, a yearning for light, a submission to guidance from on high. A biographer, Mr. Dutton, so speaks of "Lead Kindly Light": "Those verses shining with the softest and whitest poetic lustre, which have fairly conquered the admiration of the severest Protestant churches, addressed to the 'kindly light' which he entreated amidst 'encircling gloom' to lead him on; and the two splendid studies in the manner of the Greek tragic chorus. For grandeur of outline, purity of taste and radiance of total effect, I know hardly any short poems in the language that equal them."

Though familiar to many we reprint here the beautiful words of "Lead, Kindly Light."

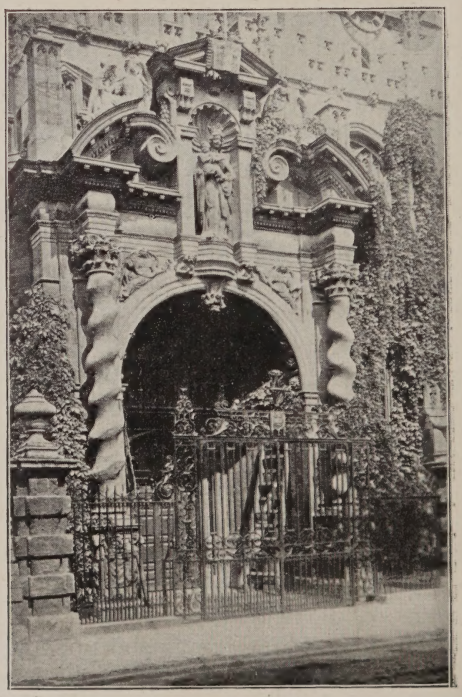
"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

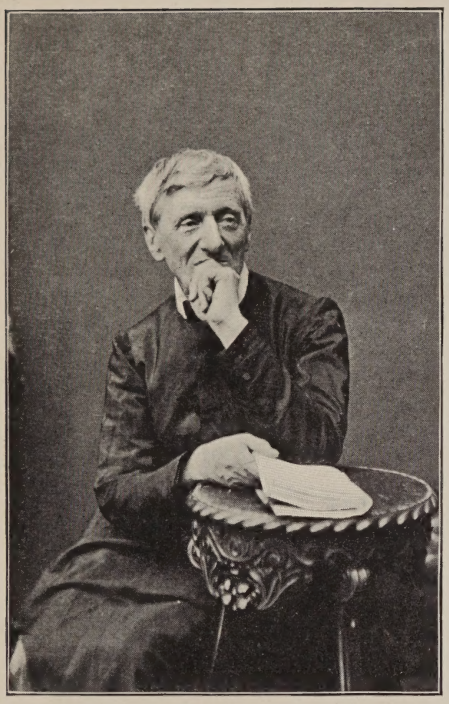
ST. MARY THE VIRGIN'S CHURCH,
WHERE NEWMAN PREACHED HIS LAST SERMON
AS AN ANGLICAN.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

On his return to Oxford, in the year 1833, the influences of his old surroundings dispelled in great part the inspirations of his journey through Catholic lands. His ardor, however, was only apparently cooled. In reality, his views while more contracted and freed from the suggestiveness of sentiment, were the more closely concentrated upon those aspects of religion which would best help in the search to which he had set hmself. His sermons during this time have a speculative cast, as if he were forever searching out, examining, accepting or rejecting the doctrines of his church. Many of the "Parochial and Plain Sermons" might with some necessary pruning pass as the productions of a Catholic, so reverent, so lucid and so correct do they appear. But his great work, the work which while begun in an effort to destroy Roman Catholic influence in England, and continued in the hope of constructing



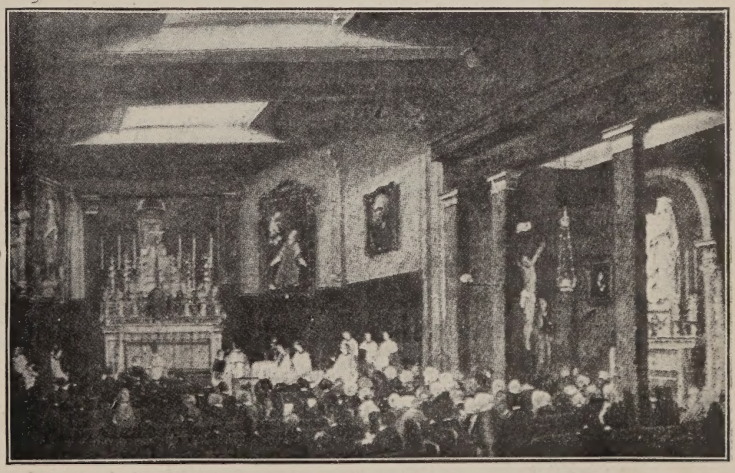
PORCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN.



FATHER NEWMAN AS A PRIEST OF THE ORATORY.

a middle path between Episcopalianism and Catholicity, culminating finally in his liberation from the trammels of old doctrines, was the series of "Tracts for the Times," published in conjunction with Pusey, Keble and other congenial co-religionists. At length, in 1841, appeared the "Tract XC," an essay that sounded like the voice of treason in the halls of the great university. Not more eagerly was the Declaration of Independence read by the loyalists of the old colonies, than was this small pamphlet read by the Oxonians for its cry of shame against the wanderings of the English Church, and its logical pointing to the one and only Church which had preserved the Apostolic doctrine intact. The arguments of his own paper rebounded upon the mind of the writer upon which the full light had begun to stream almost unobstructed. He retired thence into deeper solitude, whence after four years of close and unremitting study he came forth triumphant and free. In the year 1845, his doubts forever dispelled, and his mind at rest, he joyfully enrolled himself among the children of that Church wherein alone was the authentic deposit of the truth.

Before we enter upon the discussion

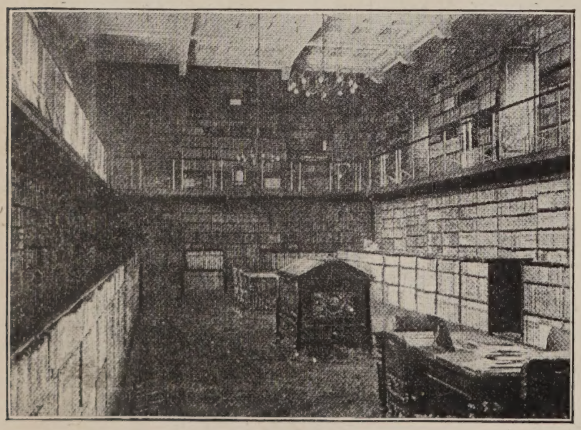


KING WILLIAM STREET ORATORY.

Here Father Newman delivered his lectures on "Anglican Difficulties" and attracted large audiences of distinguished people, among whom were Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, and many other famous writers.

BROMPTON ORATORY.

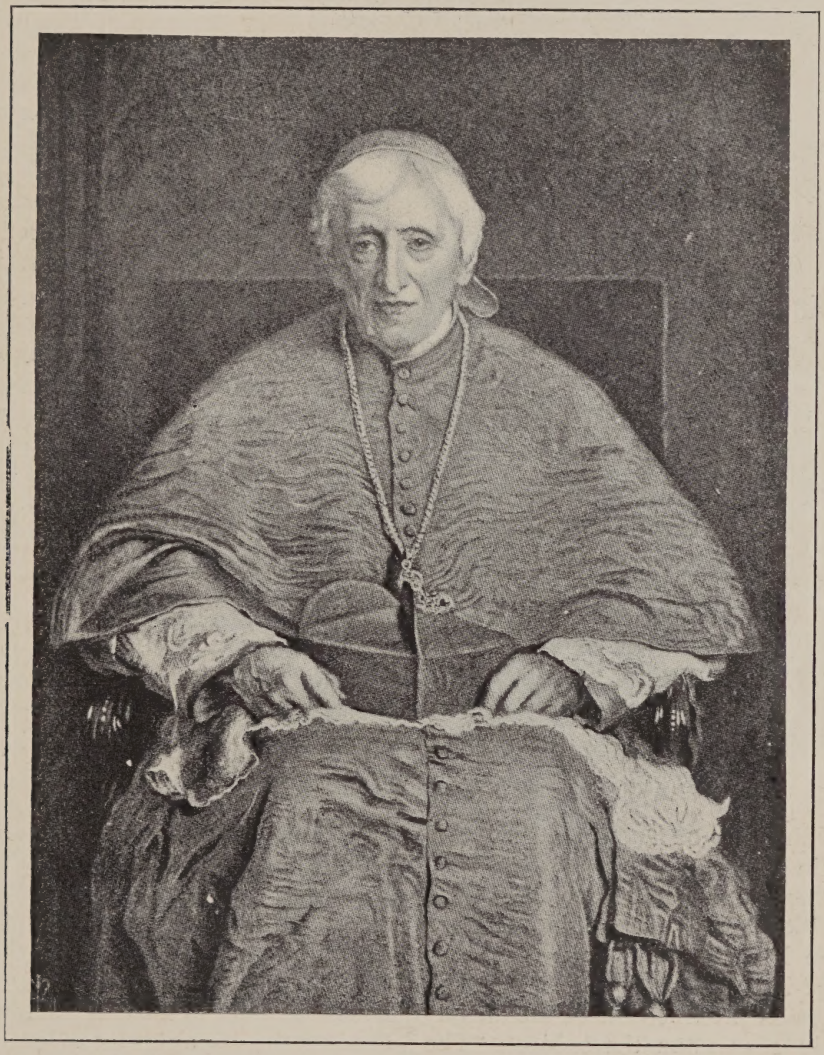
of Newman's Catholic life, it may be well to measure the calibre of the friends he was leaving behind him. To know such men in the intimacy of personal friendship was an honor that bespoke the greatness of his mind; to give them up after years of almost loving companionship was an evidence that a duty higher than any natural vocation had guided his action.



THE ORATORY LIBRARY IN WHICH IS KEPT THE PERSIAN DICTIONARY GIVEN TO NEWMAN BY HIS MOTHER.

John Keble, who will ever be remembered as the author of the "Christian Year," was forty-nine years of age at the crisis of the Tractarian movement in 1841. Cardinal Newman writes that "On Sunday, July 14, 1833, Mr. Keble preached the assize sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title of "National Apostasy." "I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." In this sermon Keble protested against the spirit which would treat the church as the mere creature of the state, asserting the claim of the church to a heavenly origin and a divine prerogative. In 1841, when all England was in arms against the publication of "Tract XC," Keble came forward at the time desirous to share the responsibility and the blame; for he had

seen the tract before it was published and had approved of it. No other public event ever affected Keble so deeply as the conversion of Newman in 1845. Alarmed at the logical conclusion of serious and unprejudiced study in the fields of Catholic antiquity, he drew back from the overwhelming influence of Newman and rarely met with him again in life. After a life full of lovable and helpful acts in the contracted sphere which he had chosen, and musi-



CARDINAL NEWMAN. PAINTED 1881 BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

This portrait was painted at the instance of the Duke of Norfolk and it is related that on the completion of the commission, Millais was so charmed with his subject that he exclaimed, "God bless you, Mr. Cardinal!"

THE CARDINAL IN HIS DECLINING YEARS.

cal with notes of truest poetry, Keble died in 1866.

Edward Bouverie Pusey, associated with Newman in editing the "Library of the Fathers," was forty-two years of age in 1841. A very characteristic sermon he preached before the university in 1843 upon the subject, "The Holy Eucharist a Comfort to the Penitent." As a result of this he was suspended for three years from the function of preaching, as having therein used language beyond what was sanctioned by the Church of England. He wrote other treatises upon the same subject and in the same tenor, notably the "Real Presence —the Doctrine of the English Church," published in 1857. To Pusey we owe in great part the movement of Ritualism in Anglicanism. "His revival of the mediæval doctrine of the Real Presence, coinciding as it did with the revival of a taste for mediæval art, naturally led to a revival of the mediæval ceremonial of worship. With this revival of ceremonial Pusey had little sympathy; he at first protested against it (in 1859); and, though he came to defend those who were accused of breaking the law in their practice of it, he did so on the express ground that their practice was alien to his own. But this revival of ceremonial in its various degrees is now the chief external characteristic of the movement of which he was the leader; and 'Ritualistic' has thrust 'Puseyite' aside as the designation of those who hold the doctrines for which he mainly contended." Moreover he continually appealed to the doctrines of primitive times. Pusey though a deep student was not logical. Had he followed out to their legitimate conclusions the principles he advocated he should surely have ended by following his great friend into the Catholic Church.

A very charming little narrative from the life of Keble tells us how these three companions clung to their old friendship until the wider and wider estrangements of religious dif-

ferences drew them entirely apart. He had been fearing for some time that Newman was about to leave the English Church. "When one day a letter came in Newman's handwriting, he carried it about with him for some time afraid to open it. At last, near a chalkpit in the Hursley fields, he forced himself to do so. Years afterwards, showing the spot to a friend, he said, 'That is a sad place, connected with the most painful event in my life. It was there that I first knew for certain that Newman had left us.' They still occasionally wrote to each other, and once shortly before his (Keble's) death, Newman, Keble, and by a strange coincidence, Pusey, met in Hursley. They had been so long separated that when they met at the door of the vicarage, though Newman's visit was by appointment, neither Newman nor Keble recognised each other. Newman tells us that he had a note from Keble shortly after, referring to his visit, and quoting the well-known lines from Macbeth:—

'When shall we three meet again?
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost or won.'

They never met again on earth."

Prominent figures in the great contest which was waged as the outcome of the Tractarian movement were Manning and Gladstone. It would be difficult to understand how one, later an ardent Catholic and a cardinal, could so bitterly oppose the views of Newman at the time, were we not convinced that it meant untold social ruin to follow in his footsteps, at a time too when men were hoping by some stroke of good fortune to wrest the Anglican church from the tangle into which it had grown. Manning at the time believed most firmly in the doctrines he advocated, and so believing it pained him beyond measure to see their complete overthrow at the hands of his friend. At the same time, however, one should be guarded in accepting the truculent insinuations of that ribald biographer who would endeavor to place an insurmountable barrier between the souls of the two great cardinals. The eulogy pronounced by Manning to the memory of Newman is the echo of a friendship that must have existed for years.

Gladstone at this period took a deep interest in the progress of Tractarianism and in its results. He grieved most profoundly when Newman turned to the Catholic Church. On learning of it he wrote to Manning: "Alas, alas for your letter and inclosures of this morning! My first thought is 'I stagger to and fro like a drunken man, and I am at my wits' end.'" When the conversion was complete Gladstone again wrote to Manning: "It may appear strange, but I have almost a feeling of disappointment at not seeing more secessions with Newman; because it looks as if they were to follow." And they did follow. A few had preceded; the vast host came after. Doubtless Ward's conversion went along on the same lines as that of his great friend, and Oakley was not slow to follow. The war was on in the Anglican fold. The words of the preacher were closely watched, taken down and analyzed, and some were degraded for real or apparent adherence to principles of the Tractarian leader. But a revolution had begun both within the English Church and without, a revolution that is even yet being carried on with unwearied vigor.

To know the heroism of Newman in going over to the Catholic Church one has only to consider what was the state of our religion in England at the time of his conversion. He tells us this in his own words: "No longer the Catholic Church in this country; nay, no longer, I may say, a Catholic community, but a few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about as memorials of what had been. 'The Roman Catholics,'—not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it; not a body, however small, representative of the Great Communion abroad,—but a mere handful of individuals, who might be counted, like the pebbles and detritus of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which in its day, indeed, was the profession of a Church. Here, a set of poor Irishmen, coming and going at harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis; there, perhaps, an elderly person seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary, and strange though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family and a 'Roman Catholic'; an old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report attaching to it that 'Roman Catholics' lived there—but who they were and what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics, no one could tell, though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition."

There is one feature that seems to be identical in the lives of nearly all great converts to Catholicity; that is, the contrast in the disposition of their souls before and after their admission into the Church. The first part of their careers is marked by a feverish, restless, almost frantic groping in the dark. Like lost children, they rush about peering into every place that seems like home, and ever turning away with a weary, heart-broken sigh. So Orestes A. Brownson sought amid the multitude of sects, finding in none of them the hearthstone of truth that his soul would call home. So too sought Newman amid the vagaries of Anglicanism, with what result we have seen. But when the gentle power of divine grace has drawn them at length into the fold, what a cessation of all further searching! what peace! what rest! It is as if the child had found its home, and nestling close to the bosom of maternal love, lay tranquil, serene, happy.

But peace and security do not necessarily imply idleness, and this is especially true of Newman. The darkness was gone, and the brilliance of penetrating truth only opened up newer and more resplendent avenues wherein his genius might display itself. The glory of Newman began only after his conversion. Then came those admirable works that have been ranked as classics for their purity, their precision, their luminousness. The "Apologia pro Vita Sua," a trenchant, convincing argument for his line of action that hushed forever the tongues of cavil, and placed Catholicity in a broader light before the eyes of the doubters, appeared in 1865. Even today men are charmed with its language, style and matter, with its fascination and inspiration. On its first appearance, especially in view of his contest with Kingsley, all England began to acknowledge that in Newman, the Catholic, the English-speaking world possessed a prophet of the highest order.

Previous to this had appeared his

two novels, "Loss and Gain, and "Callista." The former portrayed many features of his own life, especially in regard to his conversion. Of the latter, his biographer, Mr. Dutton, remarks: "To me 'Callista' has always seemed the most completely characteristic of Newman's books. Many of them express with greater power his intellectual delicacy of insight and his moral intensity, but none, unless it be 'The Dream of Gerontius,' expresses as this does the depth of his spiritual passion, the singular wholeness, unity, and steady concentration of purpose connecting all his thoughts, words, and deeds."

Cardinal Manning, in his eulogy on Newman, expresses the mirror-like quality of other of his books. "But we cannot forget that we owe to him, among other debts, one singular achievement. No one who does not intend to be laughed at, will henceforth say that the Catholic religion is fit only for weak intellects and unmanly brains. This superstition of pride is over. St. Thomas Aquinas is too far off and too little known to such talkers to make them hesitate. But the author of the 'Grammar of Assent' may make them think twice before they so expose themselves. Again, the designer and editor of the 'Library of the Fathers' has planted himself in the undivided Church of the first six centuries, and he holds the field; the key of the position is lost. Moreover, his hymns are in the hearts of Englishmen and they have a transforming power. He has taught us that beauty and truth are inseparable; that beauty resides essentially in the thought, so that nothing can make that to be beautiful which is not so in the plainest words that will convey the meaning. The English people have read the thoughts through his transparent words, and have seen the beauty of Eternal Truth as it shone in his mind."

In discussing the writings of Newman we cannot help but be struck with one rich, wonderful note that rises joyously throughout all the years of his Catholic life. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin possessed much of that burning enthusiasm which is so sweet a characteristic of Faber's genius; and how could it be otherwise with him who had taken up the garb of the Oratory, the Order of that dear saint whose devotion to Mary was all-consuming!

It remains only to notice one of the most peculiar of his writings, "The Dream of Gerontius." It is a pity that this little work is not more widely known, for surely if there were a classic in the last century it was this admirable poem. In it one meets with the sublime depths of inspiration which make up so much of the glory of Dante, the same culture of language and expression, the same lofty setting of Catholic theology. It is a bit of Dante transplanted into these latter days. In reading it one feels that Newman would have contributed a new glory to English literature had he undertaken the translation of that great thirteenth century poet. A Protestant may be able to translate Dante faithfully and literally, according to word and phrase; but it requires one deeply imbued with the science of St. Thomas Aquinas to reach down into the hidden meanings, the "arcana secreta" of the "Divina Comedia." One should know the intellectual relations between the soul and the Beatific Vision to understand what Dante

meant in his journey through Paradise. Newman, with his poetic mind, exalted and enlarged through years of study in theological fields, would surely have given us a Dante scarcely less true than the original. He has at least given us a taste of this great poet in his own peculiar manner. The "Dream of Gerontius" is a cry of the soul, of the pure intellect. It prescinds from the fleshy trappings that mar even the best of Tennyson and Longfellow. Save for the "In Memoriam" of the former, there seems to be no verse in modern English literature that can approach it. It is a theme for deep study. Were it not essentially Catholic it would long ago have been declared the master-piece of the century. No doubt its time will come, and no doubt when intellects as great or greater than Newman's shall have equalled or surpassed his prose works, he shall still retain an unassailable position for his "Kindly Light" and for his "Dream of Gerontius."

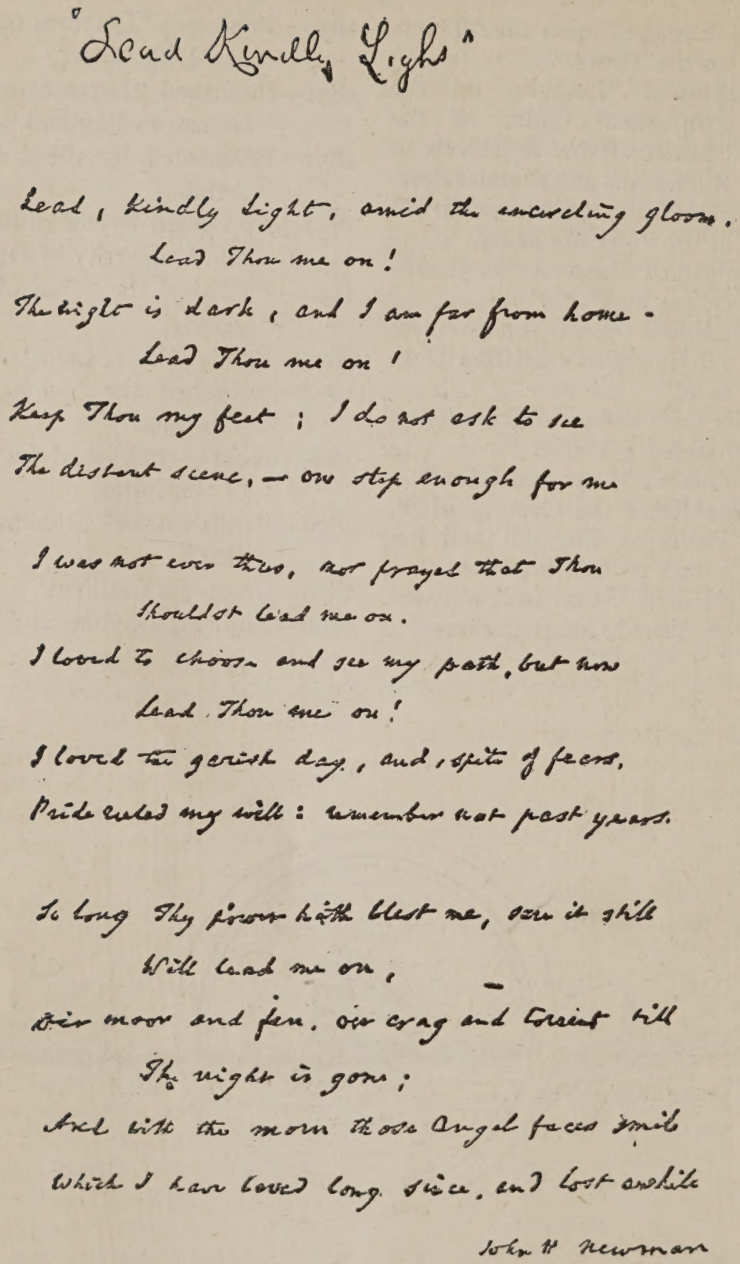
A life like his could not but receive the acknowledgments of sincerity and genius. The foremost lights of the English world have spoken enthusiastically of his literary worth, and the authorities of the Catholic Church; ever on the alert for whatever is good and great, singled him out for an exalted position in the forefront of ecclesiastical rank. Manning even before his conversion was "led captive by his form and voice, and penetrating words." Dean Stanley asserted that there are "hardly any passages in English literature which have exceeded in beauty" some descriptions in his sermons. Froude declared that "no one who heard his sermons in those days can forget them." Shairp said that he preached "as if the angels and the dead were his audience." R. H. Hutton remarked that if he were obliged to suffer solitary confinement and had but a few books to choose from he would prefer some of Dr. Newman's to Shakespeare himself.

He spent forty-five years, the last and richest half of his life, in preparing for death. The soul that had lived and moved and breathed under the guiding inspiration of the great St. Philip Neri went out finally amid the prayers of his dear community. On the 11th of August, 1890, he died, a humble priest of the Oratory, though adorned with cardinalitial honors, and all the English world and all the greater Catholic world mourned him, the preacher, the writer, the poet of the century, the Catholic who wrenched away the bonds that held the Church in slavery, and set her once again, with the help of God, upon her former pathways of usefulness and regeneration.

CHRONOLOGY OF CARDINAL NEWMAN'S LIFE.

1801—Feb. 21, Born in London.
1816—Entered Trinity College, Oxford.
1820—Graduated at Oxford.
1822—Elected a Fellow of Oriel College.
1824—Ordained in the Anglican Church.
1825—Became Vice-Principal of Alban Hall.
1826—Became Tutor in Oriel College.
1828—Presented as Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford.
1832-'33—Voyaged upon the Mediterranean.
1833—Wrote the "Lead, Kindly Light."
1833—Published the "Arians of the Fourth Century."

1833-'41—Engaged upon the "Tracts for the Times."
1837—Published "Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church Viewed Relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism. (Since published in the "Via Media.")
1838—Published "Lectures on Justification by Faith."
1845—Published "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine."
1845—His Conversion to Catholicity.
1847—Ordained a Priest.
1848—Published "Loss and Gain."
1849—Establishes the Oratory of St. Philip in England and becomes its first superior.
1849—Published "Sermons Addressed to Mixed Congregations."
1850—Published "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties."
1851—Published "Lectures on Catholicism in England."
1851—Persecuted by the Ex-Priest, Achili.
1852—Appointed Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin.
1852—Published the "Idea of a University."
1855—Published his "Callista."
1864—Published the "Apologia Pro Vita Sua."
1865 (about)—Published the "Dream of Gerontius."
1870—Published the "Grammar of Assent."
1879—Created a Cardinal.
1890—Aug. 11, Died at Birmingham.


"Lead Kindly Light"

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home -
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile

John H Newman

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Through the courtesy of Mr. Jas. J. Sheehy of Chicago, the present owner of the manuscript of "Lead Kindly Light," this facsimile is reproduced.

# GOING BACK TO THE PLOW.

BY H. M. SYLVESTER.

At the outset, it is to be premised that unacquaintance with obstacles one has to overcome in going back to the soil for a living, along with the alluring promises and prophecies held out to the seeker of bucolic enjoyments by real estate dealers, may be regarded as one of the factors that induces the urban wage-earner to seek the country as a welcome relief from the stress of competition one finds always existent in and among the larger aggregations of humanity. This unacquaintance lends a certain glamour to life on the New England farm, or elsewhere, for that matter. Nor does the cob-webby veil of this illusion betray its diaphanous texture to the city vision as the days of its vacation taker speed astride the shoulders of jocund summer. To such, life on the farm is enchanting; but to the fountain whence springs this solid comfort and evident independence the urban pleasure-seeker has never found the way. His soft muscles have never felt the soreness of the arduous labor, early and late, continuous, the cares and perplexities, and the untoward losses of crop and stock from devouring insect pest, drowth, climatic variations or disease, which no human foresight could prevent, and that have made these comforts and enjoyments possible. To the uninitiate all this is a language untranslatable, but which to a child of the soil has trenchant meaning.

The summer visitor comes and goes like a bird of passage. And these stray glimpses of rural life are honestly inspiring; and if, for a moment, urban humanity lifts its eyes from its never-ending round to look out and over the grimy barrier that hedges it about, should one wonder or question when the unspoken wish for larger freedom of action and independence points so naturally to this Land of Promise, where a patch of soil, a humble roof somewhere within the restful shadows of the everlasting hills, would seem a bit of Paradise Regained. So the toiler dreams at his work and the years fly, while the fruition of his desire is as far away as ever.

If urban life constitutes the highest form of aggregate association, its poverty, ignorance, debauchery and crime must be taken as one of the natural sequences of such aggregation. Yet, wherever are large aggregations of humanity this dross must be present, protest Law and Public Sentiment never so loudly. Utopia is one of the cities of the millennium. This mixture of the evil with the good is universal under similar conditions, but in rural life these conditions cannot exist; but urban life is being constantly re-enforced by the best blood and intelligence of the rural community, a process of atomic transfusion wherein the atom is the rural individual; and this, more notably during the latter half of the century just completed. Before the New West eliminated New England from the question of the nation's food supply, its farming contingent

constituted largely its wealth, intelligence and influence. Those were days of large families of boys and girls, when all made the home the common workshop; when flax was raised, hatcheled, spun, and woven into the domestic linen; when the fleeces from the sheep,—and every farm had its flock,—were taken to the fuller's to be rolled, then back to the farm to be spun, dyed and woven into homespun in the big wooden loom to return again to the fuller's, whose finishing touch made the web,—no shoddy or cotton mixture,—ready to be cut up and made into garments for home wear. The hides of the beef cattle killed for home consumption went to the tanner and a few months later came back to the farm, when the cobbler came to make the leather into boots and shoes for the whole family, and his pay was generally taken from the stores in the farm cellar. It was the same with the basket-maker, who mauled the brown ash bolts into slender strips, thin and pliable, out of which the baskets were made and the homely chairs were bottomed, chairs made for comfort, and that lent humble garnishing to the big sitting-room, the floor of which, with its sprinkling of snow-white sand brushed into quaint pattern by the housewife's hemlock broom, would have spurned the finest Roxbury. The farmhouse of that day was a co-operative community. There were no middlemen, few railroads, and the stout oxen or farm-horses hauled the farm surplus to the nearest salt-water port, and brought to the farm on its return the groceries and West India goods common to those days. The building of the farm fortune was slow but it was sure. It was mostly income. The tax-gatherer settled with, the principal account of the year was disposed of. The hired man was a wanderer among these people, a foreigner probably, whose home or employment was uncertain, and who was in most cases willing to labor for his "keep." It was out of these fortunes that others still more magnificent have been built, as they have been transplanted to the city in whole or in part, for the farm-boy of those days was a born trader, and with his thrifty habits and his sturdy independence and honesty could hardly fail of success wherever his fortunes might be cast.

But such is not the case in these days of hurry, crowding novelty, and invention. The forces that a half-century ago centralized the efforts of the farm-family to the building up of a common competency, do not at this time exist. They could not. The disintegration going on in these latter years is complete,—the old traditions are uprooted and forgotten. It is buy, rather than produce, with the individual. The soil has been left for more lucrative fields. The rearing of large families of children among the native Americans is a lost art. The farm family rarely averages more than three individuals, take the community on the run. If there were more, they have joined the exodus, city-ward. In many localities the problem is what to do with the deserted or abandoned farms. They are the bane of the tax assessor, and as well a standing memorial that there are other pursuits that pay better than farming,—for a time, at least.

Admitted there are in all farming communities wealthy and successful farmers, it is nevertheless true that the mass of farmers find themselves de-

pendent personally, and not by proxy, upon the sweat of their brows for a living that, in too many instances, has actually to be wrenched from old Mother Earth perforce. There are farmers who live from hand to mouth, and not a few, whose harvests, when gathered, go to the storekeeper to settle accounts that have run from one season into another, interminable credits which enable the trade charge his own price for his goods, and interest as well.

Hard-working, such, but their lots are easy from a comparative view with that of their brother humanity in the city, whose wages are as utterly absorbed by the punctual landlord and the as exacting store-man. The farmer is certainly master of his own time, and his vegetables in season are fresh and wholesome. There may be a mortgage on the farm,—as long as he pays the interest, and a yearling from his herd will generally suffice, and until the mortgagee forecloses, his abiding-place is sure and his house is his castle. Rarely the urban wage-earner has so good a tenure even as that. My farmer swaps day's works with his hard-working neighbor and that is the extent of his hire of labor. No money passes, only sweat for sweat. One is led to inquire what per cent of the farm community is comprised by this class, the poorer class, for there are indigent farmers only at rare intervals. I should hardly care to reply,—there are very, very many, and what is true of the farming community I have in mind is true of the truly rural community. He might be called the average farmer, who does what he can, himself, and lets the rest go,—a patch of sweet corn and another of Lima beans, a small garden from which he raises potatoes, onions, and some "sass," keeping what his necessities require, and sending the rest to the canning factory which gives him a bit of ready money wherewith to pay for, at the store, that which his soil should have produced for him. Necessarily his economies are of the strictest, therefore his morals do not suffer, markedly, at least. Ordinarily, he is fairly content, and is prone to measure the extent of his own failure by the success of his acquaintances. He is a philosopher,—he takes things as they come,—that worry was a lean horse he discovered early in his farming career,—he knows that the early and the latter rains are beyond his jurisdiction,—a dogged sort of philosophy.

His income is more a dependable one than that of the urban wage-earner, for trade may stagnate and the bottom drop out of business, yet his crops do not know it, and grow on into the harvest-time. If money, by one of the sudden fluctuations of business, dependable frequently upon the political status, actual, or probable, of the country, is withdrawn from circulation so that the times become stringent, when business houses go to the wall, and not even the banks are immune against the general uneasiness, our farmer pursues the even tenor of his way, content, indifferent, and possibly ignorant of the commercial disturbance. Nature is his banker, and she never repudiates or dishonors her contracts. All this may mean a slower market, and lower prices, but his crops are just as good as the money, deduct shrinkage and cost of moving. So, it is easy to be seen that independence, as the tiller of the soil knows it, has no equivalent among the urban wage-

earning population. The farmer employs himself, pays himself, is never discharged, bosses himself, works, or goes a-fishing, suits himself, and pities everybody in general and particular whose lot is not as fortunate as his own,—nor is my farmer apt to be an optimist,—rather the opposite. He is generous where he wishes to be, but ordinarily if you get anything out of him without paying what he thinks it is worth, you are like to be smarter than I have ever been, for no man knows the value of a thing better than he whose energies have produced it. When he buys, it is with the same shrewdness, whether law or groceries. He invariably counts his change,—in fact, he is very independent.

But let us drop our farmer for a moment,—to any other than the statistician the percentage of non-successful men is astounding, hardly more than one per cent acquiring a competency. No wonder men tire of the narrow channels of trade and artisan life; that they weary of their pent Uticas, with no permanent place of abiding. No wonder, stirred at last into resentment against so unequal a struggle, they turn to the soil for relief from this perpetual grind, but to such, whose hands are to be taught, the undertaking is a serious one. In these days of improved farming methods and machinery, of soil foods and special crops and small fruit raising, farming is a science; nevertheless, it is true, that to be an urban wage-earner is to be the foot-ball of a system of political economy common to the whole country, while, to be a tiller of the soil is to be the arbiter, sole and singular, of one's own wisdom, or folly, or inaction, the score of which is to be settled with Nature rather than with his own genus. His tools are ready-made and await his selection at the implement store, but the unwearying patience, tireless vigilance, zeal that will not down at repeated failure, intuition that transmutes error into right-doing after it has sped to its errand, originality that leaves the old ruts to others less daring, generosity that never disputes or argues its cause with thrift, and, finally an energy second only to the forces of Nature, are qualities inborn and unpurchaseable. In fact, were one a Napoleon to vanquish all the enemies of his acres, visible and invisible, even then our farmer would meet his Waterloo. The element of risk is never eliminated. It lurks in all his projects, but the more irons he has in the fire, the greater the certainty of welding profit to investment.

The elemental forces of Nature, with their possible results, more or less damaging, are outside the ordinary climatic influences upon which the farmer bases his expectations of profit. A super-abundance of rain rots the seed, and a belated replanting is always unsatisfactory. On the other hand, a long "spell" of drowth blights and withers the crops afield, drys up pastures and grass-lands,—the hay-crop is a failure as is most all else. Maggot, worm, and beetle burrow, eat and destroy everything but the stone walls; late frosts smite the orchard bloom and blacken the spikes of the corn; hail and wind beat down the grain as with a thousand flails; cloud-bursts inundate the garden to bury it in inches of mud, or dig deep gullies in the soft soil, each one a miniature freshet, that seem invariably to destroy what one cherishes most; electrical storms play havoc with the

farm buildings and not infrequently the herds in the pasture,—all of which may come in a single season, for a late spring is often followed by a hot, dry summer that ends in a tornado pregnant with disaster. These are utterly beyond the power of any human agency to prevent, but they are to be reckoned with hazardous or non-hazardous risks, for the farmer is ordinarily his own insurer.

As to capital, there must needs be some. The farm is to be purchased and stocked. Manufactured fertilizers are but temporary expedients,—the upturned acres must be fed solidly with composted or green manures, for one must be generous with Mother Earth with so many rotating crops, and after these the Timothy and red-top for the hay-mows. Then, there is the farm machinery, and the best is the cheapest. Moreover, no draft implement should be used that does not provide a springy riding-seat for the operator,—planting machines, perhaps, excepted. The work will be better, more easily and quickly done, enabling the farmer to husband his energies as well. And not the least among these provisions and precautions, is the choice of the scene of operations. The farmer should select his farm in much the same mood as a general with a small force at his command chooses his place of giving battle to a superior, having view to abundance of water, good drainage, sunny exposure, friable soil, ample pasture and woodland. These acquired, average intelligence and robust health with a pair of willing hands and an active brain, should meet with some degree of success, barring the advice of enthusiasts whose hobbies constitute probably their larger possessions.

While the bulletins issued by the experiment stations seem to offer the solution of the problems which the farmer is bound to face, sooner or later, yet, for local reasons, they can be termed hardly more than "mighty interestin' readin'." Conditions vary; therefore, what might be savor in one man's cup, might in another's be the rankest poison. One must discover for one's self the peculiarities and needs of the soil under tillage, and the greater the sum of his experience and observation, the more profitable will be his deductions. The discipline which comes with the acquiring of a liberal education is no disadvantage on the farm, yet I have in mind a learned man who took to the farm by reason of a threatened break-down of his health, and for all his erudition, lost sight utterly of the physical truth that friction is the tax which Force is inevitably bound to pay from the moment Inertia becomes Motion until Motion is again supplanted by Inertia. His first mowing-machine was a wreck before the end of its first season was reached,—for the want of grease. Sound sense will enable one to take in the situation nine times out of ten.

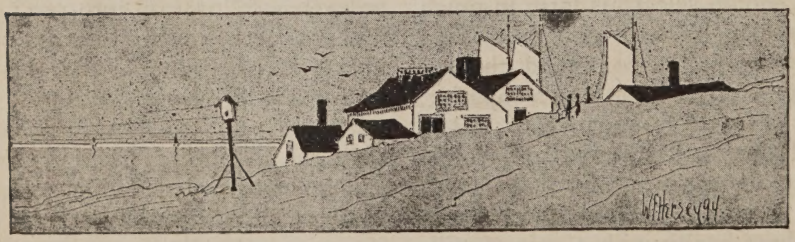
That anyone can bring a run-down or even a fallow soil into profit-bearing, is a sweeping proposition, having in view the primary elements that enable one to meet and fulfil the thousand and one exactions consequent upon the adoption of farming pursuits, and open to grave doubts. Perhaps the best answer to the question,—can any man get a living off the soil,—is safest answered by the inverse proposition, that any man who can farm the soil of New England profitably, is very likely to succeed at anything else. I know men who have failed at farm-

ing, and who, later, have succeeded at other pursuits. All things are not possible to all men, but of all things, the impatient man has no call to engage in farming. Impatience is invariably a loser, but I should say if the farm lost its place in the competitive class, such might not be wholly due to the farmer, or chargeable to incompetency but to unforeseen conditions. The degree of success is always problematical. The few will make easy and rapid profits; more will attain comparative independence; the mass will work to live and live to work, and inasmuch as that is true in all the walks of life, perhaps going back to the soil is as sensible as going forward with something else.

A lucky "strike" or "happen" may set the farmer upon his feet at the entrance to his career, but such are as rare as white black-birds, and are not to be expected. Only rare foresight makes such possible.

There is nothing ignoble in the toil of the farm. Provincial it may be, but the common honesty of the pursuit is its guarantee of thorough respectability, and far more of a fearless integrity that is not always possible in other and less independent followings. But when all is said, the fact remains, that to him to whom the farm with its multifarious detail and its almost numberless exactions is an undiscovered country, the question, whether to become, or not to become, a tiller of the soil, is a doubly pregnant one.—First, whether his preferences are borne out by his qualifications for the necessary apprenticeship he must perforce serve; and second, whether he has the helpmeet, the health, and fortitude to master a doubtful situation and to bear up bravely and hopefully against the failures and disappointments that are inevitably to be in some part the fruitage of his experiment.

I should say the venture might be worth the effort, for few pursuits afford more gratifying compensations or more days of quiet content.



# THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION IN THE SANTISSIMA ANNUNZIATA, FLORENCE.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

On my way to the Uffizzi I stopped in our studio. Both girls were hard at work painting a dark-eyed young Italian. She held in her arms a small object that looked as though it had been taken from the famous frieze of Maillottaid babies, made so many hundreds of years ago by Andrea della Robbia. Fashions change slowly among the Italian peasants and newborn children are wrapped in swaddling clothes now as then. "Dorme bene, bambina mia," murmured Flavia, as the stiff little object thrust its fists in the air and tried to stretch its fast-bound brown legs.

"Oh, don't let her wake up, I'm just painting in her dear little head," exclaimed Elizabeth. "Si, si, Signorina—sleep, my beautiful one, sleep, my precious angel, and tomorrow I will take thee to see the altar of our blessed Madonna. It is her feast day and she will give thee thy heart's desire, carissima mia. Yes, if thou wilt sleep for the buona Americana she will love thee and make thee presents on her festa."

"Where is the festa to be celebrated, Flavia?" I asked.

"At the Santissima Annunziata, Signorina. It will be most beautiful—oh, most heavenly. That is our dear Lady's own church and tomorrow is the greatest festa. The contadini will come from the mountains before dawn to hear Mass and to kiss the sacred altar where the Blessed Madonna's own portrait is kept."

"Have you ever seen this picture, Flavia?"

"Si, Signorina. Once we had a terrible flood, and then the face of the dear Mother was unveiled that all might be moved to implore her help.

Oh, it was more beautiful than any saint, more beautiful than an angel! But the crowd, Signorina! It was as much as your life was worth to try to push through. All day the people came and went—the poor, the sick, the little children—every one in Florence and from far into the Campagna."

"But why do they love this one so much, when you have so many beautiful pictures, Flavia?"

"But Signorina, do you not know? That is the holiest picture in Florence, for the face of our Lady was painted by an angel. It was in the time when the great artists lived—the men who truly loved our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother. You know, Signorina, that many say they painted on their knees. This artist was a monk and he wished to make the Mother of God more beautiful than any earthly woman. The picture had been ordered by the Servites for the Santissima Annunziata, and was to represent the Annunciation. Each day he tried, but no heavenly vision came to him—then he fasted and prayed—at last he despaired—he was not worthy to paint the holy Virgin. That night an angel came and finished his picture. When he awoke he fell upon his face before it. He could not support such dazzling loveliness. After a long time his brethren coming found him thus. When they gazed upon the wondrous beauty of our Lady's face, they too fell down and all that day they remained in prayer. Now they keep this picture behind the altar of our Blessed Mother in the Santissima Annunziata. That is why I love this church, Signorina, and tomorrow if you will go you will see that I am right, and that all the people of Tuscany love it, too."

We had become so interested in the legend that we went down next morning—only to find the Annunziata so crowded that it was impossible to get near this altar. Mass was being said on it every half hour—the people kneeling in the sanctuary and on its very steps. As soon as the priest turned to go hundreds would crowd in to kiss the sacred table. Poor peasants carrying their babies would hold them up that they might touch the altar. Little children would stand on tip-toe, lay their baby hands upon it, and then reverently kiss the little fingers that had touched something so holy. On coming out we asked one of the monks about the story Flavia had told us. "Yes," he said, "that was the legend which had been handed down for centuries."

The Annunziata has always belonged to the order of the Servants of Mary. Built in that solemn 13th century when the hearts of the people were stirred by the passionate pleadings of Italy's two greatest saints, this church seemed born of love. The money for its erection was given by a wealthy young girl, who shortly after entered a convent, that she might dedicate her life to God's service. The Servites, or Servants of Mary, ever noted for their charity and devotion, have won the love of the Florentines, and the Annunziata is always crowded by the poor as well as the wealthy. It is the fashionable church of Florence and the only one which is never closed. The music is under the special patronage of Margherita, the Queen-Mother. Midnight Mass is celebrated here on Christmas Eve—when young lovers consider it a lucky omen if they can attend the service together, accompanied, of course, by the mother

or nearest relative of the fiancée, no girl ever being permitted to go out alone with the man she is engaged to, even during the day. It was here that Tito found Tessa praying and their mock marriage was celebrated in the piazza at the open air fair, which takes place today with the same abandon that George Eliot so graphically describes on that festa of the 15th century. The pleasure is more innocent, but no less exciting, for the peasants and lower classes of Florentines still delight in the acrobatic feats, the games of chance and the penny toys provided for their amusement.

About this old church cluster many memories. Sitting quietly here for hours thinking of the past and watching the never-lessening throng as they came and went before the beautiful altar where "the holiest picture in Florence" was kept, we seemed to realize, as never before, how much the paintings and statues in the churches meant to these poor people. The pictured forms of Christ and His Mother appeal to them most powerfully. The artists of Italy are still teaching and preaching as when in that early renaissance, they felt called upon by God to write on their canvases the message of His Eternal love. Art was to them a high vocation, the serving of Christ not only with their hearts, but with the work of their daily lives. And in the old churches of Italy one feels this spirit of love. I can not explain it, but such is the power of art that the souls of those men who wrought in stone or on canvas the story of infinite love seem still to live in their work. The Annunziata is peculiarly dedicated to these artists—not only by reason of the sacred picture kept here, but because their confraternity or club used to meet in the chapel of this cloister.

As we sat dreaming of that marvelous springtime of art we seemed to see a procession of the great Florentine artists pass by. One by one they entered this church and knelt before the altar, imploring God's benediction on their work—then turning they disappeared in the cloister, where once the young Massaccio, Perugino, Mino da Fiesole and Raphael may have come to discuss their divine art. Among them all one man stood persistently before us—Luca della Robbia. Perhaps it was because we had passed so many of his lovely Madonnas that morning on our way to Mass—perhaps because he had devoted the noblest work of his life to the service of her whose feast we were celebrating. Whatever the cause we were haunted by his memory which mingled with the pure and tender faces of his Virgin Mother and Divine Child. Did he, too, come here during those weary days when mind and hand were busy discovering the secret of his immortal glaze? Until that time all sculpture had been of marble. The expense and length of time required in the creation of his famous singing children decided della Robbia to strive to invent a glaze which could be poured over the modeled clay and then fired, rendering it impervious to time or weather. When success at last crowned his efforts he communicated the secret to his nephews, Andrea della Robbia and his son Giovanni. Together they strove to express through their art their deepest feelings of devotion. The people of Florence were so impressed by this religious spirit that they ordered shrines to be placed on their public streets to contain the statues created by the della

Robbias, before which flowers bloomed and lights were kept burning. One of the loveliest memories of Italy is of these little shrines that for hundreds of years have remained unchanged in the dark and crooked streets of her mediæval cities. As Walter Pater says, "nothing brings the real atmosphere of a Tuscan town so vividly to mind as those pieces of pale blue and white porcelain, like fragments of the milky sky itself fallen into the cool streets and breaking into the darkened churches." There is a sweet, subtle charm in these pure white madonnas, holding so lovingly the Infant Christ, which touches the hearts of all who behold them. Apart from this devotional feeling, Luca carried into his work that law of harmony which characterized the best art of the Florentine renaissance. This is exemplified in his exquisite bas relief of the Annunciation which is over the doorway of the degli Innocenti. Since it was designed for an Infant asylum the Virgin is surrounded by baby angels and God the Father clasps them close against His Heart. The reliefs of Temperance and Justice express maturity of thought and dignity of character in every line of their draped figures. With the purity and sweetness of his conceptions he combined a rare and penetrating intellectuality. No work has been left us that does not bear the impress of his mind. At first he employed no colors in his reliefs but those of the Blessed Mother—blue and white. Later he introduced into his frames the natural colors of flowers and fruits.

After the death of Luca, Andrea and Giovanni, the della Robbia ware was manufactured by a company to whom had been entrusted the recipé for making their glaze, the secret of which was afterwards lost. Many artists were employed to model the figures in clay, but none approached in their conceptions the work of the della Robbias. Gaudy colors were used in the robes of the saints and angels—the faces lost their dignity and beauty, becoming merely insipid reproductions of the creations of Luca or Andrea. Orders poured in from all over Italy and the supply had to equal the demand. This is why few travelers understand the place in art given the della Robbias by those who have made a study of their work. Many bas reliefs signed with their name were made after their death when their high religious feeling had degenerated into the pseudo-Greek art of the later renaissance. During an entire century the souls of these three men seem to have been animated by one thought alone—that of writing, through their work, a sweet and lovely poem in honor of the Virgin Mother—of singing in her honor an unending hymn of praise. Their statues have been rightly called "the litany of the della Robbias." In them we find but one motif—love, the purest of all love—that of the young mother for her first born son. Those who live for any length of time in Italy are impressed by the passionate devotion of the mothers for their little ones. Even among the poorest peasants this beautiful and ennobling sentiment finds its highest development. Thus the della Robbias needed only to study the faces of the sweet young mothers by whom they were surrounded, to find models for their work. Added to this natural mother love was the spiritual conception of the Virgin, born of their religious faith. In speaking of Andrea,

THE ADORING VIRGIN, BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, BY DELLA ROBBIA.

Marcel Raymond says, "In him the soul of St. Francis lived again. The burning love, the disregard of worldly honors and the overwhelming desire of possessing the friendship of God. This soul so tender, so impressionable has revealed through his work the very height of celestial love." The young Virgin kneeling in ecstasy before the Infant Christ expresses not only the supreme mother love, but the adoration of humanity for the Divine Creator. Andrea was the first among the sculptors to place the Mother on her knees before the cradle of her Child—and to express what the Church had ever taught—that the Blessed Virgin was not only the Mother, but the handmaid of God. The detail, taken from the adoring Virgin in the National Museum, is one of the most exquisite revelations of spiritual exaltation given us by the Art of the 15th Century. These works of the della Robbias have entered so closely into the lives of the people that I doubt if any, even of the greatest artists, are more beloved. There is a tenderness, a humanness in their art that appeals to our hearts. We read in the history of their time of bloody wars, of deadly feuds and cruel tortures—but when we

look upon the pure and innocent Virgins of the della Robbias, or the fair young faces of their adoring angels we are convinced that in those olden days were many quiet, peaceful hours, when the sun shone as gayly and the skies were as blue as on this festa, while the people worked with joy and gladness in their hearts. However dark may be the written annals of that old Florentine Republic, the golden record left us by the artists outweigh them all—as the radiant smile of the Italian people blots out the story of their sufferings and wrongs. To rightly study Italian history one must never forget her art—to comprehend justly her present situation one must include a knowledge of her gentle, loving people. Where can both be better understood than in Florence where they still celebrate with great rejoicing the glorious festival of the Annunciation!

THE SINGING ANGELS, BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

# BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

## CHAPTER XIII.

To Teresa those late winter and early spring months passed like a sweet, unbroken dream, which, if it did not exactly centre around the Martins, was so associated with them that there was no part of it they did not influence. There were pleasure trips into the country, now glowing with renewed life, with Preston Martins for her escort; carriage drives with his mother, social functions attended under her chaperonage, and more frequent visits to the beautiful white house where the Martins lived in princely splendor. As she was returning with Mrs. Martins one Saturday afternoon from a visit to Jouett's studio to examine the portraits of the gallant Captain Martins and the Preston brothers, her friend said,

"I want you to come home with me, Teresa, and stay over Sunday."

Teresa made a faint protest, but it was sweetly overruled. "One must spend a Sunday in the country every year in May to fully appreciate the bounty and goodness of the Creator," continued Mrs. Martins. "The orchards are blooming, and the red-buds and haw-trees. The woods are full of violets and the fields are sunny with dandelions. I said to George this morning that the pastures, in the time of the dandelion's blooming, make me think of the Evangelist's description of the streets of the New Jerusalem. I thought of you and I said to him, 'I must bring Teresa home with me today that she may see our blue grass fields 'paved with pure gold.' "

"Who could resist such an invitation!" exclaimed the girl, "though I fear I am putting your hospitality to the test," she added. "My third visit in one week!" and she held up three slender fingers playfully.

"You dropped in once to say 'how-do-you-do' when you were riding past the house, and you came out to a dinner-party and had to hurry back to your pupils—do you term such brief calls visits? And aren't you finding your home very small, very confined as Spring advances? Oh! I often ask myself how you, who always lived in God's great country, with nothing to confine you except the sky and horizon, can endure one little room in a small house, in a town. Dear child! your life is cast in hard lines."

"Not since you have become my friend," replied Teresa, her dark eyes shining. Mrs. Martins had time only to press her hand, for the carriage had stopped at Mrs. Halpin's door for Teresa to change her dress. She first sought Mrs. Halpin to announce her intention of accepting Mrs. Martins' invitation. The expression that overclouded Mrs. Halpin's face as she listened puzzled Teresa, and for a moment she decided to ask why the atmosphere of the house had changed for her since the beginning of her friendship with the Martins. But she hesitated, then turned from the little sitting-room and went up the stairs.

"Where is the harm in cultivating

the friendship of nice people?" she asked herself for the thousandth time, as she tied the strings of her new hat under her chin, and, her toilet completed, turned from the room and passed down the narrow stairs. But instead of going to the carriage she again sought Mrs. Halpin.

"Mrs. Halpin," she began, "I do not think that you are pleased at my going out to Mrs. Martins? I do not want to do anything that you disapprove of, though I really cannot see any reason for not accepting this invitation."

The perplexed expression had not left Mrs. Halpin's brow, and it deepened at the girl's questioning. She paused a moment, then thought: "It is better to let her know the whole truth!" So she said: "There is no very grave reason against your going, only people will have more to talk about."

"What can they say?" questioned she, in suprise. "Is it so unusual a thing for a lady to accept a friend's invitation to spend a day and a n with her in her home?"

"There are circumstances in this particular case that make the acceptance of such an invitation unusual," answered she.

"What are those circumstances?" Teresa's face was white now, and all the fire slowly gathering into the great dark eyes.

"I do not want to give you pain, dear," began Mrs. Halpin, but Teresa interrupted her.

"I am not afraid of the pain that truth gives," she said, "if there is any truth in what you have to say."

"People will not overlook the fact that your friend is the mother of a son who is heir to great wealth. They will say, perhaps are already saying it, that you are throwing yourself at his head and will speculate on the result. Preston Martins could have his choice of the daughters of this land, and people are wondering what chance beauty alone has against beauty and wealth. My dear, when the good Mother at Loretto gave you into my charge, she asked me to care for you and guide you as I would my own daughter. If you were my daughter, I should forbid you to visit the Martins so frequently and I should not permit you to receive such marked attentions from their son. If his intentions are serious, of course all will be well, and you will have made the best match in the country; but if he is only amusing himself, after the fashion of idle young men, you have hurt yourself very much."

Teresa's eyes were now like a blaze, and under their light the white face seemed to flash like snow beneath the rays of fiery sunset. For a full minute she looked on the woman whose words seemed to pour down on her young life like a rain of fire, burning every hope, dream and aspiration; then she turned and left the room. She reascended the stairs and as she reached her own apartment, she closed the door and stood with her back to it, her face to the window, almost directly under which was Mrs. Martins in her carriage. As she stood thus, she thought of the day that Father Nerinckx had told her that she was not called to serve God in the cloister, and all the pain of that first disillusion swept over her with the humiliation and bitterness of this second one. While she had seen in the conduct of Mr. Martins and his wife the friendliness of a kind-hearted man and

woman for a lonely girl, and in the attentions paid her by their son the courtesies a young man would pay to his sister, the world was attributing to him a desire to amuse himself,—but what motives was it giving to the hospitality of the parents? She glanced around the small room and as her eyes singled out the few objects that she could call her own, and her mind ran over the girls she knew, and the girls of whom she had heard, whose fathers counted their wealth by broad acres and hundreds of slaves, she realized then why people should say that Preston Martins was amusing himself in paying attentions to her. But what was the motive of the parents? Was it to supply their son with the means of amusing himself? lure her into their home to keep him near them, wean him away from the exciting life of the young man of that period, until the proper time should come for him chose a wife from the ranks of Kentucky's wealth and beauty? The sound of the horses' impatient pawing came to her from the street and among all the wrenching pain she was experiencing in that moment, there was the recollection of what Mrs. Martins had said of the blue grass fields covered with dandelions, and that she had likened to the streets of gold which the ransomed shall walk in the New Jerusalem. Teresa crossed the floor and knelt before the little crucifix which Sister Mechtilde had given her one Christmas. Ah! the little crucifix! what prayers had been poured out before it, what meditations had been made under the ivory figure of the world's Redeemer! but never such prayers, such thoughts had she known and made as those that fell from her lips, flashed through her mind, while she knelt there for a moment that Saturday afternoon. When she rose, she went to the mirror and stood before it until her soul, strengthened by that brief communion with its God, reflected its usual calm on the face and in the eyes. Then she unfastened the door and went down to the waiting woman.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long," she said, as she entered the carriage.

"I did not find waiting tedious," replied Mrs. Martins, smiling. "I had a book, you see," and she lifted reverently a small copy of the New Testament, and then slipped it into her pocket. Few persons would have imagined that the fashionable Mrs. Martins spent her moments, when thus alone, in the reading of the Gospel. "It is a good companion to take with one," she finished, and Teresa, studying the noble, beautiful face of the woman, found the crimson of shame mounting to her brow, remembering her thoughts of a few minutes ago.

"Mrs. Martins," said Teresa, as the carriage dashed out of Lexington and entered the smooth, white road, "you may be surprised at the question I am going to ask you, but please do not think it impertinent. Will you tell me why, kind to all the young girls as you are, you are especially so to me?"

Teresa's eyes were turned on Mrs. Martins and gazing down into them, perhaps the woman saw some of the pain that was trying the young soul.

"For many reasons," replied she. "But as I know that you would have me above all things be sincere with you in answering your question, I will give you the first reason, first. You attracted and interested my husband

from the hour he met you. He is not, as a rule, impressed with young girls, and when he spoke so often of yo. I admit that I was a little surprised—until I came to know you. He said that I ought to cultivate your acquaintance, make a friend of this beautiful little stranger who had wandered among us, and as I have a great liking for young girls, I entered heartily into his wishes. In a very, very short time, I was thanking the good fortune that had brought me to know Teresa Martinez. If God had given me a daughter, dear, I should have wanted her to be like you. Now," she finished, with a little laugh that sounded sweet and youthful, "have I answered your question satisfactorily or must I pile reason upon reason to convince you of the sincerity of my affection?"

"That I doubted it even for one moment, forgive me!" cried the girl.

"You did doubt it then?" asked Mrs. Martins.

"You know the world," cried the girl, with the first passion the woman had ever caught in her voice, "and do you not also know that there is always some one to drop the poison into our ear?"

The elder woman read much in that answer, and perhaps understood more than the speaker had intended.

"Yes, Teresa, I know the world very well. It is a strange mixture, not good, yet not wholly bad. You will be told that I am ambitious, that my one aim in life is to reach the highest position and honor, and that, for the attainment of this object, I have sacrificed home and its peace, wealth, and my husband's cravings for an undisturbed life, free from political broil and bitterness. Now the very opposite is true. What could I gain in heart-happiness, physical comfort, or intellectual enjoyments, by being the mistress of the Frankfort mansion, or ruling in some fashionable establishment in Washington? Nothing, but I should add to my already heavy burden of social duties and household cares. Yet for the sake of my husband and son, I would be willing to assume those new duties and cares. I am ambitious for them. Yet I am not so ambitious for my boy's worldly advancement as I am anxious to help him to secure his happiness. My husband's happiness is secure while we are together."

She paused for a long, thoughtful moment, then, turning her face toward the girl, she said:

"Just because the world thinks that it is impossible for the flower of sweet, sincere affection for you to spring up and blossom among the worldly hopes and ambitions it attributes to me, are you going to believe it against me?"

"You know I wouldn't, couldn't," replied Teresa softly, the tears in her eyes.

It was then the carriage turned in at the gate that separated the long avenue from the turnpike. George Martins was awaiting their coming, and as he handed her out of the carriage and escorted her into the stately white house, Teresa thought:

"But what was his motive for becoming interested in me and influencing her mind in the beginning?" Suspicion had entered her soul and could not be thrust out.

After supper, Mrs. Martins was called to the "Quarters" by the illness of one of the negro women; and as she was leaving the library she remarked that as the evening was mild perhaps Teresa would enjoy spending

an hour on the piazza. To the long, many-pillared piazza, therefore, Mr. Martins escorted their guest, his son following. The moon was rising and as its lights fell on the original "clearing" made by Gerald Martins it brought into sharp relief the tall cedar under which he and his wife and the stranger's child were sleeping. Teresa's chair faced the "clearing," now a part of the noble lawn, where it swept toward the west, and her eyes rested on the lone sentinel tree. A moment's silence had slipped into the light conversation. George Martins' eyes were fixed on the girl's face, with an expression as unfathomable as it was intense. Presently she turned her head and meeting his glance, asked,

"Is that enclosure over there a burial ground?"

He caught his breath, surprised out of himself by her question.

"It is. My cousin, Gerald Martins, is buried there, with his wife and child."

A silence followed. If he felt that she naturally would think it strange that the dead, who had given him all he possessed, should lie yonder, under a lone tree instead of in the new and beautiful cemetery that Lexington had, even this early, laid out for her departed children, he made no effort to excuse himself by an explanation of any extenuating circumstances.

"That is the cousin you spoke of who was killed at Raisin?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Should you like to walk over to the grave-yard?"

"Very much," she returned, rising. "You will come, too, Mr. Martins?" she inquired of the elder man, as Preston left to get a scarf for her.

"Will you be so kind as to excuse me?" he asked, rising also, smiling at her with his impelling eyes. "I am not young, alas! and consequently must deny myself all the pleasures that have wet grass and night air for their settings."

"And my absence will afford you an opportunity to enjoy a smoke," she said, with a returning smile, as Preston folded his mother's crimson scarf about her head and shoulders.

"I shall not enjoy a smoke," he corrected, "but I shall seek in my pipe compensation for what I am deprived of by old age!" and he escorted the couple to the steps, and stood watching them until they had passed the veranda. Then he staggered into the house, and seeking the dining-room, filled out a glass of wine, which he drank standing. But the hand that carried the beaker to his lips shook and his face looked frightened in the light thrown out by the tall candles.

"Don't you think my father a queer man?" asked Preston Martins, as they crossed the lawn to the graves under the cedar tree.

"Not by any means," replied she.

"That is because you do not know him very well," returned the son. "For a fact, he is queer in some things. This refusing to have the bodies of our cousins disinterred and buried in the new cemetery is one of those acts of his that strike me as being exceedingly queer."

"Perhaps he has some reason for his refusal, of which you know nothing," suggested she, and in after days the excuse that she then offered for his father came back to Preston Martins like a prophecy.

"He has a fancy, no reason," said he. "I suppose that you have heard of the tragic fate of Cousin Gerald's wife?"

"Yes," she answered.

"The husband selected that spot for her grave, built the wall that surrounds it and the tree, planted the violets, and wild rose-bush. He used to spend hours in that place and often took his little girl there, too—"

"Yes, on mornings when the sun was shining bright and the birds were singing in the cedar tree. And the child would gather the little blue flowers and talk to them, while the man sat at the grave, with his face in his hands."

"Oh! I see that you have made the acquaintance of Aunt Dilsey, and that she has told you the story in detail," said he.

Teresa did not contradict the statement, for though she had not seen Aunt Dilsey nor heard from her lips the sad story, yet clearly and sharply memory had limned the picture of the grave-yard and its visitors on the Sunday mornings of long ago.

"Sister Dominic would call this another striking instance of my powerful imagination," she thought, but she could not thrust from her a sense of familiarity as she crossed the stone steps and entered the little enclosure. The moon was mounting high in the east, and as it threw its unobstructed light on the place, Teresa could distinguish the letters on the stones that marked the resting-place of Gerald Martins and his wife, and Amy, their supposed child; she could even see the violets in the blue grass and the lilies-of-the-valley that covered the baby's narrow mound. She kneeled to offer a prayer for the souls of these departed members of Christ's Church and the young man bent on one knee by her side. "Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace." "Amen," responded he, and not until then was Teresa conscious of having given audible utterance to the invocation, with which she had closed her prayer. When they rose, Teresa folded her hands over her breast and looked around, first on the grave-yard and its one sentinel tree, then back to the white house that had risen on the ruins of the humble home of these lowly sleepers. The scarf had fallen back from her head and lay a broad line of color against the gray of her dress; her white neck rose up from the scarlet folds like marble, and the face above looked like a statue under the dead whiteness of the moon's rays. The eyes came back slowly from the house and met the eyes of the young man, and there passed over him a sensation he could not define. Her vivid imagination, aided by memory, had recalled the scene enacted here years before, and her mind had communicated its emotions to his; but this he could not know, and finding no reason in the mere circumstance of meeting the girl's eyes across those graves for this strange feeling that had fallen like an icy hand upon his heart, he stooped abruptly and lifted, with tender fingers, the fragile heads of the flowers at his feet.

"Yet," he began, after a time, raising himself, "I should miss the graves, if ever the dead are removed. I tended them as a child and as a man. It was I who planted the lilies-of-the-valley on little Amy's grave. In April her grave is like—Oh! give me a pretty simile!" he broke off.

"A shower of pearls on a bed of emeralds?" suggested she.

"It is pretty if not quite exact," he answered. "But I have waged a con-

tinual fight with the violets to keep them from encroaching on the lilies' place. The violets," he went on, folding his arms and looking on the graves of his cousins, "are said to be the emblems of an unhappy destiny. They, to me, typified the fate of my cousin and his wife, but not little Amy's, whose lot I rather envy."

"Envy?" asked Teresa, in surprise, for Preston Martins had ever appeared to her passionately fond of life.

"Yes, envy," he repeated with a sigh that was sincere. "Come away!" he said, "You are tired."

They re-crossed the stone fence by its well-placed, firm steps; but outside, they paused. She leaned against the wall and her eyes went admiringly over the moonlight scene, while his glance rested, not less admiringly, on her face. After a silence, he said:

"When I was a boy, I used to cry because Amy had died. I never knew her, never saw her, but I mourned her with honest grief. I wished that she had lived for me to love; then I wished that I might die before I should grow tall, so that I might have a little grave by her side. Now I know that I was very selfish in desiring that Amy's life had been prolonged past the days of childhood."

"I cannot understand your dislike of life," she said.

"It is not exactly dislike of life," he returned; "weariness would be a better word, perhaps. No matter how smooth are the grooves in which our wheels run we cannot escape the pain of weariness caused by the journey. Then look at all the suffering men and women are called upon to bear, suffering of every description. And it leaves its foot-prints on face as well as heart, so that even that great change we call Death, cannot wipe them out. I believe that this experience in the human existence becomes such a part of the soul that it will mark it, even after it has put on immortality."

"If so, it will be a mark of greatness, of holiness, distinguishing those souls from the untried ones," she suggested.

"True. But compare such a soul with one translated with the dew of pristine innocence still clinging to it," he interposed.

"It is beautiful, I admit. But which to you is dearer: the rose at early dawn, fresh from night's cool, quiet, hours, or the rose at mid-day or late afternoon, spilling out its heart's fragrance for you under the merciless white rays of a June sun?"

"The rose at early dawn," he answered promptly. "And that is why I have ceased mourning for little Amy. And somehow I feel that I shall see this early gathered human flower when, at length, my road leads to the everlasting garden, and that she, who was withheld from me here, shall there be given to my love and care. Isn't that a fancy?"

"Yes, but you are rather a fanciful person."

"Thank you! I should rather possess fancy than imagination."

"Why?" she questioned.

"Fancy is the tail of the mind's kite; imagination the string, without which it could not soar, yet which holds it to earth. On fancy the shadow of pain never falls, while suffering and imagination walk the world together. Coming to personalities, there would not be that preturbed expression on your face this evening, if it were not that your vivid imagination is making

some grief more poignant, some fancied grief, real."

His remark brought back to her mind, with a shock, the words that Mrs. Halpin had spoken. Was he merely amusing himself? Her eyes were on his face and she studied it in the moonlight. It was his mother's noble face, set in a stronger cast. There was not a trace of the father's delicate features and dark, almost womanish, beauty on it; nor was there a likeness in the figure, which was taller, with a commanding air that harmonized with the lofty brow and fearless blue eyes. To think of him as one who would amuse himself by paying court to a young girl was almost as insulting as to accuse his mother of unworthy motives; and yet— He interrupted her thoughts by reaching out his hand and breaking a leaf from the wild rose-bush and as he fingered the green stem, he said, returning to a subject on which it was evident he pondered deeply:

"There is one difficulty no flight of fancy can carry me over and which always presents itself when I think of Amy. Why did my cousin carry her away in the dead of night and keep her whereabouts such a profound secret, not even leaving a will or letter concerning her, even though starting on so hazardous an expedition as a march into the enemy's country? From what others have told me of him, he was a man of sound common sense; hence he must have had a reason, and a grave one, for his action. What was that reason?"

He paused, not in expectation of an answer, but to muse on the unsolvable problem; then, he continued:

"Why did he not place Amy under my father's guardianship? He must have known that she would be received with open arms. Miss Martinez," he broke off, "I want to ask you a question, for you are a Catholic. Do you think that my cousin Gerald passed over my father, who would have reared the child in a manner befitting her birth, and gave her to the keeping of a poor woman, because he feared that she would not be brought up in the Faith into which she had been baptized?"

"That may have been his reason," she returned.

"Do you think that his acting on such a reason was just to the child?"

"I think that the most sacred duty of a parent is to guard the faith of his child," she replied.

"Do you think that such a reason was just to my mother?" he asked in a low, restrained voice. Teresa was silent. She had been told that the man before her was a constant attendant, with his mother, at the Episcopal church, and she further knew that, in bringing up her son in a religion different from his father's, she had violated the promise that she had made previous to her marriage; so Teresa could not say that Gerald Martins, in believing that his cousin's wife might influence his child's young mind on this grave subject, had been unjust to her. Neither was she ready to condemn her friend.

"Miss Martinez," began the young man, "the world social misjudges my mother; so does the world religious. In the latter, we might expect to see that judgment suspended till the case were examined; but it is not. Your Church has condemned her because I have not been brought up a Catholic; her own censures her because she has failed to bring me into the Episcopal fold."

"I understood that you were a member of the Episcopal church," she said, a shade of surprise in her voice. He laughed a low, bitter laugh.

"Why didn't those who told you that I attend my mother's church tell you also that it is only in the past few years, since I have reached manhood's estate, that I have been accompanying her to its services? No! they choose to be inexact to warp your judgment, to lead you to blame her, as you necessarily must do if she had disregarded or broken the promise made when she married even a nominally Catholic husband. But I do not choose that you shall misjudge my mother with the rest of the world. You are the one person on earth, after myself, whom I would have to know my mother as she really is, a woman who could no more bend her soul to even the shadow of wrong-doing than that moon can send down her light in curved lines. At first, the verdict of the world, social and religious, regarding her actions made me resentful. I hated people for their perversity or despised them for their blindness. Now I have learned to endure it with indifference, as she bears it with patience and forgiveness. But you must know her as I know her!"

His voice had gained in intensity, his face glowed under the pale light, and his eyes met hers with thrilling eloquence. He did not appear in that hour as a young man who was seeking her society simply for amusement.

"My father is a Catholic in name only, if indeed he can lay claim to even the name. True he has never repudiated his early faith, but it is doubtful if there is any merit in the fact that he has not done so, since its renunciation has never been asked of him. Had my mother ever expressed the desire to see him one with her in creed, as they are one in heart and mind, I have no hesitancy in expressing the belief that he would be today one of the pillars of the Episcopal church. But we Kentuckians want no renegade, religious or political, among us. If a man come over to our side from honest conviction, we receive him with that regard a man deserves who has the courage to follow where his convictions lead. With me it was different. I was a child, her child, and to a woman of such deep religious feeling as my mother, one so thoroughly convinced of the truth of the creed which she professes, I know that to see me growing up without religion, apart from her religion, was to her soul as bitter as the waters of Marah. My father gives the salvation of his own soul no thought; it is not to be expected that he is, or ever was, concerned about the salvation of mine. Under these circumstances, I believe that no Christian would have blamed my mother if she had concluded that the needs of her child's soul demanded her absolution from her promise. But a promise made, come good, come ill, can not be broken by the honorable-minded. She taught me the general principles of religion, the truths of Christianity that are accepted as the ground-work of all believers in the divinity of Christ; further than that she did not go. From my earliest childhood she told me that I was baptized a Catholic, she secured for me Catholic books, and I know if there had been a Catholic school here, or a resident priest then, she would have considered it her duty to take me to the teachers, or pastor, for religious instructions. A child's mind is formed

almost entirely by the life daily lived before him. I contrasted my parents, the one living a life without thought of God, the other, living out her religion in every action of her life; and I drew the necessary conclusion. Numberless times I pleaded with my mother to take me to her church, but she always refused me. She told me that when I was old enough to act for myself, her responsibility would be removed, and then I should be at liberty to make my own choice. It was not until after I had left the University that I began to attend the Episcopal church. It is true that I am not a cummunicant, but I feel no discontent with its teachings, no doubt of the erternal truth of its doctrines."

"That is because you know nothing of the teaching and doctrine of your own Church," replied she decisively.

"My own Church?" he repeated. "You mean your Church, don't you?"

"Your Church and my Church!" she returned. "We belong to our Church as to our country, so long as we do not renounce our allegiance to her. You have not done this. You have not repudiated her claim upon you. It may be that you are ignorant as to the nature of those claims, but you have not publicly or to your own soul denied their existence, have you?"

"No," he replied, "I have not."

"And you will not?"

Her great eyes were fastened on him, as if to wring the consenting answer. In that moment, if the demand had been made upon her, she would have sacrificed her very life to bring this straying soul into her loved Church where he belonged. Her interest would have been flattering to another man; but Preston Martins had not lived with a religious mother all his years not to realize that this interest was felt not for Preston Martins but for a soul. Nor was his a mind to be turned aside by the dictates of his heart. Had he yielded to his feelings, he would have said to her in that moment, "I am yours. Do with me what you will!" But the intelligent will was not to be thus overthrown.

"I cannot promise you that," he replied, his soft, slow voice making up for refusal.

"You can, at least, promise not to renounce those claims until you have examined into them. That is a reasonable request, is it not?"

"It is," he said. "I can promise you that."

"And I need not ask you to promise me that you will go about in an honest, earnest way?" she added.

"No," he said, smiling proudly down on her, "there is no need to exact that promise. I am obliged to be as perfectly honest with myself as with my neighbor."

Then she drew the scarf over her head and they turned from the graveyard to the white house. Mr. Martins was waiting for them on the piazza.

"You have been a long time out in the night air and dampness," he said, solicitously to Teresa. "Preston, the blame will fall upon you, if Miss Martinez take cold from this exposure."

"Yes, sir, the fault is entirely mine," returned his son. "Miss Martinez and I were talking on religion, and we—or I, rather,—forgot the lateness of the hour, and that she had no protection against the night's chill and dew. That, sir, is a fault of which your son should not have to plead guilty."

"So you have been talking religion

to my boy?" said Mr. Martins, laying the girl's hand on his arm, and leading her across the piazza to the library. "Perhaps you will make good his father's neglect, and, who knows?" he added, as if in self-communion, "you may bring his father, too, to realize his spiritual dangers before it is too late."

The words haunted the girl. She lay awake for hours that night, pondering over them, her ready imagination opening up hitherto unsuspected possibilities for the accomplishment of good. Mrs. Halpin's words were forgotten, or if remembrance of them flashed across her mind, it was dismissed as a portion of the blindness and perversity of which Preston Martins had complained. If she could bring back this erring father and indifferent son to the holy Faith of their ancestors, she had not lived in vain.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### MEETING AUNT DILSEY.

Early the next morning Mrs. Martins tapped on Teresa's door.

"I scarcely expected to find you up and dressed, young girls are proverbially fond of their morning pillow," said Mrs. Martins, as she kissed the ivory pale cheek.

"Early rising is counted among Loretto's cardinal virtues," replied Teresa. "I practised it continually for nearly fifteen years—often from necessity, I admit," laughing,—"and we cannot break from the habits of that period of time in nine months. Moreover, I remembered the fields of dandelions and the orchards."

"There was a delightful shower last night, and the world is radiantly beautiful this morning," exclaimed the lady, as she clasped the girl's hand and went with her down the broad stairs and out to the long piazza. They crossed the lawn, and, when the trees were passed, Teresa uttered an exclamation of delight as her eyes rested on the long field, thickly gemmed with Lowell's "dear common flower."

"High-hearted buccaneers, o'er-joyed
that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found"

This field, heavily set in blue grass, was somewhat narrow, and skirted the lawn, separating it from the woodland pastures that stretched out for miles toward the west. One tree stood in this narrow field, a sycamore, somewhat stunted in height, but with a remarkably large bole. Its strange growth gave it the appearance of a white tent, capped with green, and this appearance was strengthened, when the view was from the west, by a door-like aperture which disclosed a dark cavity, fashioned by the teeth of decay or the sharp tomahawk of the red man.

"Is not this a picture to charm the eye!" exclaimed Mrs. Martins. "George laughs at my enthusiasm, but respects it, and never a four-footed creature is allowed here until the dandelions have bloomed and blown away."

But Teresa's eyes had wandered from the pasture's cloth of gold to the tree, standing white and lone in the world's Maytime beauty.

"You think that an odd-looking tree?" remarked Mrs. Martins, following the direction of her guest's eyes. "Few fail to observe it. It is the one object that mars the loveliness of my field, while the thoughts it suggest

sadden my happiest moments. That tree is hollow, with an opening on the other side. I have been told that it often afforded a shelter to the trappers. It was in the hollow of that tree they found our cousin, Gerald Martins' wife, who, as you have heard, was lured into the forest and slain. There seems to be a superstitious dread of the tree among the people, for when George began to clear away the wood, when the property came to him after the death of little Amy, the choppers would not touch it. When I heard of this, I begged that that tree should remain unharmed by axe of ours. He yielded to my wish, but unwillingly."

Teresa shuddered. Was there no escape from the silent reminders of that fearful tragedy? And as she asked herself that question, she marveled that the Martins could be happy in this haunted place. Her eyes left the tree and went down the gold-strewn glade, but its charm had departed; the smiling faces of the dandelions were over-shadowed. In that moment, they became, for her, the inheritors of the sycamore's ancient woe. She felt relieved when Mrs. Martins suggested that they should visit the orchards. Their way led them through the "Quarters" and as they were passing one of the white-washed cabins, Mrs. Martins excused herself to her guest and entered the low door to inquire for her sick servant. As Teresa stood in the white yard, the morning sunlight falling on her uncovered head, a negro woman, on her way to the house, paused abruptly, with an exclamation of surprise. Teresa glanced around and, seeing the woman, smiled and said:

"Good morning, Aunt Dilsey."

"Good—maw—nin'—Miss."

The words seemed to be dragged from the lips, which had turned a peculiar ashy color.

"Your name is Dilsey, isn't it?" asked Teresa, surprised at herself because of the readiness with which she had addressed the woman whose face was strangely familiar.

"Yes, Miss, dat am mah name." She had drawn nearer. Her eyes were devouring the girl's face, the while her own light-brown countenance was showing a sickly hue. "How did yoh know dat am mah name, honey?" she asked, in low tones.

"I just guessed it, I suppose," returned Teresa, smiling, and she noticed that the woman's eyes grew large with horror, for when Teresa smiled her face was Gerald Martins'.

"Mebbe, honey, yoh knowed me w'en yoh wuz a leetle gal. I'se frum Ferginny."

Where was it she had heard some one saying "Ferginny?" the girl asked herself, and she lifted her right hand to press its fingers against her brow, a wave of strange memories was sweeping over her brain. At the gesture, the woman threw her checked apron before her face, saying brokenly: "Mah God! She's got mah po'r chile's han'!"

Teresa looked at her in surprise. "I don't think that I have seen you before, Aunt Dilsey. I was never in Virginia, at least I don't remember ever having been there."

The Negress was studying her face, and then she asked, in tones so low that her listener could scarcely catch them: "'Scuse me, honey, but isn't yoh Miss Amy?"

"Miss Amy!" It was the name, spoken by this voice, that used to

echo through her dreams, the name she had so often tried to remember when the Sisters would ask her who she was. "Miss Amy! Miss Amy!" she seemed to hear this voice, loud yet never other than tender, calling after her as she chased butterflies across the green field. But the woman was waiting for an answer. The girl turned her perplexed eyes on the quivering light brown face and said slowly, "No, I am not Miss Amy; my name is Teresa."

The light faded from the eyes, a shadow fell over the face. "Please 'scuse ole Dilsey's 'quisi'vness, Miss Greecey," she said, and with a low courtesy she turned back to her cabin.

In due time the carriage was brought around to convey Mrs. Martins, her guest, and son, to church. The coachman drove first to the Episcopal church, and, after escorting his mother to her pew, Preston Martins returned to the carriage, which was then driven into Limestone Street, where St. Peter's Catholic Church stands. Teresa was conscious of a certain embarrassment as she passed down the aisle to her seat, with Preston Martins following. She seemed to feel the surprise on the faces she did not turn her eyes to see, the exchange of glances, or significant lifting of eyebrows, and a tinge of red warmed up her ivory-like face. She thought in that seemingly endless walk from the door to her place that Preston Martins had taken an unfair advantage of her interest in his spiritual affairs. But her sense of duty came speedily to the rescue, and reproached her for her cowardly fear of the opinion of the world; and on reaching her pew she sank on her knees and begged God for the gift of faith for this soul. He, too, knelt, but after a brief prayer his thoughts, with his eyes, began to wander. Altars, flowers, candles, pictures,—he noted all, marked the difference between that sanctuary's furnishing and the familiar one of his mother's church, but passed no judgment. There was something in that bare altar in the other church to which his soul clung —perhaps because of the prayers his mother had poured out before it. But as his eyes came down to Teresa's rapt face, and after a moment's gaze returned to this decorated altar, he wondered if this one might not become even dearer, because of the praying girl by his side. Finishing her devotions, Teresa took her seat, and her companion also rose from his knees. It was then Mr. Worthington entered the pew across the aisle. Teresa had turned slightly to take her prayer-book from Mr. Martins, and she met the eyes of Mr. Worthington, and they seemed to smite her soul. He recognized her with a smile, faint and fleeting and ghostlike as the gleam of a star from a cloud-swept midnight sky, before he turned his face toward the altar. Preston, noting his companion's prolonged gaze, glanced, too, across the aisle, and as he saw St. John Worthington, a flood of thoughts poured in upon his mind, bewildering him, blinding him, rendering him oblivious to his surroundings, until he heard Teresa's whispered request for her prayer-book. He handed it to her, and leaned back in his seat while the gray came into his young face and settled there. The rising of the congregation as the priest began to entone the "Asperges Mea," roused him and his eyes went again to the altar, which now seemed to

mock him with its lights and flowers. The white-robed priest went down the aisle, shaking the holy water over the bowed heads of the people, while the choir poured forth the plaint that had first resounded through the vales of Israel from the lips of its royal sinner. Afterwards, Mass began. It all passed like a dream before the troubled eyes of Preston Martins, until the clergyman turned toward the congregation and opened his small Bible to begin the gospel appropriate to the day. His voice was rich, yet vibrant, and seldom before had Preston Martins been so impressed as he was by this man's reading of a few verses from the tenth chapter of St. John, where Christ compares Himself to the Good Shepherd. As he reached the concluding lines, the priest closed the book, and looking over his little congregation, he repeated solemnly, in those soul-reaching tones: " 'And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold: them also I must bring; and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be made one fold, and one shepherd.' "

The sermon which followed would have been in no way remarkable rendered by another, but as uttered by him it reached the height of eloquence. The magnetic power that lies in simple terms and unadorned sentences, for him who knows words as a musician knows the keys of his instrument, penetrated that discourse, controlled by the will that directed the tones of that strange voice. Preston Martins sat spell-bound. The new thoughts that had been wringing his soul a short time before, and the old ones whose points long usage had dulled; the emotions his conversation with Teresa last night had called into being; desires and dreams, hopes and their attendant fears,—all were quelled, silenced, forgotten, as over him went that young preacher's voice, retelling the old, old story of Christ's love for the souls of men. It was a brief sermon, but through the following service Preston Martins sat with his eyes fixed on the crucifix above the altar, as over his brain beat the Scriptural passage with which the preacher had closed his discourse—"For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

He was thinking, with sorrow, of his father.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ST. JOHN WORTHINGTON'S STRUGGLE.

That Sunday afternoon, contrary to his custom, St. John Worthington went down to his little law office. He closed and locked its door, and for an hour paced the narrow room, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent so low that his chin rested on his breast. Then he threw himself into his old leather-seated chair, and leaning his elbows on the desk he rested his brow on the palms of his hands. Once a sigh that was half a sob broke the silence of the room. When finally he raised his head there was the stain of a tear upon his cheek. It was the first time for nearly fifteen years that he had thus stood face to face with his past. From his waistcoat pocket, he took a tiny key and fitted it into the lock of one of the small drawers of the old-fashioned desk. His fingers trembled, but under their slight pressure, the steel bolt sprang back. He drew out the

drawer, and the odor wafted to him from dead violets was like a blow from a strong hand. With his fingers still on the key, his mind flew back to the night during which he had wandered out to the new grave in the "clearing" to pour out his soul's agony through long lonely hours, while below in the log house slept the husband and child of the woman he mourned. When the song of the earliest bird warned him of his vigil's close, he gathered a few of the violets, which love had made to cover her low bed with a robe of royal purple, and these he had scattered over his grave in the little drawer. He now took that drawer from its place and setting it before him on the desk, looked upon it as a father might look upon the face of his dead child. There was a slender package of letters, tied with a blue silk ribbon. The ribbon was faded, the writing was dim, but the fragrance of the violets breathed from every page, as one by one, he opened the dainty envelopes and re-read their hastily, or carefully, penned lines. There were notes written in a childish hand, and as his eyes went over the words, he saw again his grandfather's old house and Unc' Isaac, the trusted messenger of Amy Howard, crossing its lawn to lay these precious notes in his eager, boyish hand. There were other notes and letters until the last was reached, a letter that his tears, and perchance, hers, had blistered, her letter of farewell. He bound the letters together again with the faded blue ribbon, and lifted from the drawer a ringlet of flossy hair. A ray of sunlight, that had found its way into the room through a broken slat of the shutters, fell on the curl and warmed its chestnut into pale gold. Then he took up her picture, and gazed on hair and portrait until the sunlight crept from the desk, across the floor, and made a streak of white on the dark wall. A withered red rose which had died on her breast one sweet, long-past June day, and which he had claimed as his reward for rowing her home, when the sunset was making a sheet of crimson of the smiling James River; a handkerchief of filmy lace, with the scent of attar-of-roses still clinging to it; a pink ribbon, which she had worn in her hai a white glove, a memento of one of the happy parties they had attended together—these treasures were lifted out one by one. The little drawer was empty now, save for the dead violets and a purse of alligator, ornamented with pearls. When St. John Worthington's eyes fell on that purse, he sprang to his feet and backed halfway across the office, as if an adder had lifted its head from among the withered flowers.

"My God! I had forgotten that—that it was there!" he muttered, and for fully five minutes he stood, motionless, with blanched face and dilated eyes, as before him passed the memory of that long night's search in the forest, and the morning that had followed. When he returned to his chair he took up the purse, closed his hands over it, and buried his face on the desk, among the reminders of his lost love. The white light had gone from the wall when he again raised his head, and the red rays of evening, finding their way through the broken shutter, lay on the gray of the room like a long, crimson-dyed sword. He leaned back in his chair, folded his arms, and looked again at the contents of the drawer, from the

blood-stained purse, to the little packet of letters.

"No! no! no! It cannot be—can never be! The past holds me. I belong to it. I can make no new garden in my heart, for there is not a spot that my old love has not walked over and claimed as hers forever! Forever!"

Thus he cried out, with his eyes on the ruins of his youth. Then Memory, with one of her cruel flash-lights, showed him Teresa Martinez' face, as she had looked toward him, across Preston Martins, that morning; and again he sprang to his feet, and began to pace the floor. In the gray light his face was now hard as stone, his eyes were cold as steel, and the ashen hue of grief had given place to the white of hate. And as he walked, he thought: "Again am I to be crossed by one of that name? Peace! Let the dead rest! He was a rival that a Worthington could yield to and feel no shame over his defeat. But this one! His son! To lose again and to him!"

He paused in his quick walk: "Lose? Would I lose? If choice were offered me would I not rather take Gerald Martins' place by dead Amy's side, than Preston Martins' by the living Teresa?"

"Why do you hold me?" he asked, taking up the picture, "you were not cruel living. Why has death made you relentless? Why will you, his wife, rise from your grave and walk through my heart with your maiden grace, defy me with your maiden smile, you, who, if freedom were given you, would not leave your place by his dead side for all my living love? All my life I paid you homage. Living you gave me nothing, nothing; now dead, you reassert your claim upon me, return to dispute place with this other love. I would take her into my lonely life, love her for her love, her grace, her beauty, only you come back with your blue eyes and brown hair to forbid me."

"And to lose to him, to the son of his father! Must I stand by and see that girl duped by him? What his motive is I cannot fathom, but that there is something not right prompting it, I am certain. He expected his son to take a wife of wealth and high station, and he is encouraging his attentions to a poor music teacher. Why?"

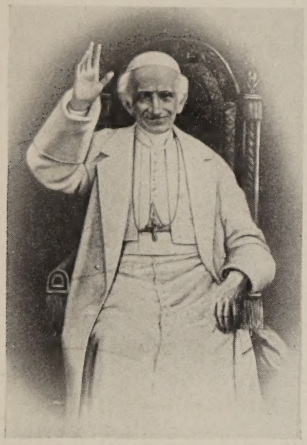
Again he crossed to the desk, but this time he lifted the blood-stained purse, and for a longer time than he had regarded the portrait he studied the pearl-ornamented case.

"Oh, to undo it all!" he moaned, half-aloud. "To have again one brief hour of that time of indecision, and my share of the weight of this crime should not have lain on my heart for all these years! But—God is just. And shall I permit that girl, though innocent of all evil, to become a partaker of the suffering that will follow when Divine retribution falls, as fall it must? Would not inaction now be as great a crime as it was then?"

(To be continued.)

# THE CLOSING OF THE HOLY YEAR IN ROME.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

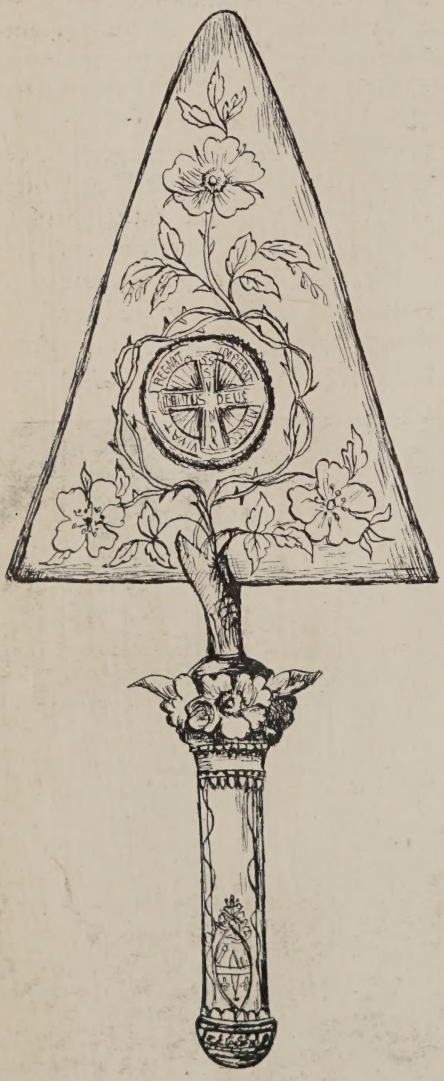


With the proclamation of the indulgence of the Universal Jubilee, to the world at large, the sacred portals of Rome's basilicas have finally closed on one of the most memorable Jubilee years of modern times, proclaimed and ended by a nonagenarian Pontiff and in the century's close.

At the solemn opening of the Holy Door, which inaugurated the Jubilee, a year ago, the same thought passed through the minds of all present—"Would Leo XIII live to perform the closing ceremony?" On that memorable Christmas eve His Holiness appeared frail indeed and aged, but his wonderful vitality of spirit has brought him through all the fatigues of the Jubilee year, the functions and ceremonies, the constant reception of pilgrims, and the hundred and one things which rendered the Pope's ninety-first year perhaps the most

THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER'S ON THE EARLY MORNING OF CHRISTMAS EVE, 1900.

arduous and exhausting of his long pontificate. Now it has sped successfully to an end, and the Head of the Church has lived to fulfil one of the dearest wishes of his old age. No one could fully realize this satisfaction of the venerable Pontiff,—in himself representing a personality which will stand out prominent in the retrospect of the century now passed into history,—who had not seen the peace of the smile dwelling on the aged face when the rite was ended. Pilgrimages had been plentiful during the final days of the Holy year, together with triduums, prayers, and processions of the faithful, demonstrating the fervor with which the Jubilee was celebrated, but the crown of all was that papal ceremony in the Portico of St. Peter's on the morning of Christmas Eve, the walling up of the door through which such throngs had passed in pilgrimage for twelve long months. Inexpressibly solemn, infinitely religious, and picturesque in the extreme, the closing of the Holy Door appeared even more impressive than the opening, perhaps because of its pathetic suggestion of finality and conclusion, not alone of a period of pardon and indulgence, but of a century.



TROWEL USED BY POPE LEO XIII. IN CLOSING THE HOLY DOOR IN ST. PETER'S.

The two ceremonies were like and yet unlike, identical in their surroundings, and in the accessories of a papal procession, but totally dissimilar in their ritual. On this occasion, unlike that of the opening ceremony, the Pope proceeded through the Portico, directly into St. Peter's, to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and venerate the great relics of the Passion before accomplishing the closing of the Holy Door. For this reason thousands of tickets of admission were given to witness the papal procession through the basilica and receive the papal blessing, only a favored few, besides the invited guests, ambassadors, and dignitaries, being admitted to assist at the actual ceremony in the portico. The square of St. Peter's even in the early morning of Christmas Eve presented the

INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE HOLY DOOR OF ST. PETER'S, CLOSED BY POPE LEO XIII. ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1900. (THE BAS-RELIEF SHOWS THE OPENING OF THE HOLY DOOR BY POPE CLEMENT X. ON HIS MONUMENT IN ST. PETER'S.)

usual animated aspect characteristic of a papal function, soldiers, hurrying crowds, and incessant streams of vehicles, combining to make an ever-changing kaleidoscope of life and motion. Before nine o'clock the already long-expectant crowds were allowed admittance by the various entrance gates, corresponding to the blue, pink, green, red, and yellow tickets, bearing respectively the lettering, "Santa Marta," "Cancello della Facciata" and "Portore di Bronzo." This last magic designation meant the much coveted entrance to the portico by the "Royal Staircase" of the Vatican, from which a door leads direct into the portico. An air of self-satisfaction was observable on the faces of all who proudly possessed the portico ticket. Was it

not their open sesame to assist at a ceremony not to be witnessed again for fifty years?

The usual contretemps occurred at the second doorway. Once the Swiss Guards were passed, ladies with gentlemen's tickets and gentlemen with ladies' were firmly but courteously sifted out from the surging, struggling crowds by the papal chamberlains, and made to wait till a due exchange could be effected. The interior of the portico was arranged and decorated exactly as for last year's ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door, the lower part filled up with modern boarding covered with brocade, and glass in the upper, so as to enclose it completely like a hall. Walls, pillars, and doorways showed rich brocade and velvet hangings, tapestry pictures lined either side of the entrance walls, while silken draperies edged with gold hung from the closed doors of the basilica in graceful folds, till the whole portico appeared like a rich crimson velvet frame to accentuate the wealth of coloring soon to people it in the papal procession. Only one door, the "Porta Santa," so soon to be hermetically sealed, was open wide.

Massive and stately in velvet draperies of crimson, the white pontifical throne arose beside the holy doorway, on a table near it being placed the symbolic implements to be used by the Pontiff in the rite of closing,—the gold trowel, the caskets containing the mortar, the commemorative medals, and the three bricks. The two handsome boxes, carved and gilded, which held the mortar; the gold, silver, and bronze commemorative medals; and also the rich apron used by the Pope

A GROUP OF COUNTRY PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO THE CEREMONY.

CARDINAL AGLIARDI ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE AFTER CEREMONY OF CLOSING HOLY DOOR.

and the Cardinal-Penitentiary in the ceremony of walling-up the door;—were all offerings from the dioceses of Milan, that had begged as a favor to be associated in this special manner with the closing ceremony of the Jubilee-Year. Still another personal association, that of Pope Leo XIII with Perugia, was represented by the three bricks, gilded and silvered, which were to be placed by the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff himself in the Holy Door, these not only being designed, but executed, in the Holy Father's old episcopal city, for which His Holiness still cherishes much affection.

Most rare and costly of all the objects, however, was the presentation gold trowel,—the Jubilee gift of the Italian episcopate,—as was also the gold hammer used in the opening. Gold and ivory and precious stones formed this little gem of modern art work, which, apart from its value, is interesting as a piece of embodied symbolism. In the centre, graven on the pure gold surface, stands out an exquisitely chased cross of Byzantine style surrounded by a crown of thorns, and on the reverse side the inscription "Et clausa porta, patet charitas Christi." From the ivory handle, the base of which bears the coat of arms of Leo XIII and the dedication of the bishops, springs a gold rose branch in full blossom, its slender gold stem forming a connecting link between the ivory handle and the trowel, for the rose blossoms stray out as if growing over the polished surface encircling the crown of thorns,—a fitting implement truly for papal hands, with which to seal the holy portals of a Jubilee year.

But, to continue the description of the arrangements in the portico.

SWISS GUARDS, IN FULL AND UNDRESS UNIFORM, ON GUARD AT THE VATICAN.

Raised tribunes covered with velvet and brocade to match the hangings of the walls were erected all down one side, at the further end, and immediately facing the "Porta Santa" and the pontifical throne. They were allotted to various occupants, that most adjacent to the Holy Door, on the right, being reserved for the Chapter of St. Peter's, and those facing it for royal personages, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, the Diplomatic Corps of the various nations accredited to the Vatican, and the Roman Patricate. The large portion of the portico, exclusive of the space reserved around the throne for the cardinals, patriarchs, prelates and members of the pontificial court, was occupied by gentlemen,—Italians and foreigners,—and as these had only standing room, a considerable number could be accommodated. Roman ladies and ladies of various nationalities, clad in black court-dress with veils on their heads, draped mantilla wise, filled to overflowing the remainder of the raised and seated tribunes, and soon the scene became alert with life, color, and the picturesque costumes that can only be seen at a Vatican function.

Half unconsciously, as it would seem, persons lend themselves, in their bearing and grouping, to their environment, forming a series of veritable tableaux vivants enchaining the onlooker. For instance, two Swiss Guards in their artistic motley of red and yellow, halberd in hand, stood like animated statues within the doorway of the "Porta Santa," looking inwards towards the basilica, the crimson hangings framing them like a picture, and in fact no picture could have been more perfect in color and pose.

The gentlemen in evening coats were the only ordinary representatives of every-day life in this vast panorama of color, all the rest was bright uniforms, court costumes, and clerical robes of a variety of grades, and even the ladies looked old-world and pic-

turesque in their lace mantillas. Monsignori and prelates in purples and scarlets, alternating with the snowy surplices of sacristans and acolytes, came and went between the basilica and the portico, and papal chamberlains passed among them like Elizabethan courtiers. A group of the "Mazzieri" (Mace-bearers), on their way to join the papal procession in the Vatican, paused for instructions at the doorway, forming another unconscious picture in the frame. Their costume too was Elizabethan, in tones of vivid purple, which together with black velvet caps and cloaks threw out into bold relief their chains of office and their great silver maces. Always striking figures in the papal entourage are the officers of the Noble Guard, and those not on immediate duty with the Pope stood grouped about in effective dashes of color, waiting for the signal to join the procession. Presently the Sistine choir came out of the Porta Santa, from St. Peter's, to take their places in their high tribune with its "grille," which hides them from the sight of the public. Many were the cordial salutations bestowed on the veteran choir-master, Maestro Mustafa, as his grey head, so like that of

PAPAL CHAMBERLAIN OF THE CAPE AND SWORD.

THE "PORTA DI BRONZO" OF THE VATICAN LEADING TO THE "SCALA REGIA" AND THE PORTICO.

Wagner, appeared in the doorway. For long years and faithfully has the old musician led his splendid choir, right well deserving the privilege of directing on this unique occasion the magisterial harmonies which were to accompany the solemn ritual of closing.

Towards half-past eleven a sudden movement came up among the crowd, a stir and rustling as of a multitude arising simultaneously. Looking down the length of the portico, from our raised tribune, we seemed to confront a sea of faces turned towards the doorway facing the statue of Constantine on the Scala Regia, where the white flabellæ and the Sedia Gestatoria stood awaiting their pontifical inmate. The guards were at attention, ready to present arms. Could it be the Pope already? But no, this was altogether a soldierly figure advancing on foot through the lines of saluting guards, escorted by a detachment of knights in scarlet, and wearing a magnificent uniform of white and gold. As the truly royal-looking personage came nearer the black velvet cloak was thrown back, showing the white satin cross of Malta on the breast and shoulders, the symbol of the Sovereign Military Order of the Knights Templars of Jerusalem. Only the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta! The crowd relapsed disappointed, for even this semi-regal state failed to appeal to them when they saw it was not the Pope. Nevertheless the small cortege formed a blaze of color, and if a photographer in colors had been near he would certainly have annexed the group.

Once more a sound in the direction

of the stairway brought the people to their feet, and this time the alarm was not a false one, for the papal procession had really commenced to pass into the portico, headed by the representatives of the religious orders, the pontifical chaplains, the papal Confessor and Preacher. Two by two the various official dignitaries of the apostolic palace followed, in a list too long to mention, each one carrying a lighted candle, and clad in his especial robe of office. Then came the mitre-bearers, the scarlet-robed secret chaplains, and after them the papal cross, closely followed by the hierarchy in full pontifical vestments. Mitred abbots, bishops, archbishops, and patriarchs passed slowly and almost interminably through the Porta Santa into St. Peter's, and no sooner had one brilliant group passed in than another took its place. A momentary block in the procession occurred just as the Eastern bishops and patriarchs stood framed in the doorway, their long flowing beards, curious, turban-like mitres and bright-colored vestments rich with raised embroideries, forming another picture truly Oriental in its magnificence as the sunlight picked out the gems and embroideries. Then came the Sacred College of Cardinals, likewise in pontifical vestments and mitres, and then the distinguished gathering of the papal court—prelates, princes, guards, and nobles escorting the Gestatorial Chair. For on the threshold of the portico, Leo XIII had left the sedan chair, in which he was carried down the staircase, for the raised chair of state and now appeared high up, in full sight of all present, giving his blessing. As the chair passed along with that strange undulating motion always so trying to His Holiness, it appeared almost as if propelled by the two great white wings of the flabellæ waving beside it.

The expression on the face of the ninety year old Pontiff is grave to melancholy in repose, but it lights up with benevolent sweetness as the right hand goes out in blessing, and the keen glance travels high and low to the occupants of the tribunes. Not a sound was heard as the Pope was slowly borne along the length of the portico to the Porta Santa. His Holiness looked long and attentively at the doorway as he approached it, apparently marking all the preparations. Then the chair passed under the portals, to be lost to sight in the vast spaces of St. Peter's, and greeted by the triumphant notes of the Sistine singers, "Tu es Petrus." For the time being we in the portico saw no more, but the thousands of pilgrims, Romans and foreigners, who had waited such long hours within the basilica, had their expected sight of the venerable presence. The inside ceremony was brief, Leo XIII being borne under a golden canopy to the "Confession," where His Holiness descended and, bareheaded, knelt to venerate the Relics of the Lance, the true Cross, and the Veil of Veronica, shown from the high balcony above. After this brief interval the procession reformed, continuing its way to the Blessed Sacrament Chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the altar. Here the Pope knelt once more for a few moments of silent adoration, and finally the cortege moved to the Holy Door, whence it defiled out into the portico, the Sovereign Pontiff himself, according to the ritual, being the last to emerge from the sacred portals, on foot, and still carrying the lighted

candle in his hand. Almost in a second, as it seemed, the space around the throne became peopled with the splendid dignitaries composing the procession. The group outlined against the background of the white throne stood out like an ivory miniature from all the surrounding agglomeration of color, the aged Pontiff in the jewelled mitre and rich vestments, the Hereditary Prince Assistant of the Holy See standing motionless as a statue,—a foil for all the glittering vestments in his sombre black velvet,—and the Cardinal-Deacons and Bishops-Assistant at the throne.

An intense stillness pervaded the portico as the ceremony began with the blessing, by the Pope, of the implements and materials to be used in the Closing. After the recital in a clear and audible voice of the responsary and prayer, "Summe Deus," begging a blessing on these creations of lime and stone and sand, His Holiness arose and incensed the objects and sprinkled them with holy water. Then came the striking part of the ceremony, every movement of the Holy Father being watched by all present with breathless interest. First His Holiness assumed the species of apron of cloth of silver, and with the mitre on his head descended the steps of the throne, accompanied by the Cardinal-Deacons, and knelt on the threshold of the Porta Santa. Here Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli (Cardinal Penitentiary) offered the symbolic trowel to the Pontiff, who, taking it in his hand, dipped it three times into the casket of mortar, then laid the mortar in the central part of the doorway first, repeating at the same time the words, "In fide et virtute Domini nostri Jesu Christi, Filii Dei vivi." Then turning to the right the Pope again repeated the ceremony of laying the mortar, continuing the sequence of the invocation in the words, "Qui Apostolorum principi dixit: Tu es Petrus." Thirdly and lastly Leo XIII dropped the mortar to the left, concluding, "Et super hanc petram aedificabo Ecclesiam meam." Still kneeling, His holiness carefully levelled and spread the mortar, then proceeded to put in place the three first bricks which were to form the foundations of the Holy Door. In the centre was placed the gilded brick, with the words. "Collocamus lapidem istum primarium"; to the right one of the silver ones, the Holy Father saying, "Ad claudendam hanc Portam Sanctam"; and to the left the third brick, with the sentence, "Singulo Jubilaei anno reserandam." The whole ritual terminated by Leo XIII making the sign of the Cross on the first foundation—"In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen." Then with firm and unfaltering step, more rapid than those around him, the venerable Pontiff returned to the throne. Not a break had come into the tremulous yet resonant voice in entoning prayer or versicle, not a halting or uncertainty in the wonderfully small and fragile hand which guided the trowel so scrupulously, and with such exactness performed every part of the prescribed ceremony. Meanwhile as the full harmonies of the Sistine choir arose in the touchingly-appropriate hymn, "Caelestis urbs Jerusalem, Beata pacis visio," the Cardinal Penitentiary in turn assumed the apron, proceeding to lay three more bricks in the same order as those of His Holiness, followed by four Penitentiaries of the Vatican basilica who continued the work of walling up the

doorway. Once again the Holy Father's voice resounded through the portico on the termination of the hymn, in the versicles and final prayer for the Closing of a Jubilee, and as the last words died away the myriad candles borne in the hands of all the members of the papal procession were simultaneously extinguished.

Surely this was the end of the deeply impressive papal ceremony surrounded by all the magnificent solemnity of the Church's ritual, and carried out by St. Peter's successor with that intense devotion and reverence which render every religious ceremony performed by Leo XIII a perfect prayer. But not yet was the rite accomplished. There was one portion still wanting, the final hymn of praise, and just at that moment His Holiness arose to entone it: "Te Deum laudamus." The after effect was magnetic, wonderful and inspiring beyond words, striking a chord not only in the hearts of strangers, but in those to whom the mighty outburst of thanksgiving was familiar. First the one voice, like the wind calling on the elements, then the deep surge and swell upwards of the harmony growing into a very roar as from one Cyclopean throat. No hymn in the world is more an epitome of praise than a Roman "Te Deum" sung by the people, but seldom was it as impressive as in this solemnity of closing the Holy Door, especially when with lowered accents came the versicle "Te ergo quaesemus tuis famulis subveni, quos pretioso sanguine redemisti." Not a knee in that vast assemblage but was bent as the words rang out, "We beseech thee O Lord, save Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy Precious Blood." Not only cardinals, bishops, and people, but the Sovereign Pontiff himself, descending from the throne, knelt, almost bowed to the ground with deep humility, a picture more beautiful perhaps than all its predecessors in its demonstration of faith.

Meanwhile a covering representing its ordinary stone casing was placed before the Porta Santa, as the sanpietrini continued the work of walling it up, placing within it the souvenir bricks with the inscriptions recording the donors they represent. Some belonged to the "Fabbrica of St. Peter's"; others to noble or princely Roman and foreign families; Catholic associations; religious orders, and private personages; for many have asked to write their names in stone on the Holy Door of the "World's Cathedral."

Fifty years from now when the Porta Santa falls before the hammer of another Sovereign Pontiff, these names, long hidden, will come to light, and few probably of their owners will live to claim them. It is a curious fact connected with this present opening of the Holy Door that only one individual, a Roman resident near St. Peter's, has come forward to take out the brick he placed in the Holy Door, seventy-five years ago.

The ceremony ended with the apostolic benediction imparted by the Pope, the plenary indulgence being afterwards proclaimed in Latin and Italian by the Cardinal-Deacons. Then the great bronze doors of St. Peter's were opened wide, revealing like a splendid panorama the vistas of golden splendor within, quivering in a misty haze of sunlight, and densely crowded with people. As the papal procession passed in and defiled by the Pieta chapel to the Vatican, and the Holy

Father appeared on the doorway, on foot, a deafening roar of "vivas" went up from both portico and basilica. Somehow the Pope on foot seems nearer to the people than when carried on the "Sedia Gestatoria" in pontifical state. Those in the portico cheered their loudest despite the fact that the Pontiff's face was turned from them, going into the Church, escorted by the whole court. But with kindly thoughtfulness to gratify his children, and the energy so natural to him notwithstanding his great age, and fatigue, Leo XIII stopped on his way and gently disengaged himself from his entourage. Turning completely around again, a smile illuminating the cameo-like features, His Holiness gave one last lingering blessing on the portico, looking up and down and from end to end in an all-embracing gaze, so that none could possibly feel forgotten or miss even the least part of that final blessing of the Holy Father. The very spontaneity of the action touched the hearts of the people, but, as the wild enthusiasm redoubled, the cortege was gone. It was the last and most beautiful picture of the day's series, framed in the opening of that crimson-draped doorway, the venerable Vicar of Christ, with the never-to-be-forgotten face, turning back from the splendors of the great basilica to bless the crowds once more.

The dedication of the century in solemn homage to the Redeemer has brought crowds of pilgrims and Romans to St. Peter's feet to renew the devotion of the Jubilee year, and, please God, Leo XIII will bless the faithful in St. Peter's for years yet to come. But no religious event can surpass that solemn ceremony of the Holy Door. May it be the recollection of the closing of the Jubilee of 1900, long after the pilgrimage echoes have ceased to reverberate in the Roman basilicas, and the century now in its infancy has grown in years and in experience of men and things.

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## AT THE HOME OF LONGFELLOW.

BY G. WONSON VANDEGRIFT.

I cannot put my foot within this hallowed ground,
Nor pluck a leaf, I can but gaze, enwrapt, around.
The tender flowers, the birds that in the branches cling
In whispers speak of him who taught the world to sing.

# THE HUMOR AND PATHOS OF WAR.

BY REV. L. W. MULHANE.

Father Gleason's striking and expressive paper in the January number of DONAHOE'S tells something of the sad drama of war, and at the same time provokes a smile at his unique way of telling the incidents that adorn his narrative. A public speaker recently said: "Beware of clergymen who have no sense of mirth! they are not altogether human."

With this as an introduction, let me narrate some incidents, some based on facts, others only, as a soldier would call them, "Camp Yarns," that illustrate the fact that even in the sad drama of war, humor and pathos have their place.

In a battle during the Civil War the Southern troops were driving back the Union forces who were in swift retreat, when a Federal officer dropped, wounded. One of his men stopped at the risk of his life and put his arms around the officer to carry him from the field. Fifty Confederate muskets were aimed at the young man who was assisting the wounded officer, but the Confederate officer shouted: "Hold!—Don't fire! That fellow is too brave to be shot." And as the Federal officer, held up by the soldier, went limping slowly off the field, the Confederates gave three cheers for the brave private, and just before the two disappeared behind a barn both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their caps in gratitude. John Uri Lloyd, in his late novel, that ran serially through the Bookman, has an old man, leaning over the cemetery fence, by a Kentucky road-side, pointing to a shaft in the cemetery that marked two graves and saying: "My own dear boy, who loved the North, rests on yon side of that shaft. He to whom the South was dear sleeps on the other side. God grows the grass alike over each; the snowdrops bloom no earlier; the roses' scent is no sweeter, over the one than the other. The wah is over."

The colored man frequently figured in the episodes of the war. On one of the Southern plantations were employed two typical darkies, man and wife. The man in addition to his work on the farm was called upon to look after the horses and do chores about the house. He was well along in years, and was one of the most faithful of his race. His wife was cook at the house. The master was very punctual and liked his help to be the same. One day, after shot and shell had been screaming for twenty-four hours from a far-away battle, the old colored man, Rufus, did not appear as usual for his work about the stable. The master asked for Rufus from his wife, Lucinda, and got this answer: "Hev to excuse Rufus dis maunin', Massa; hev to excuse him." "Why —what's the matter?" asked the master. "Hev to excuse him, Massa. Rufus done got shot dead this maunin' 'bout sun up, fool nigger—told him to keep out of the way of dem ere cannon balls. Mighty pow'ful things to fool wid. Hev to excuse Rufus, this maunin', Massa."

From the same locality, Georgia, comes this story. An old farmer way

up in the hills of Georgia, too old to go to war, had sent his son. Occasionally a report reached him of the outcome, but for many a day no news had penetrated those hills, and the old gentleman was growing anxious. One morning as he sat on his porch, puffing away at his pipe, far down the road appeared the form of a solitary pedestrian. As the form came closer, the old farmer recognized his son. The gate swung open, the soldier walked in, and sat down on the steps.

"Mornin', Jim," said the old man.

"Mornin', Pap," was the quiet answer.

"Shot?"

"No'p."

"Sick?"

"No'p."

The old man reached behind him for a stout club which he used as a cane. "Jim," he said nervously, "Jim, ye didn't desart?"

"No, we're whipped. Lee surrendered with his army, and we uns all laid down our guns."

The old man jabbed at a fly for a minute, and then looking up with a troubled expression asked: "Jim, how'd it happen?"

"Well, pap, we uns all fi't our best as long as it was an even shake; but we uns all found out that the Lord was a Yank, an' it was no use. We uns laid down our guns an' cum home."

As usual there are a multitude of stories in which the ever fun-loving Irishman takes part. Father Corby, in his "Memoirs of Chaplain Life" in the army, says that one of General Meagher's standing commands, when about to close with the enemy was, "Take everything with the bayonet." This oft-repeated order was the occasion of a very amusing incident one evening. The commissary had received new supplies, and among them a few barrels of molasses, beside which a young Irish lad was placed on guard, to prevent the men from getting at it until the proper time. Seeing no one around as he paced up and down, he concluded he would enjoy the sweets of life and succeeded in picking a hole in one of the barrels, with his bayonet. Then dipping his gun into the molasses, he would draw it out and transfer the liquid to his mouth. Gen. Meagher happened along, and seeing the lad in the act, reproached him in strong language for stealing molasses over which he was placed in charge. The young fellow was overcome with fear for a moment, but his Irish sense of humor came to his rescue, and, quickly recovering himself, he quietly pushed the blade of the bayonet into the syrup, pulled it out dripping with the liquid, took a taste of it, and then broke the silence by saying: "Sure, General, don't ye be always telling us to take everything wid the bayonet?"

### ONE OF PHIL SHERIDAN'S FAVORITE YARNS.

Lanky Jim was on guard one winter night; his shoes were pretty near gone; his army coat threadbare, and as he paced up and down he began to muse in this fashion. "Oh! yes—I love my country, yes—I do. But just look at these shoes—just see this overcoat—nice outfit for Uncle Sam to give a fellow. Oh! yes—I love my country, yes, I do, but I'll be dingdanged, if I ever get out of this scrape, if I'll ever love another."

One of General Rosecrans favorite

war stories was about Long-Legged Jim. The humble old General in telling this would roar with laughter. Jim was from Southern Ohio, from the hoop-pole district, and was a brave fellow but fearfully lazy. On one occasion during a long, dusty march on a hot summer day, towards four o'clock in the afternoon, while marching through a bit of timber country, Jim could not resist the temptation to sit down on a log, and enjoy the shade. His captain spoke up, urging him to come on. Jim threw down his gun and replied: "Cap, I'll be danged if I walk another step today." The captain, knowing Jim thoroughly, answered, "All right," and the company kept right on over the brow of a neighboring hill. Very soon bullets were heard whistling through the branches of the trees, and Jim, grabbing his gun, started after his companions, who by this time had come out in the clearing, and to avoid the deep dust of the road were marching along close to a rail fence. Jim came flying by in the middle of the road, and as he passed, the captain yelled: "Say, Jim, I thought you wouldn't walk another step today?" "Thunder and lightning! Cap, do you call this walking?" answered Jim as he ran by at double quick.

An old veteran says: "I think that one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg. On the outskirts of that now famous battlefield, seated on the ground with his back to a tree was a soldier—dead. His eyes were fixed on some object tightly clasped in his hands. As we drew nearer we saw that it was a picture of two small children. Man though I was, hardened through years to carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who looked on his children for the last time in this world, who away off in a secluded spot had rested himself against a tree, that he might feast his eyes on the picture of his little ones, brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain had I wanted. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found lumps gathering in our throats and mist coming before our eyes, which almost blinded us. We stood still looking at him for a few moments. I was thinking of the wife and little ones I had left at home, and wondering how soon in the mercy of God she would be left a widow and my little ones fatherless. We looked at each other, and instinctively seemed to understand one another's thoughts. Not a word was said, but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over the grave on the tree against which we found him, I inscribed with my jack-knife these words:

"Somebody's Father.
July 3rd, 1863."

A pathetic story was recently told, in "The Ladies' Home Journal," of the death of the daughter of Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, immediately after her marriage during the Civil War to Lieut. Le Rochelle. The writer says:

"On the afternoon preceding the evening of the marriage the Northern army began shelling Columbia, but preparations for the wedding continued. Finally the guests were all assembled and the clergyman was proceeding with the solemn ceremony, and had just joined the right hands of the happy pair, when suddenly there was an awful crash, and a ball from the enemy's cannon penetrated the mansion and burst in the middle of

the marriage-chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in every direction. There were screams and a heart-rending groan, mirrors crashed, the house shook, women fainted, and walls rocked to and fro.

"When the first confusion was over it was discovered that in all the crowd only one person was injured, and that was the bride herself. She lay partly on the floor and partly in her lover's arms, crushed and bleeding, pale but very beautiful. Her bridal gown was drenched with warm blood, and a great cut in her breast. Laying her on a lounge, the frantic bridegroom besought her by every term of tenderness and endearment to allow the ceremony to proceed, to which she weakly gave consent, and lying like a crushed flower, no less white than the camelias of her bridal bouquet, her breath coming in short gasps, and the blood flowing from the great angry wound, she murmured 'yes' to the clergyman, and received her husband's first kiss. A moment more and all was over.

"She was laid to rest under the magnolias, and the heart-broken bridegroom, reckless with despair, returned to his regiment."

JUDGE BREWER'S STORY.

Judge Brewer of the U. S. Supreme Court is responsible for this story of the Church militant. Upon one occasion the Fourth Ohio was camped near an Indiana regiment. The Indiana chaplain was an earnest man and succeeded in converting many of the soldiers of his regiment. When it was reported to the Ohio colonel that forty Indiana soldiers had been baptized, he promptly issued an order to detail sixty of his men for baptism, saying that he would be blankety-blanked if any Hoosier regiment should get ahead of the Fourth Ohio.

One dark night, while making a forced march through the mud one Irish soldier said to another, who was complaining: "Whist, Jimmy, we'll soon be on the main road." "Sure," said Barney, "I'll never get on a mainer road than this."

Many a funny story is told of the early days of the war, and of the attempt to drill the raw recruits. A raw Irish sergeant trying to keep the lads in order, cried out: "I say, men, kape your heels together—Tim Mullaney—you there in the rare rank and don't be sthanding with one fut in Bull Run and the other in the 6th Ward." Another Irish officer, who, arriving in Washington City with his troops, wished to execute a movement called right wheel, became excited, forgot the proper words of command, and yelled out: "Now, boys, wid your faces to the Capitol and your backs to the depot, swing around to the right like a hinge on a gate."

POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

Here are some doggerel lines from the songs of Harrison's Campaign against the Indians:

"The Injuns hanker for my scalp
To sell to the highest bidder.
And when I'm dead and in my grave
My wife will be a widder."

An old soldier from Kentucky lay dying, scalped by the Indians, and he was heard to hum these lines:

"I left my children in ol' Kaintuck
In the cabin with their mother.
And now their pap has got his death
And they'll never git another."

During one of the Indian campaigns, General Harrison saw a soldier hiding behind a tree, and ordered him out in front, saying, "Here, man, what are you doing behind that tree?" The soldier, who stuttered, replied: "General, I'm not-be-be-behind the tree—the tree is in front of me."

The old soldiers will appreciate these lines on

THE OLD CANTEEN.

"Of all the faithful friends we had
On weary march, when gay or sad,
Of all the comforts ever nigh
When throats were parched, when lips were dry,
Oh, Comrades, none there was I ween
More welcome than the old canteen.

When powder grained our faces black
'Mid cannon's roar and rifle's crack,
When charging brave the foe to meet,
When falling back from grim defeat,
One thing we had on which to lean,
Our bosom friend, the old canteen.

How oft the wounded lips have pressed
The old tin-spout whose waters blest.
How oft when on the battle field,
The soldier's eyes in death were sealed.
A smile upon his face was seen,
Asleep beside his old canteen.

Ah, comrades, if there is one thing
Which memories from the past can bring,
One symbol that in time's swift flow
Binds hearts to friends of long ago,
'Tis this enwreathed with laurel green,
The soldier's friend, the old canteen."

THE SPANISH WAR

brought to the front many a story of the efforts of veterans of the Civil War to be allowed to enlist. One old soldier was refused because he had lost the use of his left eye. He replied that that was all the better as now, when he wanted to shoot, he would not be bothered with shutting one eye.

Major Whipple of Massachusetts had been a soldier of the Civil War, and had seen much service in the state militia. When the last war broke out he was intensely desirous to go to the front with his regiment, the 2nd.

But all the officers, as well as men, had to undergo a physical examination at Worcester. Major Whipple was a man of great bodily strength and perfect health and activity, but the lapse of time had left him a little deficient in the matter of teeth. An examining surgeon proposed to exclude him on that account.

Then the major, who could not stand being shut out from the chance to serve his country in such an emergency, waxed wroth.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "I'm going down there to shoot Spaniards! I don't propose to eat them!"

We do not know what answer, by word of mouth, the surgeon made to this protest, but the fact is that the major went to the war and distinguished himself in it, even eating his share of hardtack with the rest, and escaping all the illness that fell to the lot of younger men.

Indicating a very different state of a mind is the story of a Southern darky. When war with Spain was heralded through the South, the colored men became greatly agitated, because in a spirit of fun it was noised around that every one of them would have to go to the front, and at once many of them commenced to frame all sorts of amusing excuses for not enlisting.

One old negro said to a man who was urging him to take up arms against Spain: "What for, Mars George," said the old man. "I ain't got nuthin' aginst them Spaniels. They never done nuthin' to me. I ain't got a thing against them Spaniels; what's the use of us fighting?"

"Patriotism," replied the man. "You should fight for love of country."

"Heh!" said the darkey; "luv er country. I dun live in town so long I ain't got no use for de country."

THE BOER WAR

is too recent to learn yet of the many stories that no doubt will soon be current; but here is an incident vouched for by the London Chronicle, under the heading of "Forgot His Shoulder Straps":

The rank and file on the Modder river were a short time ago temporarily forbidden to bathe, and sentinels were posted on the banks to look for sur-

reptitious swimmers. One of the sentinels caught sight of a swimmer who persistently ignored his summons to surrender to arrest.

At last the bather emerged from the river; the furious sentinel advanced upon the dripping figure and claimed a prisoner. "Confound you!" was the reply. "Can't you see I'm an officer?"

The next is told by Blackwood's:

When we had entered that spitting, humming zone of rifle fire, the like of which no living soldier had ever before witnessed, a bullet skimmed along the top of a man's head, just grazing the skin, and flicking off the hair in its course. Surely the time for a prayer, or even a shriek, if ever there were one. "I've just had a free 'air-cut, mates!" was the only observation heard by the officer who witnessed this ghastly jest of the Pale One.

Here is another, vouched for by the London Times and given under the heading

"ETIQUETTE ON BATTLEFIELD."

During a recent sharp skirmish, an English officer in South Africa noticed one of his guns was in danger. Calling an officer to his side, he requested him to go and help the captain try and bring it in. "Pardon," he added, as the officer turned to obey, "perhaps you do not know the captain?" The officer had not the pleasure. "I ll introduce you, then—charming fellow," said his lordship, and, regardless of bursting shells and puffs of dirt which marked the pitch of bullets around them, he cantered along the hillside with him. "Captain," he shouted, "let me introduce my friend, Mr. B. —Captain A. He will lend you a hand to bring in that gun; hope neither of you will be knocked over doing it."

To close these yarns, some of which are all wool and four feet to the yard, let me quote an Irish lad now in the Philippines, who thus discourses: "A Filipino chicken flies till its legs are rested, and then runs till its wings are rested, and you can't catch one."

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## LIFE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

A straining for the highest place,
A struggling, panting, selfish race,
The weaker striving to keep pace;
Unrest. Unrest.

A grasping for the higher toys;
Ignoring all the lesser joys;
The mirage nears, eludes, decoys.
Unrest. Unrest.

A bow; a strut across the stage—
And Man has passed from out the age;
A name, or blot, upon the page—
Of Heaven's scroll?

# THE STORY OF A NOVENA.

BY L. W. REILLY.

Traveling on a railroad train, alone, the other day, the autumn scenery attracted my attention and the gorgeous colors of the woods—purple and scarlet and brown, green and yellow and pink—thrilled me with delight. What infinite variety of hues! What bewildering beauty of scene, as one picture after another frames itself in the car-windows!

I occupied a seat near the middle of the coach. There were only five other passengers in it, although the rest of the train was crowded—two men in the seat just back of me, and two ladies with a boy in the rear seats.

As we rushed onward, drawn by the clamorous locomotive, past field and village and town, past meadow and mountain, past orchard and forest, and from one side to the other of a turbulent mill-stream, my mind withdrew from the outside world to ponder the mystery of life and to marvel at the test to which our faith is often put when we pray and pray for what seems to be a necessary grace, yet apparently get no answer.

Singularly enough, as a coincidence, just as my thoughts reached that perplexity, one of my neighbors who had been listening, with little to say himself, to his more talkative companion, said, in a fairly low but clear and penetrating tone, and as if in reply to some statement that had been made by the other:

"Well, I never did. Never! I don't remember ever getting anything immediately as a direct response to prayer."

"Oh!" thought I to myself, "I'm not the only one that's tried, and he's worse off than I am, for I certainly have received, from above, light and grace and guidance in answer to appeals."

My cogitations were cut short by my other neighbor, who spoke up:

"Let me relate an incident in my own experience.

"You know I'm a marble-worker with considerable skill in designing altars and building fine monuments. About a year ago I lost my position. After paying some small bills, I returned home that Saturday night with sixteen dollars in my pocket. That money was my total possession outside of a wife, five children, some clothes and a few sticks of furniture. At the house, a poor sewing-woman was waiting for three dollars due her. I owed rent, a grocery bill, a doctor, etc., etc.

"After my last wages were all gone, I obtained credit for some time in all the near-by stores that would trust me. Meanwhile I tried in every possible way to get employment. But I had no success. Everywhere that I sought a job, the reply was 'No!' First I became down-hearted, next I lost courage, and finally I was almost frantic. I couldn't eat for worry, and, to tell the truth, there wasn't much on the table to tempt one to gluttony. I couldn't sleep at night. I grew to look haggard, but my anxiety was more for my poor wife and children than for myself. When I was just about desperate, my good wife, to whom God

has given the faith since our marriage, suggested that we make together a novena to the Sacred Heart, for I'm not given to piety, by inclination, but I couldn't refuse her since the novena would any way comfort her, even though it brought no other good. Besides, I do believe in God and I do believe that He answers prayer; and I did have faith that He could grant us what we asked and that He would do so if it was best for us, according to His plan.

"We began the novena, hoping by a resolute act of the will against the doubt and darkness and despair that encompassed us. We prayed fervently, and strove to cheer each other up.

"On the third day a young woman, who was then a comparative stranger to us, but who is now a cherished friend, came unexpectedly to my wife and volunteered the loan of fifty dollars that she had saved up, saying that she knew that I was out of work and that she would be pleased if we could use the money.

"It seemed to me like a godsend dropped straight from the heavens.

"But what was that to our need? I handed it all over to the landlord, who was threatening to put us out, for I thought that it was best to keep a shelter over our heads, even though we had to go hungry.

"Well, the novena went on, day after day, but the first answer seemed to be the only one that we were to receive—I couldn't get anything to do at any kind of employment and the grocers were dunning us with their bills. The outlook was certainly discouraging.

"The last day of the nine came. We both felt low-spirited, but we went to Holy Communion together and said the final prayers.

"Don't lose hope," pleaded my wife, "we may yet get something in a day or two."

"Shortly after breakfast I started out as usual to look for a job, but went by the church to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in thanksgiving for my Communion.

"While I was kneeling in a pew near the door, with my face hid in my hands and my heart in the tabernacle pleading for my suffering children, a gentleman touched me on the arm and I looked up. I was acquainted with him only by reputation as one of the prominent and wealthy Catholics of the city, and he knew me only by sight, as the son of my father, who had once done some marble-work for him. He whispered to me:

"'Can you come to my office some time today?'

"'Yes, sir,' I answered, and out he went. In a dull sort of way I wondered what he wanted with me, but my mind was so taken up with the misery that haunted me, that I could not think about it. So I resumed my prayer and finished it as best I could. Then I left the church and proceeded to the gentleman's office.

"'I want you to fix the marble steps at my house,' he said; 'they're out of order. And, by the way, I'd like to get a neat but simple tombstone for my uncle. About what would it cost me?'

"I made a rough outline of several styles of headstones, and he, having first been told the prices, selected one of them. Then he inquired in an off-hand way:

"'How's business?'

"When I replied that I was not in any

business, he seemed so surprised that I had to make some explanation and then he seemed so sympathetic that one remark or inquiry of his, after another, drew out from me pretty much the whole story.

" 'How much money would you need to get a start?' he asked abruptly.

"I told him.

" 'Is that all?' said he, with a glance at me of astonishment; and without another word he turned around to his desk and wrote me out a cheque for the amount. Handing it to me, he remarked:

" 'Pay me when you can well afford it, and if that isn't enough come back for more.'

How I got out of his office, I don't know to this day. I was just completely overwhelmed with emotion and wanted to cry and to laugh. But I couldn't utter a word. He offered me his hand and my grasp of it spoke more than words.

"Well, I went back to the church for one good minute and then I rushed home to my wife. I won't say a word about what happened when I told her the good news, except that she fell on her kness and called down God's blessing on our benefactor in words that gushed from an affectionate and grateful heart.

"So I hired a shop, moved my family into rooms above it, paid the most pressing debts, procured some stones and began work on the gentleman's orders.

"I wasn't through with them before other commissions commenced to come in.

"But that wasn't all my good fortune. To provide the capital necessary to carry on and develop the business, two kinsmen of mine, relatives by marriage, seeing that I had a start in my old line, came in of their own accord, and, each not knowing what the other had done, offered me financial assistance. With their aid I have been enabled to pay back the first two loans, wipe out all other outside indebtedness, support my family and carry out all work entrusted to me, involving thousands of dollars' worth of credit. Today I have a fairly flourishing business. I attribute it all to the Sacred Heart and to that novena."

"Well, if that isn't as good as a story!" observed the other man. "It has put new faith into me."

The train had reached its terminus by this. My neighbors and I got off together, but they were soon lost to me in the crowds that surged out of the other cars. There and then they dropped out of my life most probably for ever, but the story that the one told and the other listened to, abides with me yet. Whenever I recall it, I remember also the comment of the other man and I echo it with equal fervor and conviction, saying, as he did:

"It has put new faith into me!"

# PEGGY.

BY MARY MCFADDEN.

A theme? There's nothing left to choose.
"Why not Peggy?" hints the Muse—
Which is why I pause in fear.
Peggy's such a puzzling dear.

Peggy's nose is retrousee.
Manner—neither grave nor gay,
But a pleasant " 'twixt and 'chune"
Like a lilted Gælic tune,
Which, hovering 'twixt tear and smile
Charms the listener all the while!

A modest, sunny soul shines through
Peggy's eyes of dancing blue.
Love, sympathy and girlish glee,
Friendship, mirth and coquetry,
Arch, keen glances, mischief-wise
All expressed in Peggy's eyes!

Peggy's mouth the tinting shows
Of the half-way open rose.
Peggy's rounded, dainty chin
Nature delved a dimple in!

With glints of gold, the palest brown
Wilful hair, in tangling down,
Tendrils 'round her face, to stray
Out of kilter, everyway.

Peggy's blushes—such a hue
Maybe, sometime, met your view,
When, sunset-flushed, the Western sky
Held you tranced of soul and eye.

Peggy's figure,—trig and neat—
Shapely shoulders—slender feet—
Wee, white hands and rounded waist—
Brisk, light step—just hinting haste—
Not petite—not very tall—
Girlish,—graceful,—That is all!

Not I, dear Muse, her charm can tell.
Peggy pleases me right well,
And I love her! Now, you know.
Spur Pegasus up and go!

# ST. PATRICK'S DAY CROSSES.

BY JOHN J. O'MAHONEY.

In the wake of the so-called Reformation many evils came to Ireland. The outlawry of Faith, the suppression of monasteries, the confiscation of property, were accompanied by the paralysis of the social development of the nation. The old customs that had come down from beyond the memory of man, when our country was sanctified by the footsteps of saints, were suppressed. It was as if the whole heaven full of stars that one sees on a clear night were suddenly darkened over by colorless storm-laden clouds. Ideas of beauty were banished from the every-day life of the people. During the penal days "the peasant scarce had leave to live," to possess a book was treason; to attempt to learn a trade meant maiming of thumb and index finger. Then it was that the artistic instincts which were the marvel of Europe, were rudely quenched by the vulgar motives of the coarser conquering nation. The reverential attitude of mind which delighted to express its subservance in decorating missals like the "Book of Kells," or the "Book of Durrow"; the "smiths of Erinn," who gloried in treasures like the Cross of Cong; the master-builders, whose unique "Oroit do" is characteristic of themselves as of their sculpture—all had to make way for the expediency-monger and utilitarian. The artistic development of the people came to a standstill, truly the land was no longer a place for beautiful things to be made in it. But, happily, now and again one alights on a quaint survival of fitter things from out the past. One such is to be seen in the Saint Patrick's Crosses, rude and humble as they are, still worn in many parts of the country by little children. Antiquaries suppose that they had their origin at the time Saint Patrick's Purgatory at Lough Derg was a place of resort by the Christians of the northern nations.

The story of the Knight Owen, which was widely spread in mediæval times, brought the nobles of many lands to Ireland. It was believed that he had a vision of Eternity, and had seen the sufferings of the souls in Purgatory. He forsook his dissolute life, and with other champions of King Stephen's Court, went into the Holy Land bearing a Cross of Saint Patrick as a talisman upon his helmet. The State Papers give several incidents of many pilgrims of wealth and station journeying to Lough Derg. Edward III. gave credentials to two noblemen from Hungary and Lombardy, on the same day, who had made the pilgrimage. Richard the Lion-Hearted in his time gave "a safe conduct" to the chamberlain of the King of France and twenty knights who came through England into Ireland towards the close of the fourteenth century. What a gallant show these old-time nobles must have made with the favors of Saint Patrick donned on helm and spear!

Whatever certitude lacks as to the origin of "the Crosses," there is full information as to their more modern make-up in an article written some while ago by a writer in an Irish his-

torical journal. His experience is, that when a boy, for a week previous to the national festival, the grown members of the family he knew best in Cork were busy making "Saint Patrick's Crosses" for the youngsters, boys and girls; because each sex have a radically different "Cross." The "Saint Patrick's Cross" for boys consists of a small sheet of white paper, about three inches square, on which is inscribed a circle which is divided by elliptical lines or radii, and the spaces thus formed are filled in with different hues, thus forming a circle of many colored compartments.

Another form of "Saint Patrick's Cross" is obtained by drawing a still smaller circle, and then six other circles, which have points in the circumference of this circle, as their centre, and its centre as their circumferential point, are added; after which one large outer circle encompasses the whole, thus forming a simple and not inartistic attempt at imitating those circles or bosses of our beautiful Celtic cross pattern. The many spaces, concave, convex or otherwise thus formed, are then shaded in; each a different hue, and this constitutes the "Saint Patrick's Day Cross," of which our little ones are so proud. In our time, when every schoolboy is supplied with a pair of compasses and a box of water colors, the making of a "Saint Patrick's Cross" is only the work of a few idle moments, but it was a different matter in olden times. A quill pen and the index finger were extemporised as compass, and the ingenious methods adopted for coloring in the spaces were amusing and sometimes painful. For yellow the yolk of the hen egg did duty, while laundry blue added another color to the list. Green was obtained (or supposed to be) by chewing rich young grass, while red was usually obtained by pricking with a needle the end of one's finger. The little boy wears his paper cross on his cap, and, military fashion, like a cockade over his ear. The little girl's Saint Patrick's Day Cross"—which is made by an elder sister, or if sufficiently skilled, by herself—is formed of two pieces of card-board or strong thick paper, about three inches long, which are placed across at right angles, forming a cross humette. These are wrapped or covered with silk or ribbon of different colors, and a bunch or rosette of green silk in the centre completes the tasteful little girl's "Saint Patrick's Cross," which is pinned on the bosom or shoulder.

I have known two or three old priests in Cloyne diocese break up and distribute among the poor girls of their respective parishes their old and worn vestments, for the purpose of being made into "Saint Patrick's Crosses." The Cross thus made (from a priest's vestment) to people of simple faith was an object of veneration; and I have known many such forwarded by their owners to their kindred in America, where they were doubtless received as welcome souvenirs of an ancient custom in the land of their fathers.

Not a little curious is the etiquette of those children's "Saint Patrick's Crosses," for whereas it would be considered effeminate of a little boy to wear "a girl's cross," it would be considered most unbecoming on the part of the little miss to don a boy's paper cross.

THE CLOISTER OR THE WORLD.

A LENTEN PROCESSION.

*(Courtesy of the "Guidon.")*

VERY REV. EUGENE M. O'CALLAGHAN.

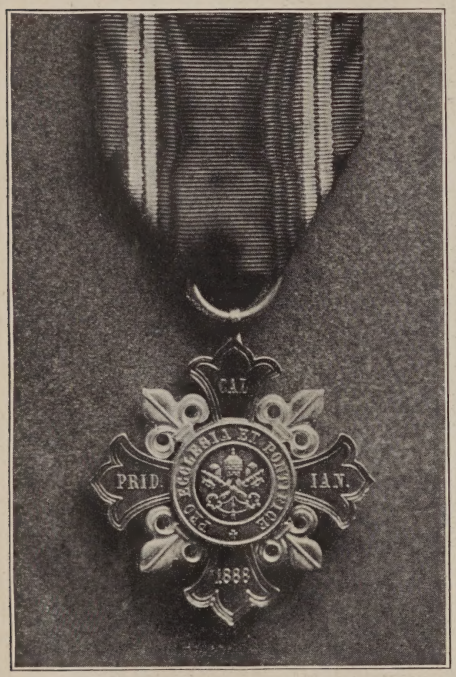
# PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The Very Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, permanent rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Portsmouth, N. H., who succeeded the late Very Rev. John E. Barry as Vicar General of the Diocese of Manchester, now replaces the latter as permanent rector of St. John's Church, Concord. Vicar General O'Callaghan has labored in Portsmouth for a quarter of a century, during which time he has done splendid work for the Church.

Father O'Callaghan was born in County Cork, Ireland, September 29, 1845, where he made his collegiate studies. Taking his theological course at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., he was ordained May 22, 1869. He served as assistant at St. Dominic's, and at the cathedral, Portland, Me., in the capacity of chancellor until 1874, when he was appointed to the parish of Augusta, whence he was promoted to Portsmouth.

Father O'Callaghan royally celebrated his silver jubilee in the priesthood, in 1894. Besides the Rt. Rev. Bishop there



ORDER OF THE HOLY CROSS.

were upwards of seventy-five clergymen from different parts of New England, who came to testify their love and esteem for a worthy and cultured priest. The affectionate regard of his flock was demonstrated by their generous gift of $1,500 to their pastor, who in turn showed his generosity and kindness by giving to the parish, as his jubilee gift, a four thousand dollar addition to the school. In 1896 the Frisbee property was added to the parochial estate. Father O'Callaghan has been a member of the Bishop's council since the formation of the diocese. In the work of upbuilding his parish he met with marked success, and always had the loyal and generous support of his people. The church organization of Portsmouth is a model of orderliness and efficiency, and its energetic pastor leaves the handsome and compact parochial property entirely free of debt.

As a token of the high esteem in which he was held, Father O'Callaghan, previous to his departure for Concord, was tendered a farewell reception by his parishioners and the citizens of the city. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, the gathering being made up of people of all creeds and citizens in every walk of life, while hundreds waited until the people filed out from the reception before they could get in to pay their respects. A fine concert was rendered, among those taking part being the children of the parochial school, who presented their rector with a purse of $50 in gold and a large floral piece. The farewell address was delivered by Michael Long, who handed him a purse of $1,500. Vicar General O'Callaghan made an appropriate response. Among the guests present at the reception were: Mayor E. E. McIntyre, the Hon. Calvin Page, Lieut.-Col. O. C. Berryman, U. S. M. C.; City Clerk W. H. Moore, the Hon. Frank Jones, J. V. Hanscom, Col. J. A. Wood, Col. A. F. Howard, City Marshal Thomas Entwistle, the Rev. H. E. Hovey, the Rev. Alfred Gooding (Protestant), the Rev. H. L. Thayer (Protestant), the Rev. Daniel Murphy, P. R., of Dover, and the Rev. J. B. Delaney of Manchester.

The last name recalls a most interesting paragraph in an article in the Guidon, the bright magazine edited by Father Delaney, where in paying tribute to Very Rev. Father Barry, the writer contrasts the condition of Concord when Father Barry assumed charge, to its standing today.

"At the time of Father Barry's coming to Concord the Catholic population of that city numbered but five hundred souls, and these had no church of their own, but attended mass in Phœnix Hall. Father Barry was wont to tell of the 'liberal' principles of the little flock he came to minister to. After attending mass on Sunday, his congregation was in the habit of going to 'meetin'' too. He soon remedied this as a work of supererogation. Little by little, under his fostering care, the parish grew. The present church was constructed, the parish house was built, and a beautiful cemetery laid out. A parochial school was the next work that engaged his attention, and one of the best appointed

schools in the diocese attests how thoroughly he accomplished this task.

"In character Father Barry was a many-sided man. By his associates in the holy ministry he was regarded as a model priest, a man of great zeal and piety. During the course of his long life, by reason of the position he held, as well as because of personal esteem, he came in contact with nearly all the great churchmen of our generation, and though he was by no means a '*laudator temporis acti*,' it was always a privilege to the younger clergy to hear him tell of those older days and the heroic characters who made history in their time. No man enjoyed the respect and confidence of the priests of the diocese more than he. He was kind, prudent, and circumspect; he was sympathetic to a degree seldom met with, and in time of affliction no gentler consoler could be found. He was hospitable, as St. Paul says a priest should be, and his home and heart were open to every comer. If there was one virtue more than another that struck those who knew him, it was his charity in speech. No man ever heard him speak unkindly or inconsiderately of another."

To be chosen as the successor of such a man is surely high tribute, and we trust that Very Rev. Father O'Callaghan may long be spared to the office he is so eminently qualified to fill.

REV. BERNARD M. SKULIK, D.D.

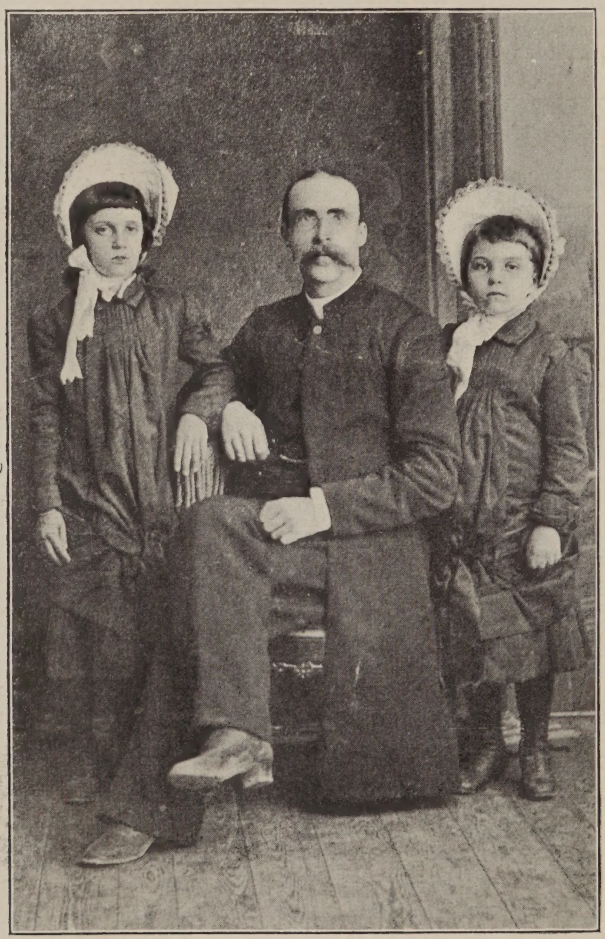
His Holiness, Leo XIII., has granted Rev. Dr. B. M. Skulik, rector of St. Hyacinth's church, La Salle, an Order of the Holy Cross "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice." for his untiring labors for the Catholic Church and Catholic civilization.

Dr. Skulik was born August 20, 1867 in Szoppinitz, Kattowitz, Prussian Silesia, of Polish parents.

Rev. Dr. Skuilk attended the ele-

mentary school in Kozdzin, Szoppinitz, from his sixth to his fourteenth years.

On account of his parents' poverty, he could not attend the high school. He was apprenticed to a turner in Sosnowice for a year, and for one year was brakeman and engineer in the coal mines of the same place and in the town of his birth. Lemberg and Krakau. Afterward he went to Rome, where he lived one year in private, and then took a course in philosophy. At the same time he studied rhetoric and Latin and Italian Literature in the Papal Seminary Sant' Appolinare. About this time ne received an appointment as Prefect in the Scuola



A. R. L. GUNN AND HIS TWO ELDEST CHILDREN.

All this time he diligently studied Latin, Polish and Russian. He did this even during his working hours, but had to pay dearly for it. While apprentice, he was caught in one of the machines and broke his left leg, and was otherwise severely injured. When he had recovered, and had received a few hundred marks from the company in which he had been insured, he studied one year in Gregoriana in the Via dell Anima, where he remained three years, studying also theology in the Papal University, the Universita Gregoriana. For three years he studied in the Episcopal Seminary at Rietti, Province of Perugia, where he received Holy Orders at the hands of Bishop Bertuzzi. Then for another year he studied philosophy and theology in the University of "Minerva" in Rome. On

March 9,1893, he passed the examination for doctor of theology, *maxima cum laude*, before the faculty of the Universita Romana, the examination lasting two hours.

On the 15th of June of the same year he came to America and was made pastor of the mixed congregation in Passaic, N. J., by Bishop Wigger of New York.

Dr. Skulik's talent for acquiring languages, as well as his literary activity, is something really wonderful. Besides Polish he is master of the German, English, Italian, Latin, Spanish, Bohemian, Slovak, and Russian languages. In recognition of his literary ability, he was made honorary chaplain of the Basilica at Loretto, on November 21, 1892, on September 29, 1898, he was made honorary member, and on the 4th of November of the same year corresponding member and director of the central committee in Rome, and commissary for America of the Anti-Free-Mason Society of Rome; on August 22, 1898, he was made corresponding member of the Papal Academy "Tiberina"; on October 30, 1892, member of the Papal Academy "Arcadia"; and on December 23, 1898, a member of the Papal Academy, "Immaculata Conceptio." In the spring of 1899 he was called to the church of St. Hyacinth at La Salle, Ill., by Right Reverend John L. Spalding D.D., where he is working with the greatest success. He is a zealous pastor and eloquent speaker, a diligent and successful author and organizer, and at present is engaged on a large literary work. Personally, Dr. Skulik is a pleasant, modest man, and is excellent company. There is hardly any doubt that the road is open for this learned theologian and zealous pastor, to the highest honors among the Catholic clergy.

CLOTILDA BRIELMAIER.

Dr. B. F. De Costa, who was recently converted to the Catholic faith, had the pleasure of standing sponsor at the reception into the church of another former Episcopalian clergyman, Rev. Andrew R. L. Gunn. The ceremony took place in the Chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, New York, Rev. Thomas P. McLaughlin officiating. While a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church of England in the diocese of the island of Jamaica, Rev. Mr. Gunn entertained his first doubts as to his creed. He was always a ritualist. He gave up his pastorate in Jamaica four years ago and came to this country. He has since led the life of a layman, devoting much of his time to the comparative study of religion. Prior to his association with the English church in Jamaica, Rev. Mr.

MARY MULDOON.

Gunn was a chaplain in the British army. He was in the first expedition that went to the relief of Chinese Gordon at Khartoum, and saw many years of service. Born in Switzerland of Scotch parentage, Mr. Gunn was educated for the ministry in Glasgow, Scotland.

Miss Clotilda Brielmaier, the well-known Milwaukee artist, received her earlier education in art at the Notre Dame Gallery, Milwaukee. On the completion of her course there she left for Europe, having studied under the renowned artist, Carl Marr, and other teachers of equally high standing.

Being devoted to her work, Miss Brielmaier has found time not only to attend to her studies and numerous duties, but also to produce some notably fine paintings for the largest churches in Milwaukee and other places. Rev. Archbishop Katzer's Chapel, St. Joseph's Church, St. Michael's Church, St. Francis Assisi Chapel, St. John's Chapel, Milwaukee; the Sacred Heart Church, Dubuque! and St. Peter and Paul's Church, Toral, are among the edifices Miss Brielmaier's work helps to beautify.

This gifted Catholic artist has been abroad three times, and is at present studying in Rome. She has lately received permission to copy paintings in the Vatican, and is also busy on several commissions, two of the number being costly paintings for the Rev. Abbott Engel, O. S. B. They will be placed in the Chapel at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.

Miss Brielmaier has been present at several audiences given by the Holy Father, and has attended numerous papal functions. She expects to return to America in about a year, but before doing so will visit the art centres in Europe .

Miss Mary Muldoon is deputy auditor for the state of Nebraska, and is the only woman in the land to occupy such a position. Miss Muldoon began her semi-public career in 1896, when she was stenographer in the employ of the Nebraska Democratic committee. At the close of the campaign, she was retained by Mr. Bryan's private secretary, and later on was made bond clerk in the office of the state auditor.

Last March she was promoted to the position of deputy state auditor at a salary of $1,600 a year.

Miss Muldoon is a very capable young woman, clever and accommodating. She has considerably enlarged her already wide circle of friends by the efficiency and kindliness with which she administers the duties of her honorable office.

# PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARDS OPPOSED TO CATHOLIC TEACHERS.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., President of Creighton University, writing in the January DONAHOE'S, advanced a strong and convincing argument for equal rights and privileges for all graduates seeking positions as teachers in the public schools. The issue is a vital one, and should engage the attention of Catholics in every State where favoritism obtains. And the question suggests itself "Is there any section of this country where unfair discrimination is not practised?"

Here on the Pacific coast there are phases of the school question that seem not to have come to light east of the Rocky Mountains.

The best possible education to be had for their children is probably the highest aim and chief concern of the American people, for on this they know depend for the most part the right growth and higher development of the republic. If an observant foreigner, studying for himself the inner workings of our institutions, were to ask me in which of them did our boasted equal rights most fully obtain, I would of course be tempted to answer, "our public schools." Such a man would be pretty sure to know that the home and the school were two powerful factors in the production of the coming American citizen. He would know also that a nation is no greater or less than its aggregate manhood and womanhood, and, whatever we may claim for ourselves, it is by these standards that we must be known to the world. Yet for all our abiding convictions of the essential dependence of our country's future on the right education of our children, we find almost a bewildering diversity of opinion among schoolmen as to what is best. Some are for "uniform systems," and text-books all of a kind for use in all schools. Others again assert that "a uniform system of education is a form of madness akin to a project for making men of one size or one weight."

We, of course, believe that all true education must have a religious foundation, and that the truth that makes us free must be interlaid in the structure from the ground up. Yet, strange to say, it is this very belief, and the carrying it out at some cost to ourselves that seems to have been the chief cause of the boycott of Catholic teachers in the public schools. But this is not all. A sort of educational trust has grown up within the past ten years. Men and women seem to have banded themselves together for the purpose of controlling in their own interests the public school system of the State, and by their efforts Catholic teachers are denied the right to earn their living.

M. W. Pepper had taught school for about ten years in San Diego County. He had been principal of one of the city schools for five consecutive years, and, when a roistering A. P. A. was appointed in his place, there was a petition signed by the parents of every scholar attending that school for the reinstatement of Mr. Pepper. The

scholars themselves petitioned. But the committee on teachers, on which there was not a single Catholic,—nor on the board itself with a cumbrous membership of sixteen—retained the A. P. A.

There was no fault to be found with Mr. Pepper other than that he was a Catholic. He is a graduate of the Wisconsin State University. He has a teacher's life certificate from the California State Board of Public Instruction, and one from the State Normal School. He had been admitted to practise law in the supreme courts of Wisconsin and California. The only thing that I ever heard these men had against him was the modest assertion of his rights as an American citizen.

After some months he was appointed principal of the new Coronado High School, over which the San Diego board had no control. But at the end of his first term the County Board of Education, of which Herr Wagner was president, trumped up some trifling technicality against him for the purpose of preventing his reappointment. The scheme was successful, for in the height of the A. P. A. craze a word from one of the brethren was enough to oust any Catholic from the institution over which they professed to hold a religiously close protectorate.

Wagner failed to get himself re-elected, and, after a brief attempt and pitiable failure at reviving a dying local newspaper, went north. After many months of pretty adroit experiment and wire-pulling he finally succeeded in getting his "Western Journal of Education" adopted as official organ of the State Board of Public Instruction. It was put into all public school libraries at the expense of taxpayers. Then he took to compiling text-books. Several months ago his "Wagner's Brown-Westland Geography" was adopted by the State Board for use in the schools of the State, and it was puffed up in the newspapers. But before it had gone into the schools the machine-made print fell into the hands of the "Seattle Post-Intelligencer," which, in its issue of September 30th, published a long article, showing up the almost countless mistakes of the work, headed, "Herr Wagner's Dense Ignorance." No county seats are given to several counties in the State. Some counties that have but one are given two county seats, counties are misnamed, a city is omitted, coast cities are located several miles inland, and so on. It has since come to light that the geography had gone into the Washington public schools before the discovery of its inaccuracies had been made. It is, of course, to be regretted that, in order to reveal something of the true character of the men who have been exploiting this un-American boycott of Catholic teachers, one is obliged to write such facts. Nor am I to be misunderstood as meaning that such men comprise any great number of the people of the State. No, these "teacher politicians" are few. But by means of crafty political control of State, county, city and district school boards they have been pretty successful in keeping themselves and friends in, and Catholics out.

Yet Catholic citizens are themselves scarcely less culpable in this injustice to their co-religionists, who have given many of the best years of their lives in equipping their minds for teaching school. On the eve of the school election following the dropping of Mr.

Pepper as principal of our high school, I urged upon Catholic and other liberal-minded voters the duty of taking some interest in electing a good representative school board. I named Major John Harney, son of General William S. Harney, who had been several years a resident of our city, as a man, a Catholic, who could be unfair to no man, and the right man for Catholics to vote for as school trustee. No sooner had this become known than the real enemies of the republic raised the cry that "the Catholics were conspiring to turn the public schools over to Rome." A house-to-house canvass was made by some of the self-constituted protectors, and this falsehood was dinned into every voter's ears. The Catholics made no concerted effort to refute the falsehood, and so the protectors had things all their own way. Mr. Harney himself knew nothing of our voting for him till it was all over, and then he was a little indignant that we used his name, for he was never willingly a candidate for office and is too much the gentleman to stoop to the usual political methods of getting himself nominated or elected.

During the ten years that I have been here there has not been a single Catholic on our school board, and only one on that of San Diego, who was appointed to fill an unexpired term.

In the city schools of San Diego there are one hundred teachers, and to my knowledge we have only two Catholics among them. The teachers in the county schools number one hundred and sixty, of which only three are Catholics. Our Normal school has fifteen teachers and two hundred and thirty-eight scholars. There are no Catholics among the former, and only four among the latter. With probably twenty per cent of our population Catholic, this is a pretty gloomy outlook for the future, and I think that, save in San Francisco, where more than half the gross population of the city is Catholic, this is about a fair average of both the teaching force and student attendance in the Normal schools on this coast. I recently called upon a Normal school student for some information regarding the text-books in use there. Myers' History, of which Rev. P. C. York, when editor of the Monitor, made such a masterful exposition, in the effort to have it thrown out of the public schools because of its anti-Catholic flavor, and resulted in having the objectionable pages pasted together, was used in the Normal school when this student began her studies. This history and some of the no less objectionable works of Erasmus were used in her historical class. She debated so convincingly with Professor Burrows against their further use that he finally had them laid aside, substituting others. (The government has lately sent Burrows to Manila, where he is now Superintendent of Schools.)

While the committee on teachers, of the city school board, were receiving applications from aspirants for positions, a Catholic gentleman, having the best possible credentials and who taught successfully for several years, applied in person. W. S. Waterman, son of ex-Governor Waterman, was chairman of the Teachers' Committee, and to the Catholic's verbal application replied:

"The trouble with you, Mr. Pepper, is that you are a Roman Catholic, and you know as well as I do that the

(Continued on page 301.)

# THE "IRISH-AMERICAN AMBULANCE CORPS."

BY MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO.

It was the closing days of 1899, and the Boers had entered with vim on their present immortal struggle for liberty. Like a series of nail-driving taps on the coffin of British empire, as if in proof of Bismarck's prophecy, came the news of British defeats in South Africa. Battle was in the air, and the Irishman of "rebel" blood smelled it longingly afar off and felt a thrilling desire to be in it. In Ireland, Maud Gonne, fair high priestess of Irish revolution, stood with the fiery sword of her eloquence to dissuade Irishmen from entering the British ranks, urging them instead to rather seek and join the gallant band that, rifle on hip and bandolier belt on shoulder, was riding into Natal, led by Colonel John Y. Fillmore Blake, formerly of the famed "galloping Sixth" cavalry, U. S. A., and the fighting Mayo man, Major John McBride. The response was ardent and unmistakable. From the peasants and townsmen who lighted bonfires in celebration of Dundee and Colenso to the compulsorily departing Irish soldiers of her majesty who threw their rifles overboard and cheered for Oom Paul, the heart of Ireland beat vigorously in the right place.

Rather different, somehow, in our "sweet land of liberty." The fetid gas of "Anglo-Saxonism," intoxicating men to slaughter and robbery on the brutal principle that might is right, filled press, preachers and politicians. The trammels of international law as interpreted in favor of England were drawn closer through the influence of the strong Anglophile element that stood close to the nation's chief executive. While on the one side Englishmen resident in the United States and their foolish blood-thicker-than-water American partisans set out with blare of trumpets and their pictures in the newspapers to help crush republicanism in South Africa, and while English officers in the Southern states were openly buying and shipping mules for military purposes—artful Missouri mules, that afterwards ran away with the British artillery to the enemy—on the other the laws of "neutrality" were strictly enforced, prohibiting any American citizen from going to the aid of the Boers in their sublime fight for liberty of the good old George Washington brand. It seemed as if, under the degrading influence of the "Anglo-Saxon" narcotic, the great republic was going to see the little twin sister republics killed be-

fore her eyes, and see it, too, with unctuous satisfaction!

Under these circumstances some of the Irish nationalists of America decided that the only practicable way to serve the patriots of the Transvaal and Orange Free State was to send them a well-equipped ambulance corps. The idea originated with P. J. Judge, of Holyoke, Mass. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, always reliable on emergency, took it up; at a meeting at St. Louis they called upon their national president, John T. Keating, to raise funds for the object proposed. In Chicago John F. Finerty and others lent efficient aid; a large sum of money was subscribed; a fine stock of medical supplies and surgical instruments was purchased under the superintendence of Doctors Conroy, Russell and MacNamara; volunteers were called for—the answer was great and embarrassing; and on the morning of Sunday, February 11, 1900, the party of doctors, nurses and stretcher-bearers bade adieu to a surging, cheering throng and started from the Lake Shore depot for New York. There they were joined by the Eastern members of the corps, which numbered sixty-four all told and was made up as follows:

From Chicago—

Chief Surgeon, Dr. John R. MacNamara; Assistant Surgeons, Drs. Anthony F. Conroy, J. J. Slattery, H. H. McAuley, T. M. Aderhold, Ross D. Long; Patrick O'Connor, Michael H. Enright, Hugh B. Ryan, John J. Quinn, Daniel L. Daly, Patrick Carroll, Thos. F. Cashell, John F. Costello, James V. Coyne, William Dwyer, John Duff, Patrick Griffin, Edward G. Healy, Wm. J. Hurley, Martin J. McTigue, Thomas F. Murray, John A. Murphy, Michael C. O'Hara, Edward H. Eagan, Michael Davey, Hubert O'Hara, Jos. E. Rickard, Jas. B. Slattery, John F. Walsh, Richard J. Cahill, Denis Foley, Elgrin Hawkins, Joseph G. Hill, Richard Morrissey, Daniel McHugh, Rudolph Linschoter, Fred Verslius, Thomas J. Naughton, John F. Rogers.

From Massachusetts—

Richard J. Barry, Boston; James L. Molloy, Boston; Frank G. Borlin, Holyoke; Richard Mackey, Holyoke; Daniel Kennedy, Holyoke; John Reilly, Holyoke; John P. Doherty, Charlestown; Bernard M. Cullen, Westfield; Edward Shea, Lowell; Jeremiah Leary, Lowell; John W. O'Brien, Lowell; Michael F. Hearn, Westfield; Thomas J. Herlihy, Lawrence; James Herlihy, Lawrence; Patrick McHugh, Lynn; Thomas J. Tierney, Brighton.

From Rhode Island—

John E. Anderson, Providence; George Cassidy, Providence.

The commander of the corps was Captain Patrick O'Connor, a cool and reliable Galway man, and the medical supplies, etc., were placed in charge of another Galweygian, namely, Dr. Conroy, a tall, strapping, raven-haired western Celt, of high skill in his profession. On February 15 the corps sailed on the French steamer "La Gascoigne" for Havre, whence they started for South Africa in the "Caravellas," a dingy tramp steamer. At Lisbon, where a six-day stop was made, the "boys" were entertained at the American legation, and they gingerly handled tiny tea-cups while listening to pleasant music, Minister Irwin treating them most courteously—a circumstance which made their

surprise the greater at a singular event which happened afterwards.

St. Patrick's day, at sea, was duly celebrated. The flags of America, France and Ireland were thrown to the wind. The green flag of Erin was saluted with special enthusiasm by the French officers of the ship, who were hospitably entertained by the corps. Senegal was touched at, and Cape Town, and finally the grim but staunch "Caravellas" cast anchor, April 10, in Delagoa Bay.

And now arose an unexpected obstacle, showing the working of the hand of England at Washington. As soon as the leaders of the corps landed at Lorenzo Marques, with its swarming blue-clad garrison of sallow little Portuguese and sprinkling of South African adventurers, and made preparations for landing their men and stores, they found their further progress abruptly barred. Senor Machado, governor of the place, showed them a telegram he had received from the Portuguese government: "Show no favors to Irish-American ambulance corps. Not recognized by American government." In vain they pointed to the Red Cross on their arms and produced the recommendatory letter of Miss Clara Barton, and declared they did not crave any favors; the official declined to allow them to pass through Portuguese territory. To the rescue came Hon. W. Stanley Hollis, of Boston, local American consul, who argued in their behalf, and at length the little governor, whose play seemed to be for his perquisites, agreed to let them pass through as private individuals on condition of the payment of sundry and numerous fees, and that each man should make an affidavit that it was not his intention to take up arms for the Boers, all of which was indignantly conceded. The slow agony of Portuguese red tape was manfully overcome by Consul Hollis. Within four hours, by his exertions he had the sixty-four passports signed, sealed and delivered, and a special train in waiting to carry the corps to the Boerland border. The start inland was made at 4 P.M., when that mercurial correspondent, Richard Harding Davis, and two companions, came rushing almost in time to be late and were hauled struggling through the windows.

The forty-five miles of railway through the fever country—every yard of which line is said to have cost a human life in making—was covered, and the corps reached Transvaal territory. At every station they were accorded a hearty welcome, especially at Middleburg, where they met Colonel Blake and the able American scout, Jack Hinton. Pretoria went wild with delight as the corps marched in, headed by Lieutenant Enright bearing the American flag. The government officials of the South African Republic received them most kindly and they were put up in the Transvaal and the Grand, the two best hotels where they stayed ten days.

It was a period of fretful waiting. African warfare differed widely from the ordinary article. Boer casualties were comparatively few, and with mobile commandos galloping hither and thither there did not seem much field for a large, slow-moving ambulance corps. Chafing at their enforced inactivity while the tide of war was rolling within reach and resenting their Anglo-Portuguese annoyances, the restless Celts held a meeting at which

they naturally decided that they would be more useful to the republic in making than in attending patients. Therefore, with the exception of the doctors and a trained nurse (Cassidy), they agreed to doff the Red Cross and take up the rifle. Captain O'Connor, when the party was received by President Kruger, told the latter they were there to help the Boers to win their independence and to revenge the wrongs of Ireland as well as they could. The president thankfully accepted their services and declared his belief that the Boer cause, just and righteous, would win in the end. "And now," he said, "above all things, I advise you take care of your horses." Sound advice, as they learned afterwards, from the indomitable old Lion of the Transvaal.

At Johannesburg they met a portion of the old Irish Brigade that had fought since the opening of the war. They traveled with them south to Smaldeel, where they left the train and took to their horses. On May 2 they encamped at Brandfort, twenty-eight miles north of Bloemfontein, where the British commander-in-chief, Roberts, had his headquarters, and next day, for the first time, they learned what South African warfare was like.

After some seven weeks' halt at Bloemfontein, taking no chances until his forces were well rested and rehorsed, Roberts began to roll northwards his big army the very day the Irish-Americans entered Brandfort. Next morning their scouts brought the latter information that the English had been within two miles of them during the night, whereupon they moved to the north side of the town, tied their horses behind a kopje and lined up for fight. There were about 180 men, under Colonel Blake and Major McBride, in two divisions commanded by Captains O'Connor and McCallum. On the kopje, which was to the Irish left, were the foreign military attaches, including Colonel Gourko, Russia; Captain Reichman, United States, and Colonel Fleuri, France, peering through their field-glasses. About eight o'clock came a sound of distant firing, and, to the new recruits, as they stood gazing into the distance, the air became filled as with the humming of bees. Colonel Blake ordered his men to lie down; their Martini-Henrys were set for 1,400, while the English, shy of the Boer marksmen, were firing volleys at the unprecedented distance of 2,000 yards, at wildest random. After about an hour of this about 200 Boers appeared, galloped to the front and engaged the enemy, who numbered, according to some of the observing attaches, between 10,000 and 12,000, in two divisions. That of Pole-Carew attacked in front, while General Hutton's made a wide flanking detour to the right. After four hours' fighting against these stupendous odds the Boers, consisting of the small Ermelo and Heidelberg commandos, retreated; but the Irish, not observing the movement, continued to blaze away until a timely warning just prevented their being surrounded and cut off. The English lost several officers and men, killed and wounded. On the Boer side there were two killed and three wounded, one of the latter being Dunn of Blake's, whom Dan Daly bore away to safety. Such was the battle of Brandfort and capture of the town, ludicrously glorified in the English dispatches as "adding to Lord Robert's reputation as past

grand master of strategy" and "the result of an admirably conceived and well-executed combined movement." With the odds over twenty to one the description seems inflated.

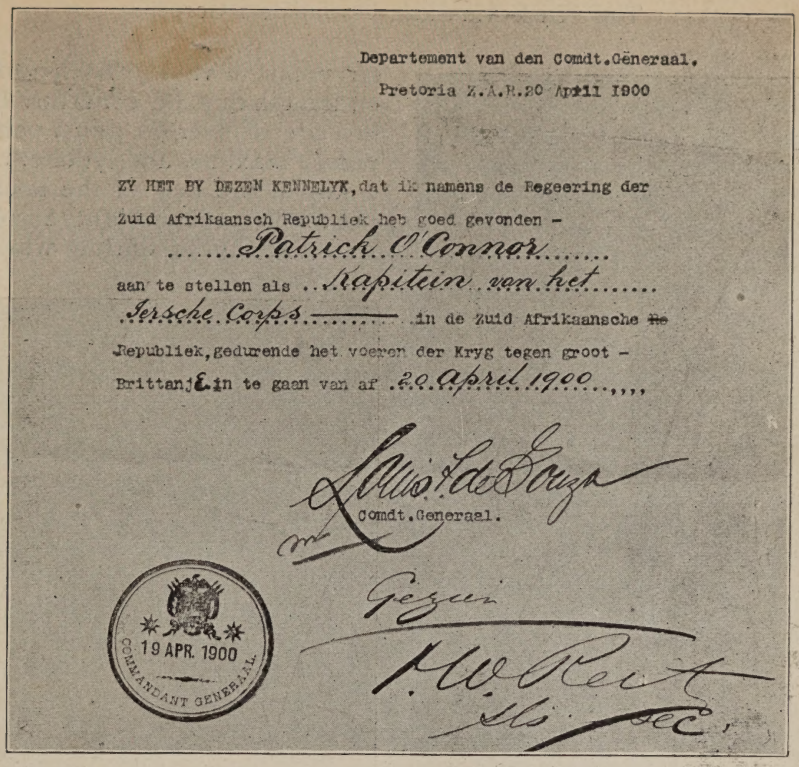
The Boer retreat was continued northwards, the Irish helping to cover it. At Vet river they saved four guns. There was fighting at Flat river, and, on May 6, at Sand river, when the famous General De Wet appeared on the scene and the Irish and the Walkerstroem commando sent General French's flying column scampering back to Virginia. A bitterly cold night followed, and the Irish, who were on the right wing of the Boer army, were compelled to remain in their saddles till ten o'clock next morning. A desultory running fight ensued through the Orange Free State, an army of 4,500 men, with two guns, endeavoring to cover twenty-two miles of country and to stem the advance of Roberts' great host of some 90,000 men, with about one hundred guns. At Kroonstadt about twenty Irish under Blake and O'Connor burned the warehouses and blew up the bridge; the English almost headed them off, but they rejoined their comrades at Heilbron. There was some friction with Arthur Lynch, a war correspondent, who undertook to form a second Irish Brigade. In his enterprise he boldly annexed some of the stores of Blake's, which so aroused the ire of the latter that Dan Daly and Tom Murray went immediately, although late at night, to the "spider," or covered wagon, in which General Botha was sleeping and—to give an idea of Boer military democracy—waked him by pulling his legs.

"For God's sake, boys, let me sleep; see my adjutant," pleaded the general, when he had drowsily heard their complaint.

They saw his adjutant, and satisfaction was promised, but an early order to trek left no time for investigation.

On the banks of the Rhenoster river they dug their "schonces" or rifle pits, but Robert's favorite outflanking, overlapping movement sent them across the Vaal, and the same English tactics succeeded, though at fearful loss, at the Klip river, May 27, Elandsfontein, May 28, and at the Rand mines, near Johannesburg, on the following days, where the Brigade first got sight of the British colored troops from India, pushed to the front only to be mown down by the pompoms. While out scouting near Elandsfontein William Dwyer and three burghers captured Lord Rossylnn and two other British officers. When Pretoria fell without a blow, Richard J. Cahill, one of the corps, whom illness had prevented taking the field, was captured in hospital; he was sent prisoner to Ceylon. Joseph G. Hill, Michael Hearn and M. F. Herlihy are supposed to have been shot by the English, after capture.

In the hurry of the evacuation of Pretoria the horses of many of the Brigade were left behind, those of others had broken down. While waiting at Machadadorp for fresh mounts they were given charge of the "Irish Imperial Yeomanry," 586 in number, all Orangemen or loyal landlords and government officials' sons, who, having come out to perform prodigies, had had to surrender ignominiously almost at their baptism of fire. They displayed the recent British fad of "wearing of the green," which aroused the satirical hilarity of the Brigade, who themselves wore knots of green



Departement van den Comdt.Generaal.

Pretoria Z.A.R. 20 April 1900

ZY HET BY DEZEN KENNELYK, dat ik namens de Regeering der Zuid Afrikaansch Republiek heb goed gevonden -

.....Patrick O'Connor.....

aan te stellen als ..Kapitein van het.....

Ierssche Corps..... in de Zuid Afrikaansche ~~Re~~ Republiek, gedurende het voeren der Kryg tegen groot - Brittanj& in te gaan van af .20. April 1900.....

Comdt.Generaal.

19 APR. 1900

COMMANDANT GENERAAL

Gezien

CAPT. O'CONNOR'S COMMISSION IN THE BOER ARMY.

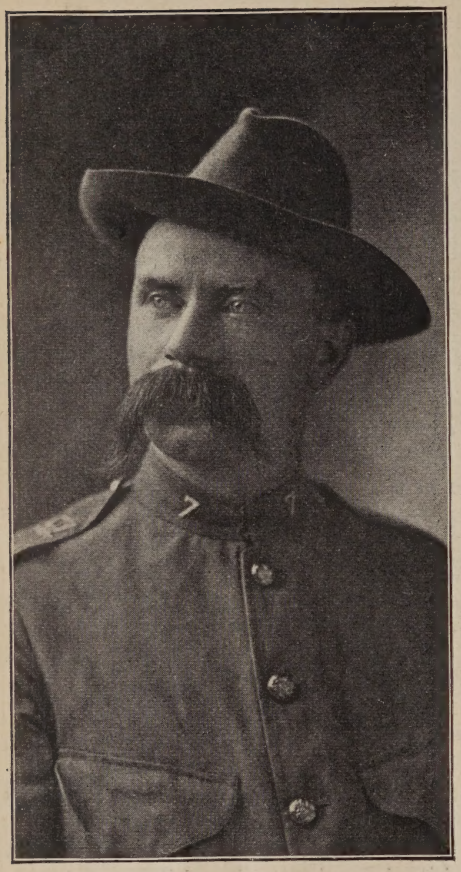
and carried the green flag through all their campaigning.

"Bad luck to ye with your shamrock," said Tom Murray; "sure 'tis six months in jail ye'd get for wearing it before ye were ordered to. Don't think to fool Saint Patrick!"

The Brigade liked the Irish "tommies," or regulars, many of whom, on surrendering, begged to be allowed to take arms with the Boers—a request which the honest burghers, in order not to forfeit brave men's lives in case of British success, thought best to refuse—but for the foolish, swaggering braves who volunteered to support English robbery, they had anything but admiration.

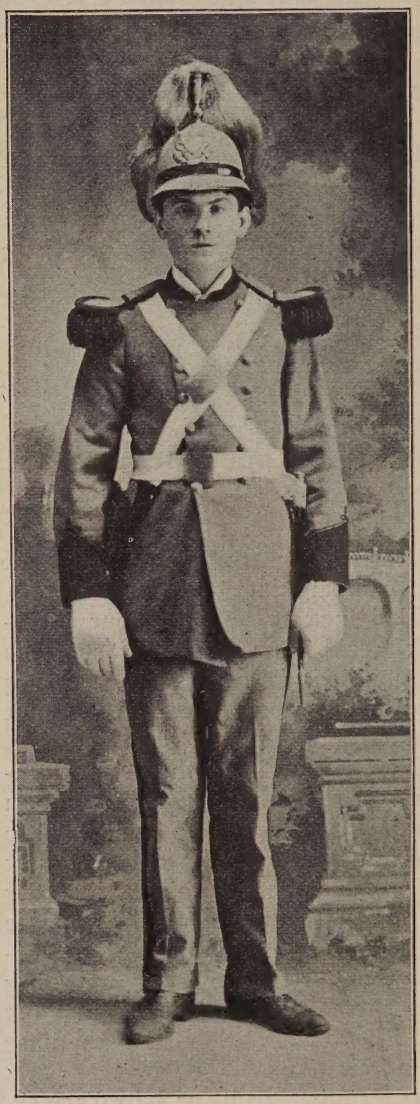
At Bronkerspruit, or Nitral's Nek, on July 11, where the Scots Grays and the Lincolnshires were cut to pieces, the Brigade had active part and had but one man wounded—Tom Herlihy, hit by shrapnel while serving a Kreuzot. In the midst of Lord Robert's vaunting proclamations from the Transvaal capital it was impressive to see 700 of his best fighters marched off prisoners in charge of only ten guards.

But the big battalions in khaki kept ever expanding and pressing on, Buller came surging from Natal to the aid of his brother, Roberts; the "rooineks" seemed innumerable as locusts. At Dalmanutha, near Belfast—so-called by its founder, Anthony O'Neill, from his native Irish city—the little Boer army halted to give battle, Botha with about 2,200



CAPT. PATRICK O'CONNOR.

men defending a fighting line of about twenty miles against Roberts and Buller with over 70,000. The fight began August 20, and lasted eight fierce days. In the centre of the "far-flung battle line" were the Boers proper, on the left the gallant zarps or policemen of Johannesburg, and on the right, 200 yards in front, to make up for their markmanship, the Irish. From day to day the explosion of lyddite and shrapnel on the brown kopjes made thunder and lightning over the Hoog veldt, Buller attacking point after point in vain. At length, on the 8th day, he concentrated the fire of over 60 guns, pom-poms, maxims, and lyddite, on a kopje, the key of the situation, held by about eighty zarps. For five hours during which



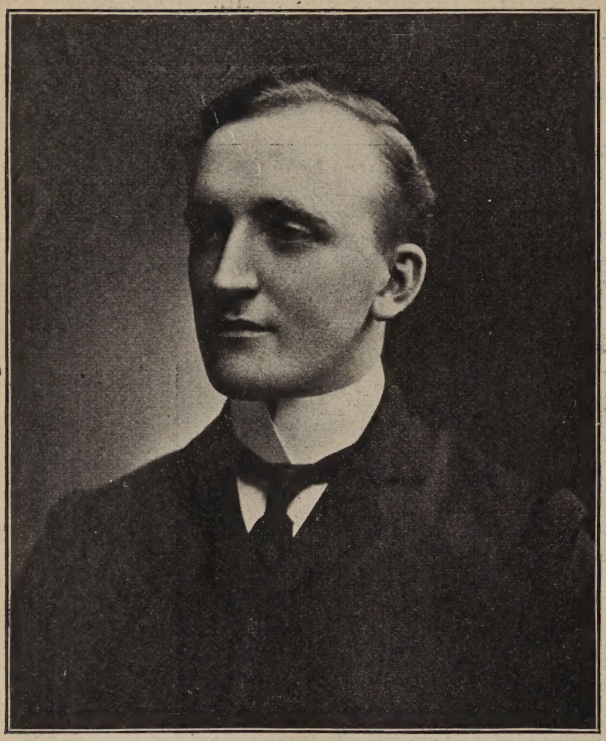
DENIS FOLEY.

they repelled three English assaults, the brave fellows held out, until, ammunition giving out along the line, about two-thirds of them retired, and his horse and killed. John Reilly, of Holyoke, Mass., wounded in the thigh by shrapnel was made prisoner and afterwards sent to St. Helena.

MAJOR JOHN MCBRIDE. TRANSVAAL IRISH BRIGADE.
Holding sight of British cannon captured at Colenso.

the enemy won the Boer position at a cost of 2,000 men.

During the first day's fighting Ed. Egan, of Chicago, was thrown from Coyne, Carroll, Duff, Dan McHugh, Quinn and five others, cut off from their corps, audaciously attacked and "bluffed" French's cautious flying



LIEUTENANT HUGH B. RYAN.

column until Gravitt's commando came to their rescue. McHugh and Pat O'Grady, an ex-member of the Connaught Rangers, fell into the hands of the enemy; it is believed that both were shot by their captors, and that the same was the fate of James Molloy, of Boston, who had been sergeant-major in the 9th Massachusetts. At the close of the battle Captain O'Connor got separated from his command. He and John A. Murphy had to traverse twenty-five miles of veldt which had been set on fire. They reached camp with their boots burnt off and their feet bleeding.

Shortly after the battle of Watervaalonder, September 9th, Major McBride and sixty men were reconnoitring in the neighborhood. In front rode Michael C. O'Hara of Chicago, humorously known to his comrades as "the Catholic," and another. They saw on a hill a body of men whom they closely approached, taking them to be Boers. "My God, they're English," suddenly exclaimed O'Hara, wheeling his horse so as to protect his companion: "ride back and tell the boys." A volley rang and the young hero fell dead. There also fell brave Ernest Luther, who had been a member of the 103rd New York and fought in the Græco-Turkish and Spano-American wars.

At Thabanchu, Bernard Cullen, of Westfield, was killed, and John Reilly, of Holyoke, wounded; the latter was sent to St. Helena. After taking part in the fights at Nootgidacht, Nelspruit, Goodwin Riverr, Spitzkop and Hectorspruit, the foreign corps, consisting of French, Germans, Irish-Americans and Hollanders, about 900 in all, found themselves forced towards the border and penned in the fever den, Koomati Poort. For a month nearly all of them had been without horses and were therefore incapable of properly coping with a mounted enemy. President Kruger had gone to Delagoa Bay and the Boers were broken up into scattered commandoes. Therefore the foreign fighters were advised

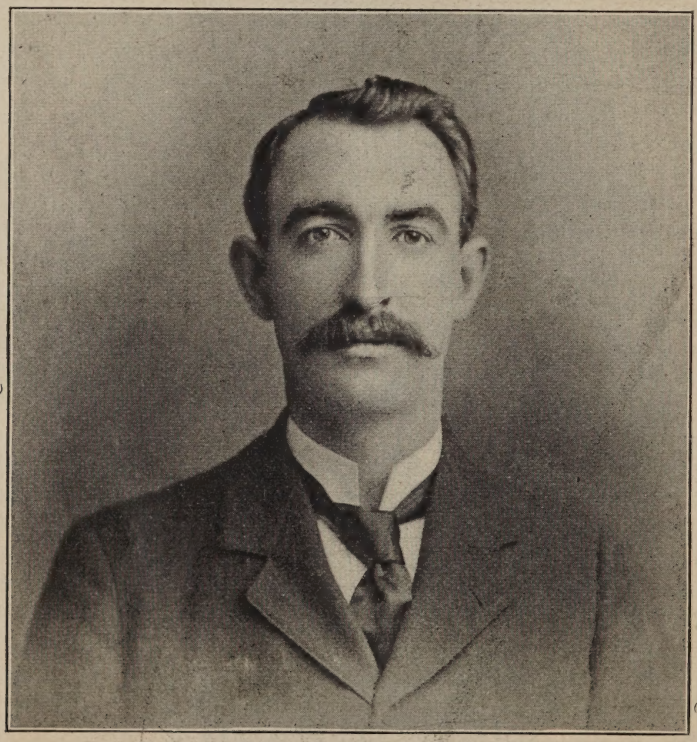
to quit the country. Michael Davey and Thomas Naughton, of Chicago, and Jeremiah Leary, of Lowell, Mass., decided to remain with the Boers, and they are still fighting in South Africa. Three English columns were concentrating on Koomati Poort, and on

MAUD GONNE.

September 21, six English officers entered and demanded the surrender of the town from General Cuatzo, soon afterwards killed, who stuck by the foreign corps to the last. The departing fighters blew up what cannons they had with them, piled their small arms on a railroad truck and shoved it at midnight of Saturday, September 22, across the border, which was lined by about 2,000 Portuguese troops, who put them under nominal arrest. After being subjected to much petty annoyance and robbery by the Portuguese the surviving members of the late "Irish Ambulance" sailed from Lorenzo Marques for Europe and the United States. Lieut. Hugh B. Ryan, for some time on the Boer

secret service, met them in Europe. Richard Morrissey and Denis Foley, prisoners to the British, but who escaped from the steamer Arundel Castle, at Flushing, Holland, preceded them to Chicago, where, on the evening of Sunday, November 19, the local members of the party received a rousing welcome home.

The medical end of the original corps remains to be accounted for. On hearing it was to be a case of killing, not curing, Dr. MacNamara returned home. Dr. Slattery made himself useful among the Boer commandoes in the bushveldt and had charge of the hospital train at Dalmanutha. Dr. Aderhold did good work in the Koomati Poort fever district. Dr. McAuley fell sick of fever in Pretoria, was there when the British entered and tended their sick and wounded under the Red Cross, then passed into the Boer lines and finally returned to Chicago. Long, a sordid creature, a medical fly in amber—the puzzle "not that he was there, but how he got there"—sold his Boer ambulance and with the proceeds started a drug store in British territory. Some of the "boys" would have cheerfully shot him on sight.



DR. ANTHONY F. CONROY.

Dr. Conroy, a medical Milesian Sir Galahad, had some lively experiences. At first he had charge of a fine hospital founded by a wealthy Irish Pre-

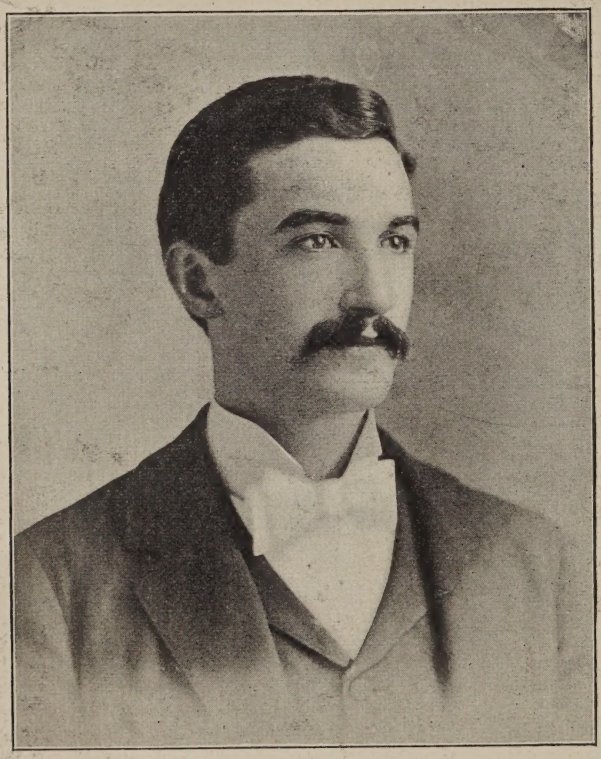
torian, George Burke, whose father hailed from the doctor's native Rossmuck. Sent to the front by State Secretary Reitz, he was surgeon general to 4,000 Boers under Christian Botha, Lucas Meyer and Erasmus, and was on Majuba hill during the bombardment when British shells shattered the monuments of the British soldiers

THOMAS MURRAY.

slain and buried there nineteen years before. For many miles he trekked over the battlefields, tending the victims of all kinds of bullets. Once, with five wounded British soldiers in his wagons, he was arrested by Lieut. Wilson and a squadron of British cavalry; but the Boers came up and put his captors to flight. Later, in his humane work, he was "captured" by General Hamilton, from whom he asked leave to pick up six wounded Boers who were lying on the burning veldt; Hamilton refused, and the disabled men were burnt to death. Conroy's ambulance, consisting of seven wagons, with horses, mules and Kaffir drivers, was seized by the British, and he was sent under escort to Pretoria, where for four days and nights he had to sleep in a wagon on the public square, ere he was released at the instance of Consul Hay. Refused per-

mission to re-enter the Boer lines, he indignantly declined an offer of remunerative employment in the British hospitals. He was sent to Cape Town, and thence to England on the Kildonan Castle, filled with sick, wounded and disgusted Britons. Some of the soldiers whose wounds he had treated on the field gratefully made things as pleasant as possible for him, but he realized the gulf between the silly and supercilious British officer and his subordinate, no matter of what grade or education, by the insulting notice on the quarter-deck: "Privates and dogs not allowed here." From England Dr. Conroy returned to Chicago.

The Boer chaplain of the Brigade, namely, the Rev. Alphonsus van Hecke, of the order of Mary Immaculate, familiarly Celticized by the corps as "Father Hickey," went to the convent of his order in Paris. The good priest, who shared with his corps all their perils and trials, intends soon visiting America, bearing with him the green flag that waved on



CAPT. WILLIAM DWYER.

African battlefields. The chief regret of the returned fighters and their friends is that they did not somehow manage to remain and keep it there till it witnessed, with the noble vriekleur, what may be the triumphant finish of this world's record-breaking fight for national freedom.

(Continued from Page 287.)

feeling and sentiment of this community is not favorable to the appointment of Catholic teachers in our schools. I have no objection of my own. I have a brother who is a Roman Caholic. I employ many Catholics in my own business. (He is general manager of a railroad.) But here I am expected to serve the best interests of the public that elected me, and this I cannot do by following my own inclinations in the matter of teachers. They do not want Catholic teachers in their schools."

This was in September last. Mr. Pepper ventilated the matter subsequently so that it is generally believed that it has been the cause of Waterman's resignation from the school board.

Yet I do not see how we can reasonably find much fault with conditions for which we are ourselves largely responsible. In every school library that I have examined I have found two copies of C. H. Coffin's "Story of Liberty," and I am well informed that a like number is in every school library in the State. When the plastic youthful mind once becomes imbued with such anti-Catholic falsehood as is found in this "Story of Liberty," what folly it is of us to hope for any fair play from the men who in youth had their feelings thus poisoned against us. A fair-minded citizen as chairman of a teachers' committee of a school board would of course no more discriminate against an applicant for a teacher's position in the public schools on account of his or her religion than on account of the color of the hair or the style of necktie. But it is with the men as they are that we have to deal, not as they ought to be.

Nearly all Catholic parents of means sufficient to enable them to send their children to convent and parochial schools seem to think that they are thus fulfilling their civic and religious duties. But what about the great majority of children of Catholic parents too poor to afford this? It is among such children, who attend the public schools from sheer necessity, that, in adolescence, we find the greater number of aspirants, male and female, to become teachers. They feel that they have a special vocation for teaching. In most cases their active minds and innate brightness especially qualify them for their chosen work. After years of hard study under what would seem to others overwhelming difficulties and exhausting privations, they at last attain the goal and receive their diploma—their credentials to teach. But they soon find that what they had gone through was as a mole hill to a mountain to what lies before them. They learn that there are a score of teachers to every school. Here they find a public sentiment so strong against Catholic teachers that their application cannot even be considered, and there some co-religionist, with political pull, is using it in the interest of a relative or friend who has no pecuniary need to work. I had some personal experience of this in Massachusetts about fifteen years ago, in a futile effort of my own to help a young relative to get a teacher's position in the public schools. From a child of nine or ten she had an enthusiastic desire to be a teacher, and I think conscientiously fitted herself for the work. Having some acquaintance with a few men prominent in school matters, I busied myself in her behalf. One of them told me that the "Cath-

olic," written on her application, would be a great obstacle to her getting a school. I was sent to sea some months after the effort was begun, and when I returned, a year later, she had given up in despair and had gone into business. Her success in this was one proof that she would have made a good teacher.

Some say that the greater part of this prejudice against Catholic teachers comes from the Catholics, so many of them sending their children to private schools. But there can hardly be much truth in this, as we hear nothing of prejudice or discrimination against American Lutherans, who have now 4,000 parochial schools with an average attendance of 200,000. Infidels and agnostics, Christan scientists, and theosophists, Jews and Mahommedans are all exempt from this unlawful civic ban.

Coming up from the schools to the State University at Berkley, within half an hour's ride of the western metropolis, with more than half its population Catholic, we find things no better. If space permitted I would here quote the inimitable words of Rev. Father York. In denouncing the egregious injustice to Catholics in debarring them from anything like a fair representation on the board of University Regents, he says that Catholics "number a good third of the taxpayers of the State, by reason of which they have a right to make their opinions heard." Yet, "up to two years ago there had not been a single Catholic on the Board of Regents. At present there is one." There is but one Catholic professor among the faculty at Berkley. It would be rather difficult to ascertain the exact number of Catholic students there. But let it suffice to say that they are no more than a drop in the bucket, as compared to the percentage of the Catholic population of the State.

The same is practically true of the great private Leland Stanford, Jr., University, to which a Catholic lady, about two years ago, gave something like five millions of dollars. In both these institutions, from base to dome, a distinct anti-Catholic atmosphere is respired. I have been assured of this by students of both Universities. What the inevitable effect upon the Catholic students there must be is not far to seek.

Confronted with such obstacles on every hand the outlook for the young Catholic student, eager to become a teacher in the public schools, must be gloomy enough. But even this will not deter or impede the ardent enthusiasts in the pursuit of their chosen work, and is it not to such enthusiasts that the world owes its ever forward course toward the realization of the higher ideals of men. In the faithful discharge of our duties, as true American citizens, it devolves upon us to see to it, by concerted action in quiet, peaceful ways that these obstructions in the way of, and discriminations against our Catholic teachers be removed. We ask nothing but our equal rights under the law of the land, that Catholic soldiers and statesmen were foremost in wresting from her royal oppressor, and with less than this we will never rest content.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

"A Treasury of Irish Poetry" in the English tongue, collated by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston, is a valuable anthology of the work of the national poets and versifiers of Ireland. It includes ballads, war songs, political and humorous poetry, songs of love and of peasant life, and is a classified record of the best poems culled from the writers of the nineteenth century.

"Up to the beginning of this century," says Mr. Brooke in his introduction, "the people who, from this little island, did so much for the civilization of the nations, wrote and spoke at home the Irish tongue, and all their poetical work was expressed in it." Deploring Ireland's indifference to the preservation of her language as a vehicle for literature, and the loss resulting from neglect of the native tongue, he says, "There are many realms of imaginative feeling in Ireland, which can only be justly put into poetic form in the tongue of the country itself. No other vehicle can express them so well."

And yet there is compensation in the thought that when Ireland's poets and thinkers had been driven to the use of English they embodied their national aspirations, thoughts and passions in a language that is fast becoming universal, being read and understood by millions all over the world. One advantage, no small one, is the enjoyment afforded by such a literary treasure as this anthology.

The "Treasury" is divided into six books, representing on the whole distinct phases, but carefully avoiding sharp lines of separation. The arrangement of the six books illustrates the general movement of Irish poetry during the century just closed. The original purpose of the compilers was to include only such work as possessed a relatively high standard of excellence, but for very good reasons this purpose was abandoned, and the compilation was carried out along lines intended to show the development of Irish poetry in the English tongue.

Ballads of wrath, sorrow, and pride in Ireland, were made by peasants towards the close of the 18th century, and sung with equal enthusiasm by the fine ladies in their drawing rooms, and ragged minstrels traveling from street to street through the towns. "When Erin first rose from the dark swelling tide," was the first of a multitude of poems with the same motive, and of a class with the "Wearin o' the Green," and "The Shan Van Vocht."

Lever, Lover, and Father Prout in rebellion against sadness, gave play to the wit, fun, and wildness of the Irish nature, but the poets of the nation voiced again the national aspirations of an oppressed people, and the famine years produced their own poetry, terrible in its revelations of suffering and wrong. The modern movement has passed into a quieter land with wider horizons.

Peasant life in Ireland has its own Celtic qualities of the best, and many poems in this new anthology treat of the tender, gay, sweet, courageous, and always natural subjects drawn from Irish homes.

Among the anonymous poems the place of honor in Book I. is given to "The Wearin' o' the Green," probably the finest street ballad ever written. Here too are found the old favorites, "Willie Reilly," "The Cruiskeen Lawn," "The Boyne Water," "The Shan Van Vocht," and many other popular ballads.

"Kitty of Coleraine" finds place in Book II., but the modest poet who immortalized the bewitching maiden remained himself unknown. Moore has generous representation, and Wolfe is here with his "Burial of Sir John Moore," Lover with his intrepid wooer, "Barney O'Hea," and "Rory O'Moore," who was bold as a hawk, and whose belief that there is "luck in odd numbers" has survived to the present day. Lever, too, holds his own; and the wit and scholar, Francis Sylvester Mahoney (Father Prout) is represented by his inimitable "Bells of Shandon." The ballad of "The Churchyard Bride" lends a touch of the gruesome. Carleton might well have permitted this winsome child of his brain to live, but no!

"The wreaths of virgin white are laid.
  Killeevy, O Killeevy!
By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid;
  And the flowers are strewn, but they
    soon will fade,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The passionately vehement "Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear" illustrates the genius of Callanan, and Banim, Walsh and Griffin are fittingly represented.

The poets of the Nation contribute a great part of Book III. Davis, Sir Charles Gavin Duffy, Mary of the Nation, John Keegan—whose "Harvest Hymn" and tenderly sad "Dark Girl by the Holy Well" move the reader to tears, —Barry the spirited and energetic, Denis Florence McCarthy, the gifted Lady Wilde, and other patriotic men and women giving of their best.

"Rory of the Hills," who

"Swung his first born in the air
While joy his heart did fill";

and the Irish peasant maiden who

"Lived beside the Anner
At the foot of Sliev-na-mon"

aptly exemplify the strength and tenderness of the poet and patriot, Charles Kickham.

One of the strong poems produced by the Fenian movement is "The Rising of the Moon," by John Keegan Casey, who died at the age of twenty-three, and was followed to Glasnevin by 50,000 people, mourning his early death.

Lady Dufferin, the writer of touchingly beautiful poems and ballads, contributes "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant" and "Terence's Farewell." T. D. Sullivan's stirring song, "Dear Old Ireland," also finds place in this collection of songs, the spirit of which entered profoundly into the heart and mind of the Irish people.

James Clarence Mangan, that born dreamer of dreams, the story of whose life is the story of persistent gloom and grayness, "peopled by phantoms and phantasies of sorrow," justly occupies much space in Book V., many selections testifying to his genius, among them "Dark Rosaleen," "The Woman of Three Cows," and "The Time of the Barmecides."

"For back to the past, though the thought brings woe,
My memory ever glides—
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!"

Sir Samuel Ferguson in his writings decisively began the great work of restoring to Ireland what it had lost in parting with the Gaelic tongue, and in the anthology some close translations indicate the wealth of the treasury upon which he has drawn.

Allingham's wistful, smiling, Irish humor, sympathy with Irish ways and scenes, his love of nature and little children, and insight into the world of fancy and fairy myth, find delightful expression. Can anything written for children surpass in lilt and lightsomeness his child's song, "The Fairies"?

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!"

Another eulogist of the wee folk found in the Treasury is Nora Hopper, whose "Fairy Fiddler" is so akin to Allingham's subject that we note it here.

"No man alive has seen me,
But women hear me play
Sometimes at door or window,
Fiddling the souls away—
The child's soul and the colleen's
Out of the covering clay."

Alfred Percival Graves' versatile genius is illustrated by "An Irish Lullaby," beginning—

"I'd rock my own sweet childie to rest
in a cradle of gold on a bough of
the willow"—

and the equally happy tribute to Father O'Flynn, the

"Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal."

Francis A. Fahy's poem, "The Donovans," perpetuating their memory for their genial hospitality, is a fine example of simple writing from the heart:

"As soon as e'er you life the latch, the
little ones are meeting you
Soon as you're beneath the thatch, Oh!
kindly looks are greeting you."

Of the songs of pathos and affection several have been gleaned from Mrs. Hinkson's volumes, and George A. Greene, who reviews her work, is enthusiastic in his praise, declaring that "it

holds the secrets of the birds, the leaves, and the flowers, and the human voice too, is deep and touching—the voice of the Irish priestess." The fisherman bewailing his loneliness, after his daughter has been wooed away from him, is a fine manifestation of this tenderness:

"Why would you go so fast
With him you never knew?
In all the trouble that is past
I never frowned on you."

"Or when your head let fall
Its soft curls on my breast,
Why do the childer grow at all
To love the stranger best?"

Another woman poet, Moira O'Neill, whose work is always Irish of the Irish, tender, wistful, musical, hovering on the border land of laughter and tears, hungering for old scenes and associations, is noticed at length, a kindness for which the public will be grateful. In one of the poems quoted "Corrymeela," one can feel the longing of the Irish peasant "helpin' wi the hay" in an English field:

"The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes.
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind."

In "Johneen," the pride of the young mother is so dominant, compelling respectful attention to "the words of his lips," that the reader enters into sympathy with the recital of his charms:

"There's nobody can rightly tell the color of his eyes,
This Johneen;
For they're partly o' the earth, an' still their partly o' the skies,
Like Johneen.
So far as he's thravelled he's been laughin' all the way,
For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay
An' he likes the merry daffodils—he thinks they'd do to play
With Johneen."

From this poem-picture of a happy mother exulting in the possession of her boy, it is well to turn to Cecil Frances Alexander's work, where the "Lament of the Irish Mother" illustrates the poetic insight into the heart of the parent, and the poet's sympathetic interpretation of the agony of unrequited mother-love. By such comparison we learn to estimate the author's strength:

"I nursed them at my yielding breast,
I reared them at my knee,
They left me for the golden west;
They left me for the sea.

"The bitter world washed out my claim;
In childhood it was dear,
But youth forgets, and manhood came,
And dashed it far and near.

But when I think of the old time,
Soft fingers, eyes that met,
In spite of age, in spite of clime,
I wonder they forget."

It is seldom indeed that such a labor of love falls to the lot of the reviewer as to turn page after page of this golden treasury, and as one reads to have interest so diverted from the set purpose of reviewing that unconsciously moments pass into hours delightfully spent with those men and women of the past and of the present, comparing their work, and wandering off at will, or at the bidding of memory, as some old favorite holds the attention and exerts its charm anew.

The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

An "Illustrated Explanation of the Apostles' Creed," adapted from the original of Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D., by Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R., is a thorough exposition of the Catholic faith, with a reflection, practice and prayer on each article of the Creed.

The subject is divided into two parts, Faith in General, and the Apostles' Creed. Under the first title are considered the nature of faith, the necessity of faith, and the qualities or properties of faith; under the second the twelve articles of the Creed are dwelt upon. The lucid explanations, simple definitions, and apt examples will greatly assist in acquiring knowledge of much value to Catholics and also to those outside the Church who desire to be instructed. It is imperative in these days that Catholics should be well informed in matters of faith, and this work of Father Girardey's will not only supply needed information but will also excite love for

Mother Church and make her children more appreciative of the blessing of faith.

Benziger Brothers, New York. $1.00.

"The New Raccolta" contains prayers for every time and need, and for every practice of piety and worship. This edition has been enlarged by the addition of new prayers and good works which Leo XIII., from the year 1886 to the present time, has enriched with indulgences to be gained by all the faithful.

Peter F. Cunningham & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. 75 cents.

Very Rev. James Rockliff, S. J., has issued a translation of a Catholic catechism by Rev. James Groenings, S. J. It is intended for Parochial and Sunday schools, and the subject matter is arranged to meet the needs of intermediate and higher classes. The explanations given in small print will be of particular value in Sunday school work.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

And now Dr. Maurice Francis Egan has written a book for girls! In the altogether unnecessary apology prefacing the story of "The Watson Girls," the author intimates that he was deserted by his advisory council of young persons, because he failed to act upon their advice, and was thus compelled to write the story all by himself. Perhaps it was just as well that he was thrown on his own resources. It is quite interesting to know just what a university professor can do when compelled to come down from the heights. Certainly Dr. Egan comes down gracefully. There is nothing at all condescending in his manner, and he shows himself so kindly indulgent in the matter of slang—(how dreadful it would be to use here the conventional "so thoroughly conversant with his subject")—and so ready to condone juvenile offences even while mildly reproving them that he will surely have a large following of devoted admirers.

A captious critic might claim with truth that Mr. Egan takes an unfair advantage when he makes his girls voice gently sarcastic, good-naturedly cynical thoughts that are distinctively the author's own, as when Alice Watson, rebelling against practising, is made to say, "Nobody listens when you play, they just talk." And again when, after censuring her father for not sending them out of town for their vacation, she attributes his care-worn look to the fact that he is not a Catholic, but frees herself of all blame with "well, we've done all we could. I have said prayers and prayers."

Feminine readers, and of course they will be in the majority, may be inclined to ask why the cut glass vases, for use in the dining room, were kept "on the top shelf of the closet in Amelie's room." But there is really no good reason why they should not be kept there—beyond the saving of steps—and no reasonable person will expect an erudite mind to burden itself with such trifles. Let notable housekeepers grumble if they will. We beg pardon for asking it, but the warm spring sunshine prompts the question, "Was it really kind to start Amelie on her journey, on a white-hot August morning, arrayed in 'a dark blue gown with a little bolero jacket, and a light blue silk waist?'" We imagine it must have been at this point in the story that the advisory council withdrew.

However, the deserted university man goes on bravely and evolves a most fascinating tale, blending home and school interests, fun, tiffs of temper, reconciliations, bits of mystery and gossip, and all the other elements of a first-class juvenile story. Amelie is the moral force leavening the frivolity, snobbishness, or waywardness of the other characters, and a very capable young person she is with a knowledge of everything from the "Lorelei" to salad dressing. But, though Amelie is the heroine, Belinda Murray, the outspoken, is evidently nearer the author's heart. We can almost hear him prompting Bob's encomium, "Belinda's a peach. She says such funny things." Her name will be perpetuated in the Belinda Books which Mr. Egan promises to write if this first volume is well received. And well received it will be without a doubt, for there are no critics more discerning than the little women all over the country for whom "The Watson Girls" was specially written. They will appreciate not only the story, but even more the kindly thought that prompted a man of letters to give hours of his time, taken from his scholarly pursuits, to the writing of this book for their pleasure and profit, and as a compensation for the indifference of other Catholic writers who have sadly neglected girl-readers. May other prominent members of the Catholic literary set also come down from the clouds and

pattern after Mr. Egan with equal success.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Two of the best books in the juvenile series being issued by Benziger Brothers are "Dimpling's Success," by Clara Mulholland, and "Nan Nobody," by Mary T. Waggaman. There are several points of resmblance in those very pleasing stories. In each the chief character is an orphan girl, a loyal, loving little creature, and in each there is a whole-souled Father Tom. Dimpling makes her way into the heart of a stern old grandfather, and Nan wins the love of a loud-voiced, quick-tempered Uncle Jack. Here the resemblance ends. Each author evolves her plot on widely different lines, and introduces her characters after a manner entirely her own. After reading of Nan and Patsy and Dave and Tim, and their varying fortunes, the reader may travel from their American home to Bray Head and there meet Dimpling's equally numerous but more happily situated friends. A more enjoyable trip or more charming company would be hard to find.

These little stories are effective in inculcating lessons of kindness, generosity and obedience, while entertaining young readers, and are worthy of a more durable form than that given them by the publishers. But more expensive binding would probably mean a higher selling price and a more restricted circulation, a result to be deplored as these pretty, uplifting tales should be in the hands of all Catholic children.

Benziger Brothers, New York. 40 cents.

Clarence Hawkes, the gifted young poet, who, despite the fact that he is blind, has produced more good work in a given time than many men endowed with all their senses, has published another book of poems, "The Hope of the World." It takes its name from the initial poem, a lengthy one, in which the author has embodied much earnest thought in dealing with the problems created by modern conditions. There are also many other poems and some exquisite bird songs, and the number and beauty of the illustrations greatly enhance the value of the volume. The following quotation marks the source of the cheerfulness and resignation giving character to much of Mr. Hawkes' verse:

ONLY A LITTLE.

Out of the heart of things unknown
There comes a little truth each day;
Though we do not feel that we have grown,
Yet God has seen and marked the way.

The volume is handsomely bound, the printing excellent, and the type large and clear.

Clarence Hawkes, Hadley, Mass. Price $1.50.

Two bright, effective dramas for children are "Tara," by the Ursulines of St. Teresa, and "Queen Floradine," by Mrs. Cora Semmes Ives. The latter was specially written for very young children "in memory of a happy play room of fifty years ago, made pleasant for a large family of children, by a pious and judicious mother." The costumes are simple and inexpensive, the staging easily arranged, and the dialogue in verse will be readily memorized by the little pupils.

"Tara" will prove equally acceptable for use in higher classes. Pupils who sing well will delight in rendering the numerous selections from Moore's Melodies woven into the drama.

William H. Young & Company, New York. 25 cents each.

A semi-historical drama in four acts, "The Crusaders," by Brother Paul, O.S.F., is commended to the attention of societies, clubs, schools and colleges as an excellent medium for calling into play the histrionic talent of members, and inducing amateurs to put forth their best efforts.

Christian Press Publishing Association. New York and San Francisco.

"Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise," by Very Rev. R. O'Kennedy, is a solid and beautiful explanation of the meaning of the Mass by means of an intelligent comment on its words and ceremonies. Paper cover.

The Ave Maria Press: Notre Dame, Indiana. 5 cents.

Another useful book for school and Sunday school classes is the "Catechism of the Christian Doctrine," prepared by a Jesuit Missionary, and published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

Rev. P. A. Sheehan, the author of "My New Curate," shows that he has poetic talent of a high kind in his graceful verses published under the title "The Canticle of the Magnificat." He takes each verse of this great canticle and translates it into beautiful and inspiring English.

The Ave Maria Press: Notre Dame, Ind. 5 cents.

"Ash Wednesday," translated from the French of Francois Copee, by Dorothy Lamon, is a timely reminder of the season.

Published by Dorothy Lamon, Washington, D. C. 15 cents.

Blessed Francis Regis, C.M., martyred in China in 1820, is the subject of a pamphlet that is published in Melbourne by W. P. Linehan, and bears the imprimatur of Archbishop Carr. It contains much interesting matter on the labors of the missionaries.

"Mater Dolorosa, Stabat Mater," "Vision of the Wound," and a series of other sacred pieces set to music by Rev. Lawrence Moeslein, C.P., appear in book form from the publishing house of J. Fischer & Bro., New York. The arrangement of the hymns and the variety afforded for use on different occasions give the collection a special value to parochial school teachers, and for use in choir practice. Father Moeslein is also the author of the popular cantata, "The Heavenly Bride." $1.00.

From Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, we have received "Solos for Catholic Choirs," a collection of hymns, the words being given in both English and Latin.

Among recent publications for use in art work, the Bigelow pictures form a splendid collection of black and white prints of famous foreign shrines and places. They are sold in sets of 15 at 35 cents per set, and a separate sheet with the titles and numbers accompanies each set.

E. Sherman Bigelow, Lowell, Mass.

Hon. John J. McDonough's address on "Citizenship in the United States" has been published in pamphlet form, and is a very useful document for reference purposes. In compact shape, it gives the history of citizenship, and defines its rights and duties. People born abroad and resident in the United States will be particularly interested in the direct, simply-worded instructions on the mode of procedure to follow when desiring to take out naturalization papers.

The January issue of the Catholic University Bulletin is replete with interesting matter. Among other strong papers, one by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of Labor, and Honorary Professor of Social Economics at the University, commands public attention. Writing on "The Factory as an Element in Social Life," Mr. Wright says:

"A superficial study of the factory leads to the conclusion that it has a deteriorating influence upon the operative as well as the population surrounding it, but this is a superficial view. It is a natural one, however. Under certain conditions almost every writer adopts this view, but also adopts the view that the factory has been beneficial in a purely economic sense. Few are ready to adopt the idea that the factory has been of itself and through its own influence an element in civilization or an element in lifting up the social life of any of the people, yet this is the truth. The factory reaches down and lifts up; it does not reach up and draw down those who have been raised to a higher standard. This is the real ethical mission of the factory everywhere."

The Bulletin is now in its seventh year of publication. It makes a handsome annual volume of nearly 600 pages. Subscription, $2 yearly. Address Catholic University Bulletin, Washington, D. C.

Thanks to the enterprise of the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco, Archbishop Ryan's famous lecture "What Catholics Do Not Believe" has been published in pamphlet form at a nominal price. This masterly exposition of Catholic doctrine is now within the reach of all those interested in the spread of Catholic truth.

The Truth Society has also published a lecture by Hon. Henry C. Dillon of Los Angeles on "Catholicism and Reason." Both discourses are akin in subject matter but different in method. Mr. Dillon's is a masterpiece of close reasoning and demands study and reflection. They sell at 5 cents a copy or $3.00 per 100 copies. A catalogue of the pamphlets of the Society may be had by addressing the Secretary, Room 37, Flood Building, San Francisco, California.

# QUESTION BOX.

Q. Does the Catholic Church recognize any marriage ceremony other than her own? For instance, if a man and woman leave the Protestant Church, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Unitarian, does the Catholic Church administer the sacrament of matrimony after receiving them as her children?

A. Yes, the Church recognizes other marriages than those performed before her priests. When she investigates regarding converts who have come into her fold, she makes what she knows to be the needed inquiries, and if there has been no obstacle to the marriage of the parties while they were outside the Church, she holds their marriage as valid. And she never requires converts to appear before her for the marriage ceremony when she feels that they are already married. At times, her inquiries show that there was an obstacle preventing one or both of the parties to give the necessary consent. Then, as there has been no marriage, although the parties supposed there was, the Church removes the hinderance, if it be of such a nature that it can be removed, and performs what is required for a valid marriage. This, as you understand, because heretofore there was no marriage.

There are two things to be considered: the contract and the Sacrament. Now, only baptized persons can receive the Sacrament, as baptism is the door to all the other Sacraments. These baptized persons receive the Sacrament, and also bind themselves in free and mutual contract. Two persons not baptized make the contract that is called marriage, but do not receive a Sacrament. So, if two persons already baptized in some Protestant denomination become Catholics, the marriage is considered valid and binding, the contract has been made and the Sacrament received. The receiving of the Sacrament is not limited by the ignorance of the parties that marriage is for them a Sacrament. Two baptized persons, no matter to what church they belong, no matter where they are living, or where they have been married, cannot make the marriage contract, without at the same time receiving the Sacrament. If you bring a baptized infant to confirmation, and the bishop performed the required rites of confirmation over that infant, the confirmation is exactly the same as for his elders. He has received the Sacrament. The case for marriage is not parallel, but the instance adduced will serve to show that where all the conditions necessary to the Sacrament have been placed, the Sacrament is conferred, even though the recipient did not so wish. Hence, a grievous sin, a sin of sacrilege, is committed by those unfortunate and most unworthy Catholics who are married in any way not according to the Church's will. If the contract is valid, the Sacrament has been conferred, and oh! the horror of it, on Catholics guilty of grievous sin. Confession and obedience to the Church's laws will alone ensure the dispositions that should be brought to what St. Paul styles "a great Sacrament."

When two unbaptized persons have been married, either in paganism or in the ranks of heresy, their marriage is valid. Should they afterwards become Christians, the marriage endures, although it is not a Sacrament. It was not such at the time of their giving consent. And there is no remarrying when the parties have renounced their unbelief.

In pagan countries, the missionaries have at times great difficulty in deciding which is the true and lawful wife, where converts have had many wives, while they were pagans.

Q. From time to time I notice that the daily papers treat in a flippant manner the promise that the bride makes at her marriage to obey her husband. I think this is the form used by the Episcopal Church. Is the word "obey" in the Catholic form?

A. According to the formula used in the United States, the priest asks singly of the man and the woman regarding his and her consent to the marriage:

Calling the man by name, "Wilt thou take (naming the woman) here present for thy lawful wife, according to the rite of our holy Mother, the Church?" He answers: "I will."

Calling the woman by name, "Wilt thou take (naming the man) here present for thy lawful husband, according to the rite of our holy Mother, the Church?" She answers: "I will."

When they have expressed their consent, the priest tells them to join their right hands, and to repeat after him, first one, then the other:

"I (name) take thee (name) for my lawful wife (husband), to have and to

hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part." Then the priest says: "I join you in marriage, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." After this, the ring is blessed, and placed by the husband upon his wife's finger, while he says: "With this ring I thee wed, and I plight unto thee my troth." Follow prayers by the priest. And where Catholics thoroughly value the great benefits of the nuptial blessings, they assist at the Mass to be said for them, in which the special benedictions are given.

Q. How much credence should be given to the statements in the daily papers about the Pope and his immense riches? Is it true that no Cardinals who belong to religious orders can be elected Pope? I saw this remark in a letter from Rome and published in one of the leading daily papers.

A. No credence can be given to any statement in the daily papers about the Pope, his income, his expenses, his appointment of bishops, his intended nomination of Cardinals. There are reporters and writers with lively imaginations, and they have trained themselves to see visions and to manufacture and to manifest dreams. So often has the daily press not only guessed far from the truth, but deliberately trifled with the truth, that it is the most elementary wisdom to pay no attention to anything appearing for the first time. Wait at least until the reputable and reliable Catholic papers tell you what is to be received.

The Holy Ghost still presides over the destinies of the church, in accordance with the promise of Christ, and Divine Wisdom will guide the Cardinals in the selection of a new Pope when the necessity arises. Meanwhile, we are in good hand, and the same Invisible Head, the Lord Jesus Christ, who has raised up our visible Father, the great and glorious Leo XIII., will provide a worthy successor to our present Pontiff. Let the secular papers thrash themselves into anxiety and discuss the future in the ignorance of their own conceit. We rely upon Christ and the Holy Ghost.

In all the matters pertaining to Catholic doctrine, the secular press aims not at truth, but at sensationalism.

Q. Was Martin Luther a good man? Did he marry Catharine Bora?

A. Luther was not a good man. His principles were bad, from the very beginning of his revolt against authority; his conduct was bad, his language was bad, and his influence has been for evil during nearly four centuries.

So far as outward appearances could make a marriage, Luther was married to Catharine Bora. But as neither was free to give consent, as both were bound to the observation of perpetual chastity, by reason of their own selection of life many years previously, there was no marriage. So, their lives together were lives of mortal sin, until the death of the unfortunate Luther. Protestantism that has rejected matrimony as a Sacrament, and that has startled even itself with the prevalence of divorce, which it sanctioned even from the days of Luther, is but reaping the whirlwind of immorality and of disobedience so fiercely sown by its founder.

It would appear that Luther felt some shame in marrying. He certainly caused much surprise by the haste and secrecy of the event. And he did not celebrate the wedding feast until two weeks after the marriage ceremony. No satisfactory explanations have ever been given of his concealment. One of his own blasphemous explanations was that once while thinking of matters entirely apart from marriage, the Lord urged upon him to marry Catharine. Himself and his companion seemed to glory in having broken their vows, and in having made themselves partners to a contract interdicted and declared null by civil as by religious laws for more than a thousand years. His friends and his followers to a very great extent were heartily ashamed of him and of his conduct. He tried to brave their condemnation with cynicism, with effrontery, and with mocking of language regarding husband and wife. But his vanity was greatly hurt that fault had been found with him. Those who might have refused to see the immorality of his deed, still lamented the manner of his choice. He chose the time for a wedding, when the revolt of the peasants had brought on a civil war full of cruelties and bloody atrocities. So much for the founder of the religion that disowned the Church of the Apostles, the Church of Christ.

Luther has had other followers, who have been uneasy under the load they freely and willingly placed upon their own shoulders. With tragic demonstration, they have noisily and vilely quitted the Catholic church to enter one or more of the sects. And the tragedy was short-

lived: a cry against the tyranny of Rome, a cry for emancipation, and the woman has courage to steal from out the background, she becomes the degenerate's wife (even the demons in pain must smile) and the farce-comedy is on. What an assemblage of hypocrites: the two players and the applauding audience.

Q. Kindly describe the millstone that our Lord refers to in Matthew xviii., where he says: "And whosoever shall scandalize one of these little ones, who believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

A. The primitive manners of the East have so endured through the passing of the centuries, that a traveller today in those lands can see the women using the mill as women used and worked it in Biblical days. The mill used by the Hebrews was of simple contrivance. It consisted of an upper and a lower stone. These stones were each about two feet in diameter and about six inches thick. The lower one was hollowed out a little, and the upper was fitted to it, and was turned around from right to left by a wooden handle. Two women generally worked this mill. Slaves were also employed in this work. Samson, when in captivity was set to grind at the mill by the Philistines. Sometimes animals, instead of women, turned the mill. The millstone referred to by our Lord was, as the Greek text indicates, the larger millstone, the one turned by the animals. This indicates more forcibly that one sunk with such a heavy stone could not rise from the depths of the sea. In the Old and the New Testament are many allusions to the mill. It was used almost incessantly. When its sound was not heard, desolation was in power. So necessary was the mill to the household, that it was forbidden to pledge either of the stones. "Thou shalt not take the nether, nor the upper millstone to pledge, for he hath pledged his life to thee." (Deut. xxiv., 6.)

Q. What are the principal ceremonies of baptism, and what is their meaning?

A. 1. The person to be baptized remains at first without the Church, where the baptism takes place in the Church, because it is baptism that gives him the right to enter it. 2. The priest breathes three times on his face to signify the new and spiritual life he receives as the gift of the Holy Ghost. 3. The sign of the cross is made upon the forehead and the breast of the child to mark him as belonging to Him who died on the cross as our Saviour, and to indicate that he must openly profess the cross, as well as believe in its sacred lessons. 4. Salt that has been blessed is put into the mouth of the child to signify Christian wisdom and preservation from sin's corruption. 5. Many exorcisms are used to expel the devil from the child, and their power is in the name and invocation of the Blessed Trinity. 6. The priest places his hand upon the child to mark the protection of God, and he places the stole upon the infant, as leading him into the church, that he may by obedience to the Church and her authority have part with Christ in everlasting life. 7. The ears and nostrils of the child are touched with spittle, in imitation of our Lord's action, to signify that the grace of the Sacrament opens the spiritual senses to the teachings of Christ. 8. The anointing with holy oil on the breast and between the shoulders, after renouncing the devil with all his works and pomps, means that the child being made by baptism a child of God and a brother of Christ must fight bravely against the devil and the world. 9. The other anointing, that of the head with chrism, is after baptism, signifying that baptism has made him a Christian, one anointed by God. 10. The white linen cloth placed on the head reminds of the innocence of baptism to be preserved pure and unsullied. 11. The lighted candle for the child to hold indicates the holiness of a Christian life which will shine gloriously before men. "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." (Matt. 5, 16.)

Q. Were Sacraments instituted by the Church, or have there always been Sacraments?

A. The Church has seven Sacraments, no more, no less. These were not of her institution, but of the institution of the Lord Jesus Christ. The sacraments give grace, and only God can attach to sensible signs the power of giving grace. So, only Christ Himself could institute the Sacraments. There have always been sacraments in the sense of signs of something sacred. These signs were mere signs, pointing to something, serving to excite good thoughts and desires in those

who used them, but they were not efficacious, as are our Sacraments. The Jews had such signs, which we might rightly call their sacraments, in circumcision, the paschal lamb, and a great number of purifications. These signs served for the exterior purification of those who used them, but conveyed no sanctification of soul. They were but the shadow and the promise of better things to come, and so they ceased at the death of Jesus, who has replaced them with signs more efficacious, more useful, more easy and fewer in number. The old signs had no merit of their own, but they gave promise of the Redeemer, by whose merits those who believed in Him even before His coming were sanctified and saved. The new signs have a merit which is attached to them by virtue of the Precious Blood of Christ, and as they convey to their worthy recipients the value of that Precious Blood, they thereby sanctify all who place no obstacle in their way.

Q. Why did Christ establish seven Sacraments?

A. To provide, as these seven do, for the spiritual wants of the Church. Baptism gives us a new birth in Jesus Christ; Confirmation strengthens us in our faith; Penance heals all the spiritual ailments of our soul; Holy Eucharist increases, confirms, and preserves the spiritual life within us; Extreme Unction sanctifies the last moments of life, and prepares us to leave this world in the right dispositions; Holy Orders give bishops, priests and other sacred ministers to the church; Matrimony provides children for the Church, through whom her existence is perpetuated upon earth.

Q. What are the different orders which the young men from the Seminary receive on ordination day at the Cathedral from the Archbishop.

A. In our Church there are seven orders, and one holy ceremony called tonsure, which is a preparation for all these orders. The seven orders are divided into four Minor, and three Major orders. The four Minor orders are those of the porter, the lector, the exorcist, and the acolyte. The porter is to open and shut the doors of the church, to have the edifice kept clean and in proper order, and to ring the bells. The lector is to read aloud in the church. The exorcist is to expel evil spirits from the bodies of the possessed. (The use of this power is now very rare, and when at all practiced, it is by the priests.) The acolyte is to prepare bread and wine for the holy sacrifice and to carry the candles.

The three Major orders are those of the sub-deacon, the deacon and the priest. The term priest includes both the priestly and the episcopal orders. The subdeacon assists the priest at the altar. The deacon waits immediately on the priest at the altar. The priest offers up the holy sacrifice, preaches and administers the Sacraments, with the exception of confirmation and holy orders, which are reserved to the bishop.

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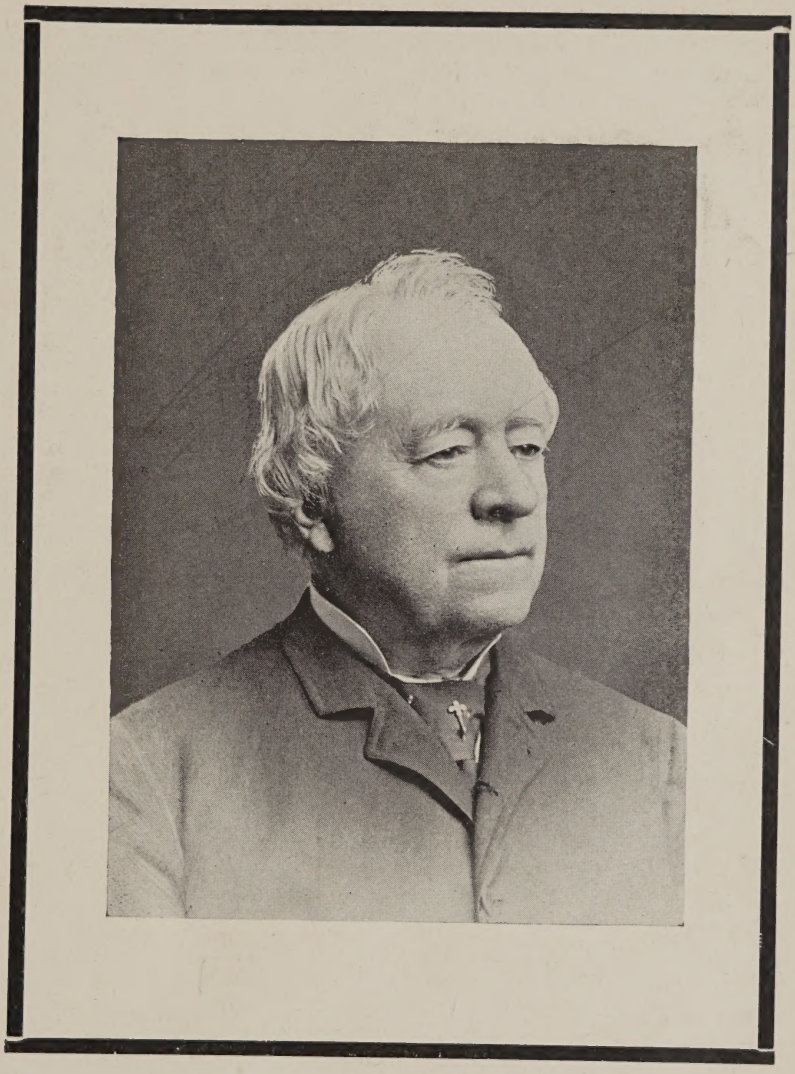
ROSES AND OTHER CUT FLOWERS.

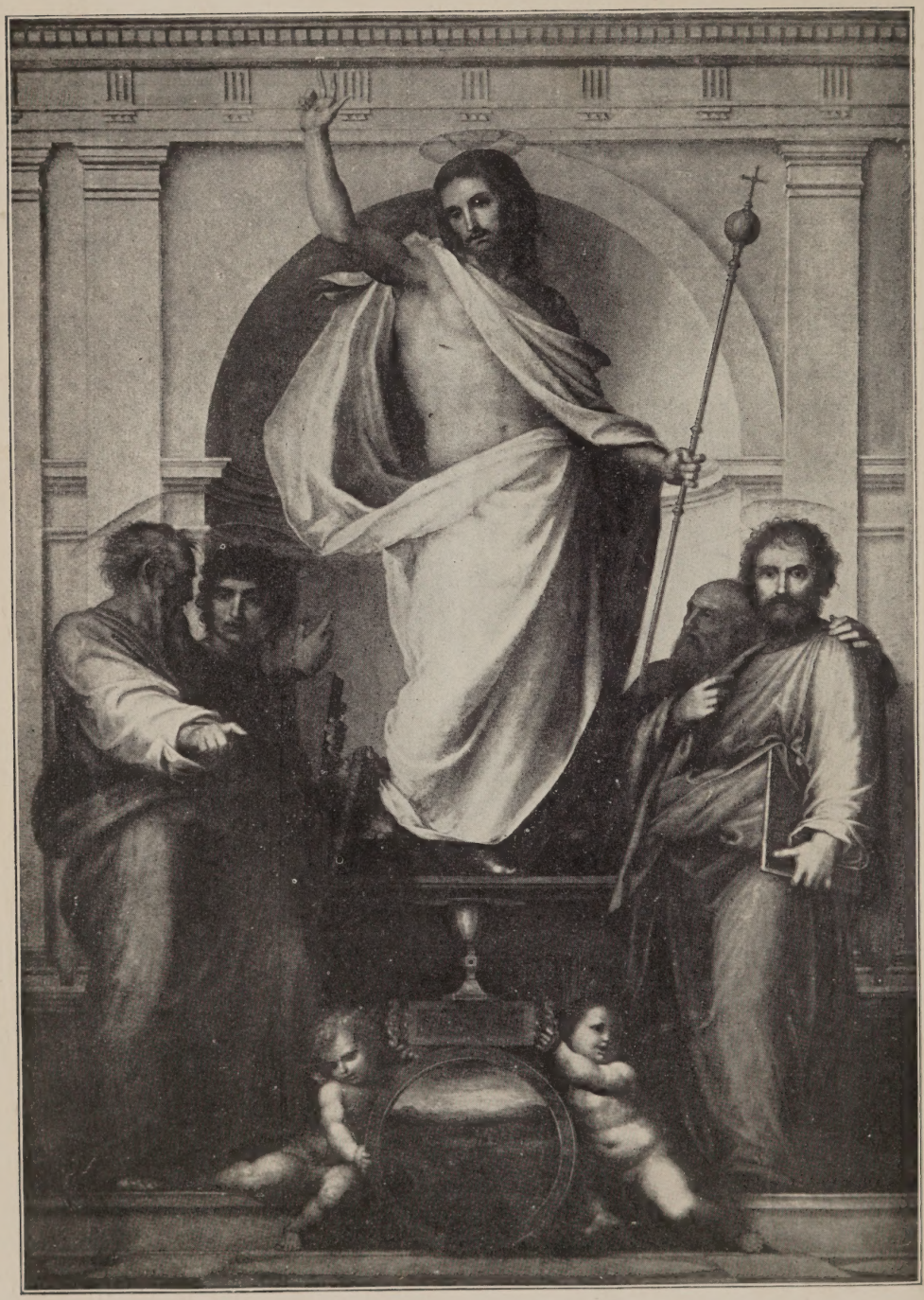
Every species of flowers and plants from the hardy pansy and dainty sweet peas to the majestic and beautiful rose, as well as the more homely potato and other vegetables, are described in the 1901 issue of Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The book is handsomely gotten up, contains 130 pages, and more than 250 elegant half-tone illustrations showing in almost life-like effect the various flowers, etc. How to plant, cultivate and secure best returns from flower and vegetable gardens, whether operated for pleasure or for profit, is fully treated making the volume a cyclopedia of useful and valuable information to anyone interested in the subject of gardening. By writing to James Vick's sons, Rochester, N. Y., and mentioning which plants most interest them, our readers can secure a copy of the Guide without cost.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 847 Powers block, Rochester, N. Y.



THE LATE PATRICK DONAHOE.
Founder of "The Pilot" and "Donahoe's Magazine."
Born March 17, 1811; died March 18, 1901.
See page 431.



"Jesus! who from the dead arose,
And straightway sought to comfort those
Whose weak faith mourned for Thee,
Oh may I rise from sin and earth,
And so make good that second birth
Which Thou hast wrought in me.'

# Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLV. APRIL, 1901. No. 4

## THE CATHOLIC RELIGION AND THE NEEDS OF SOCIETY.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

We live and move and have our being in the midst of a civilization which is the legitimate offspring of the Catholic religion. The blessings resulting from our Christian civilization are poured out so regularly and so abundantly on the intellectual, moral and social world, like the sunlight and the air of heaven and the fruits of the earth, that they have ceased to excite any surprise except to those who visit lands where the religion of Christ is little known. In order to realize adequately our favored situation we should transport ourselves in spirit to ante-Christian times and contrast the condition of the Pagan world with our own.

Before the advent of Christ, the whole world with the exception of the secluded Roman Province of Palestine, was buried in idolatry. Every striking object in nature had its tutelary divinities. Men worshipped the sun and moon and stars of heaven. They worshipped their very passions. They worshipped everything except God only to whom alone divine homage is due. In the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles, "They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of corruptible man, and of birds and beasts and creeping things. They worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator who is blessed forever."

But at last the great Light for which the prophets of Israel had sighed and prayed, and toward which even the Pagan sages had stretched forth their hands with eager longing, arose and shone unto them "that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death."

The truth concerning our Creator, which had hitherto been hidden in Judea, that there it might be sheltered from the world-wide idolatry, was now proclaimed, and in far greater clearness and fulness, unto the whole world. Jesus Christ taught all mankind to know the one, true God, a God existing from eternity unto eternity, a God who created all things by His power, who governs all things by His wisdom, and whose superintending Providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men, "without whom not even a bird falls to the ground." He proclaimed a God infinitely holy, just and merciful. This

idea of the Deity so consonant to our rational conceptions, was in striking contrast with the low and sensual notions which the Pagan world had formed of its divinities.

The religion of Christ imparts to us not only a sublime conception of God, but also a rational idea of man and of his relations to his Creator. Before the coming of Christ, man was a riddle and a mystery to himself. He knew not whence he came or whither he was going. He was working in the dark. All he knew for certain was that he was passing through a brief phase of existence. The past and the future were enveloped in a mist which the light of philosophy was unable to penetrate. Our Redeemer has dispelled the cloud and enlightened us regarding our origin and destiny and the means of attaining it. He has rescued man from the frightful labyrinth of error in which Paganism had involved him.

The Gospel of Christ as propounded by the Catholic Church, has brought not only light to the intellect, but also comfort to the heart. It has given us "that peace of God which surpasseth all understanding," the peace which springs from the conscious possession of the truth. It has taught us how to enjoy that triple peace which constitutes true happiness as far as it is attainable in this life,—peace with God by the observance of His Commandments, peace with our neighbor by the exercise of justice and charity toward him, and peace with ourselves by repressing our inordinate appetites, and by keeping our passions subject to the law of reason, and our reason illumined and controlled by the law of God.

All other religious systems prior to the advent of Christ are national like Judaism, or State religions like Paganism. The Catholic religion alone is world-wide and cosmopolitan, embracing all races and nations and peoples and tongues.

Christ alone of all religious Founders, had the courage to say to His disciples: "Go, teach all nations." "Preach the Gospel to every creature." "You shall be witnesses unto me in Judea and Samaria and even to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Be not restrained in your mission by national or state lines. Let My Gospel be as free and universal as the air of heaven. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. All mankind are the children of My Father and My brethren. I have died for all, and embrace all in My charity. Let the whole human race be your audience and the world be the theatre of your labors."

It is this recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Christ that has inspired the Catholic Church in her mission of love and benevolence. This is the secret of her all-pervading charity. This idea has been her impelling motive in her work of the social regeneration of mankind. "I behold," she says, "in every human creature, a child of God and a brother or sister of Christ, and therefore I will protect helpless infancy and decrepit old age. I will feed the orphan and nurse the sick. I will strike the shackles from the feet of the slave, and will rescue degraded woman from the moral bondage and degradation to which her own frailty and the passions of the stronger sex have consigned her."

Montesquieu has well said that the religion of Christ, which was instituted to lead men to eternal life, has

contributed more than any other institution to promote the temporal and social happiness of mankind.

Let us briefly review what the Catholic Church has done for society.

1. The Catholic Church has purified society in its very fountain, which is the marriage bond. She has invariably proclaimed the unity and sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie by saying with her Founder that "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Wives and mothers, never forget that the inviolability of the marriage contract is the palladium of your womanly dignity and of your Christian liberty. And if you are no longer the slaves of man and the toy of his caprice, like the wives of Asiatic countries, but the peers and partners of your husbands; if you are no longer tenants at will like the wives of Pagan Greece and Rome, but the mistresses of your households; if you are no longer confronted by usurping rivals like Mohammedan and Mormon wives, but the queens of the domestic kingdom, you are indebted for this priceless boon to the ancient Church and particularly to the Roman Pontiffs who inflexibly upheld the sacredness of the nuptial bond against the arbitrary power of Kings, the lust of nobles and the lax and pernicious legislation of civil governments.

2. The Catholic Religion has proclaimed the sanctity of human life as soon as the body is animated by the vital spark. Infanticide was a dark stain in Pagan civilization. It was universal in Greece with the possible exception of Thebes. It was sanctioned and even sometimes enjoined by such eminent Greeks as Plato and Aristotle, Solon and Lycurgus. The destruction of infants was also very common among the Romans. Nor was there any legal check to this inhuman crime except at rare intervals. The father had the power of life and death over his child. And as an evidence that human nature does not improve with time and is everywhere the same unless it is fermented with the leaven of Christianity, the wanton sacrifice of infant life is probably as general today in China and other heathen countries as it was in ancient Greece and Rome. The Catholic Church has sternly set her face against this exposure and murder of innocent babes. She has denounced it as a crime more revolting than that of Herod, because committed against one's own flesh and blood. She has condemned with equal energy the atrocious doctrine of Malthus who suggested unnatural methods for diminishing the population of the human family. Were I not restrained by the fear of offending modesty, and of imparting knowledge where "ignorance is bliss," I would dwell more at length on the social plague of ante-natal infanticide which is insidiously and systematically spreading among us in defiance of civil penalties and of the divine law, which says, "Thou shalt not kill."

3. There is no phase of human misery for which the Church does not provide some remedy or alleviation. She has established Infant Asylums for the shelter of helpless babes who have been cruelly abandoned by their own parents, or bereft of them in the mysterious dispensation of Providence before they could know and feel a mother's love. These little waifs, like the infant Moses drifting on the turbid Nile, are rescued from an untimely death, and are tenderly raised

by the daughters of the great King, those consecrated virgins who become nursing mothers to them. And I have known more than one such motherless babe who, like Israel's law-giver, in after years became a leader among his people.

4. As the Church provides homes for those yet on the threshold of life, so too does she secure Retreats for those on the threshold of death. She has asylums in which the aged, men and women, find at one and the same time a refuge in their old age from the storms of life, and a novitiate to prepare them for eternity. Thus from the cradle to the grave she is a nursing mother. She rocks her children in the cradle of infancy, and she soothes them to rest on the couch of death.

Louis XIV. erected in Paris the famous Hotel des Invalides for the veteran soldiers of France who had fought in the service of their country. And so has the Catholic religion provided for those who have been disabled in the battle of life, a home in which they are tenderly nursed in their declining years by devoted Sisters.

The Little Sisters of the Poor, whose Congregation was founded in 1840, have now charge of two hundred and fifty establishments in different parts of the globe; the aged inmates of those houses, numbering thirty thousand, upwards of seventy thousand having died under their care, up to 1889. To these asylums are welcomed not only the members of the Catholic religion, but those also of every form of Christian faith, and even those without any faith at all. The Sisters make no distinction of person or nationality, or color or creed; for true charity embraces all. The only question proposed by the Sisters to the applicant for shelter, is this "Are you oppressed by age and penury? If so, come to us and we will provide for you."

5. She has orphan asylums where children of both sexes are reared and taught to become useful and worthy members of society.

6. Hospitals were unknown to the Pagan world before the coming of Christ. The copious vocabularies of Greece and Rome had no word even to express that term.

The Catholic Church has hospitals for the treatment and care of every kind of disease. She sends her daughters of Charity and of Mercy to the battle-field and to the plague-stricken city. During the Crimean War I remember to have read of a Sister who was struck dead by a ball while she was in the act of stooping down and bandaging the wound of a fallen soldier. Much praise was then bestowed on Florence Nightingale, and deservedly so, for her devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers. Her name resounded in both hemispheres. But in every Sister you have a Florence Nightingale with the difference that like ministering angels they move without noise along the path of duty, and like the angel Raphael who concealed his name from Tobias, the Sishides her name from the world.

Several years ago I accompanied to New Orleans eight Sisters of Charity who were sent from Baltimore to reinforce the ranks of their heroic companions, or to supply the places of their devoted associates who had fallen at the post of duty in the fever-stricken cities of the South. Their departure for the scene of their labors was neither announced by the press

nor heralded by public applause. They rushed calmly into the jaws of death, not bent on deeds of destruction like the famous six hundred, but on deeds of mercy. They had no Tennyson to sound their praises. Their only ambition was—and how lofty is that ambition—that the recording angel might be their biographer, that their names might be inscribed in the Book of Life, and that they might receive their recompense from Him who has said, "I was sick and ye visited Me, for as often as ye did it to one of the least of My brethren, ye did it to Me." Within a few months after their arrival, six of the eight Sisters died, victims to the epidemic.

These are a few of the many other instances of heroic charity that have fallen under my own observation. Here are examples of sublime heroism not culled from the musty pages of ancient martyrologies, or of books of chivalry, but happening in our own day and under our own eyes. Here is a heroism not aroused by the emulation of brave comrades on the battlefield or by the clash of arms, or the strains of martial hymns or the love of earthly fame, but inspired only by a sense of Christian duty and by the love of God and her fellow beings.

7. The Catholic religion labors not only to assauge the physical distempers of humanity, but also to reclaim the victims of moral disease. The redemption of fallen women from a life of infamy, was never included in the scope of heathen philanthropy; and man's unregenerate nature is the same now as before the birth of Christ. He worships woman as long as she has charms to fascinate; but she is spurned and trampled upon, as soon as she has ceased to please. It was reserved for Him who knew no sin to throw the mantle of protection over sinning woman. There is no page in the Gospel more touching than that which records our Saviour's merciful judgment on the adulterous woman. The Scribes and Pharisees, who had perhaps participated in her guilt, asked our Lord to pronounce sentence of death upon her in accordance with the Mosaic Law. "Hath no one condemned thee?" asked our Saviour. "No one, Lord," she answered. "Then," said He, "neither will I condemn thee. Go, sin no more." Inspired by this divine example, the Catholic Church shelters erring females in Homes not inappropriately called Magdalen Asylums and Houses of the Good Shepherd. Not to speak of other Institutions established for the moral reformation of women, the Congregation of the Good Shepherd at Augers, founded in 1836, has charge today of one hundred and fifty Houses, in which upwards of four thousand Sisters devote themselves to the care of over twenty thousand females, who had yielded to temptation, or were rescued from impending danger.

8. The Christian religion has been the unvarying friend and advocate of the bondman. Before the dawn of Christianity, slavery was universal in civilized as well as in barbarous nations. The Apostles were everywhere confronted by the children of oppression. Their first task was to mitigate the horror and alleviate the miseries of human bondage. They cheered the slave by holding up to him the example of Christ, who voluntarily became a slave, that we might enjoy the glorious liberty of children of God.

The bondman had an equal participation with his master in the sacraments of the Church, and in the priceless consolation which religion affords.

Slave owners were admonished to be kind and humane to their slaves by being reminded with apostolic freedom that they and their servants had the same Master in heaven who had no respect of person. The ministers of the Catholic religion down the ages sought to lighten the burden and improve the condition of the slave as far as social prejudices would permit, till at length the chains fell from his feet. Human slavery has at last, thank God, melted away before the noon-day sun of the Gospel. No Christian country contains today a solitary slave. To paraphrase the words of a distinguished Irish jurist: "As soon as the bondman puts his feet on a Christian land, he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled on the sacred soil of Christendom."

9. The Saviour of mankind never conferred a greater boon on mankind than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labor, and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation which had been branded upon it. Before Christ appeared, among men, manual and even mechanical work was regarded as servile and degrading to the freeman of Pagan Rome, and was consequently relegated to slaves. Christ is ushered into the world not amid the pomp and splendor of imperial majesty, but amid the environments of an humble child of toil. He is the reputed Son of an artisan, and His early manhood is spent in a mechanic's shop. "Is not this the Carpenter, the Son of Mary?" The primeval curse attached to labor is obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. Ever since He pursued His trade as a carpenter, He has lightened the mechanic's tools and has shed a halo around the workshop.

If the profession of a General, a Jurist and a Statesman is adorned by the example of a Washington, a Taney and a Burke, how much more is the calling of a workman ennobled by the example of Christ! What De Tocqueville said sixty years ago of the United States is true today,—with us every honest labor is honorable, thanks to the example and teaching of Jesus Christ.

To sum up: The Catholic Church has taught man the knowledge of God and of himself; she has brought comfort to his heart by instructing him to bear the ills of life with Christian philosophy. She has sanctified the marriage bond; she has proclaimed the sanctity and inviolability of human life from the moment that the body is animated by the spark of life till its extinction. She has founded asylums for the training of children of both sexes and for the support of the aged poor. She has established hospitals for the sick, and homes for the redemption of fallen women. She has exerted her influence towards the mitigation and abolition of human slavery. She has been the unwavering friend of the sons of toil. These are some of the blessings which the Catholic Church has conferred on society.

I will not deny, on the contrary, I am happy to avow, that the various Christian bodies outside the Catholic Church have been and are today zealous promoters of most of those works of Christian benevolence which I have enumerated. But will not our separated brethren have the candor to

acknowledge that we had first possession of the field, that these beneficent movements have been inaugurated by us, and that the other Christian communities in their noble efforts for the moral and social regeneration of mankind, have in no small measure been stimulated by the example and emulation of the ancient Church?

Let us do all we can in our day and generation in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help his fellow-being. Though we differ in faith, thank God, there is one platform on which we stand united, and that is the platform of charity and benevolence. We cannot indeed like our divine Master give sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb, and strength to the paralysed limb, but we can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of our suffering brethren. And never do we approach nearer to our heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more God-like than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate. Never are we more like unto God than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren before. "Religion," says the Apostle, "pure and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their tribulation, and to keep oneself unspotted from this world." Or to borrow the words of the Pagan Cicero: "Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando." "There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow-creatures."

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## THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

### EASTER'S FLOWER.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

Through the bleak woods I go
  In early Spring;
Beneath my feet I crush
  A fair, a fragrant thing.

I brush the leaves aside,
  The damp, dead leaves;
And there, like life in death,
  My startled gaze perceives

The Pilgrims' sweet May flower.
  O hush, my heart!
Glad messages of Spring
  Its lovely blooms impart;—

The message Easter bells
  Tell listening ears:
"Life cometh after death,—
  Forget your foolish fears!"

The message thou dost bring,
  Bright morning star!
"After the night the light,
  In radiant realms afar!"

The message Mary brought:
  "The Lord is risen!"
He shall release His own,
  At last, from death's dark prison.

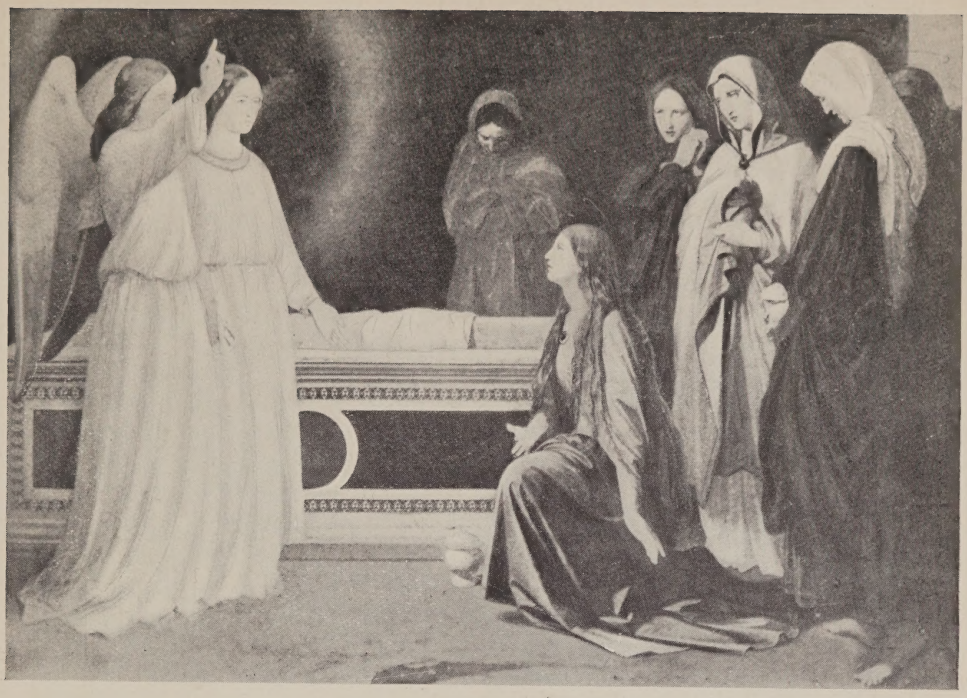
# SWEET AVONDHU!

BY AMADEUS.

The Irish sunshine smiles upon thy play,
  O happy stream that kisses wood and mead;
A hundred brooklets greet thee on thy way,
  Replenishing thy constant-growing need;
Thy daisy-studded banks are fair to see;
  Thy rippling wavelets mountain-breezes woo;
The Artist-Hand of God was kind to thee,
  My beautiful, my peerless Avondhu!

How often in the past my feet have trod
  Thy lengthened stretch of shore, and felt the joy
Of being alone with Nature and with God,
  And tasting thus, one bliss without alloy!
What loftiness of spirit blessed me then!
  What high resolve for future action, too!
Ah! would that ye might come to me again,
  Though far away I be, sweet Avondhu.

Alas! no longer mine to look upon
  Thy loveliness, or by thy side to stray;
Such gladsome boons forevermore are gone;
    Yet, Memory holds clear for me, alway,
The picture of thy beauty, wild and free,
  From Melleray to ivy-clad Rhincrew;
Ah! lonely grows one heart at thought of thee,
  Thou queen of Irish streams, sweet Avondhu!



# THE RESURRECTION BEGINS A NEW ERA.

BY REV. WM. P. MCQUAID.

The Resurrection of Christ was the beginning of a new life, and the opening of a new era for the world. We commonly reckon our years from the birth of Christ. But when the angels at Bethlehem sang the first Gloria in Excelsis and announced the new reign of peace, they thus joyfully proclaimed the opening of the earthly career of Him whose stay on earth ended with the Ascension, but of which the culminating point was the Resurrection.

Taking the life of the Redeemer in its entirety the Resurrection is its climax and meridian—for it was there that His Divinity was most manifest. It is there, too, that faith finds its fulcrum and feels solid ground—a fact which inspired St. Paul to say, "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain." (II. Cor xv.)

The Resurrection was the turning point in human history. Before then the tendency in all nations was constantly and everywhere downwards. The temporary glory of the times of Solomon, of Cyrus, of Pericles and Augustus shone indeed with dazzling splendor, but only for a time; and viewed from our day, helps to emphasize by contrast the hopeless gloom and ruin that followed.

After four thousand years the condition of the world was indeed deplorable. There was no peace, but ever-recurring wars; there was no liberty, but slavery everywhere; there was no

purity, but general corruption. With the risen sun of the first Easter Morn there began a new and better day for man. The throwing aside of the great stone of the Sepulchre was but the least part of that triumphant act of divine power by which the gates of death were thrown open forevermore, and the arch-enemy of mankind, the author of sin and the prince of evil was finally and forever vanquished. Then began the moral and spiritual uplifting of humanity through the preaching by the Apostles of the risen Christ. Jesus rises from the dead and immediately a new vital force fills the world like that which in Springtime swells the buds on the trees and brings back the verdure to the fields.

Modern scientists, disregarding faith and the spiritual side of man's nature, have had recourse to the theory of evolution to explain the advance of human progress. Ignoring the Resurrection and the divine agency in human affairs they have confounded the moral and the physical worlds, and have failed to properly distinguish things which are totally distinct in themselves, and which should always be kept separate in philosophical reasoning.

The theory of evolution while it may serve its purpose in unraveling the story of the material universe, utterly fails when it attempts to explain man's moral and intellectual history. Here it encounters the inevitable missing link. It is as if one were to take apart the mechanism of a clock to find the name and character of its maker. In dealing with man's moral and spiritual nature and in trying to evolve the course of its development and progress, we must look to spiritual and supernatural causes and agencies, and among these no single fact occupies a more prominent or important place than the Resurrection.

The Resurrection of Christ is the sublime type of man's corporal and spiritual resurrection. But it is more than a mere passive exemplar. Like every work of God it has power to accomplish what it signifies. As the sacraments which are of divine institution have power to produce the grace which they signify, so the Resurrection, besides furnishing a model for all to imitate in the moral and spiritual life, has moreover imparted to the body of man the privilege and power of one day rising from the grave, and has secured for the soul of man the spiritual grace and strength to triumph over sin and to carry on, by the divine aid, the work of its own moral regeneration.

The history of the world since the time of Christ shows that since the Resurrection the individual, the family and the nation have each taken on a new character and meaning. The powers and influences of civilization today rest in the hands of the Christian nations of the world. In every Christian nation the family is the unit of strength and life.

When the family and the home life are no longer held sacred, there the social conditions are tending towards barbarism or have already reached that degenerate stage. The stability of family life depends on the recognition by each of its members of the respect due to the other members, and of the sacred character of their mutual relations. Father, mother and child—the earthly trinity—when bound together in one by a holy and enduring love, form the unit of the social fabric, and on the solidity and permanence of

"Jesus! who deigndst to be a guest,
Where Mary's gently-urged behest
With Thy kind power made free,

May I mine earthly kinsfolk love,
In such pure ways, that I may prove
My greater love for Thee."

"Jesus! who wert at Emmaus known
In breaking bread, and thus art shown
Unto Thy people now,

Oh may my heart within me burn,
When at the Altar I discern
Thy Body, Lord! and bow."

"The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over Thee with pressure dread;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
In deathlike sadness droops Thy Head.

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made."

their union depends the stability of society. All this again rests for its stay and support on the nature and character of the individual, and it is from the Resurrection that the individual man receives his charter of honor and nobility.

In the glory and triumph of the Resurrection man is disclosed as a superior being, with an immortal destiny, created for a noble purpose and capable of sharing in the glorious prerogatives of the God-man. He is not a mere unit in the mass of mankind, not merely a single member of a vast throng passing in endless procession ignorantly and hopelessly across the stage of life. He has a personal dignity and importance that no temporal condition or circumstances can obliterate or obscure. No matter how poor or humble, no matter how feeble or unfortunate, he is equally the child of the common Father of all, and will succeed one day to the same common heavenly inheritance.

In the propagation of Christianity this was an important factor in bringing a pagan world from the darkness and despair of its errors to the light and joy of Christian truth. The inspiration of the Resurrection gave success to the preaching of the Apostles and strength to the suffering martyrs.

It was the hope of a glorious resurrection that in the beginning of the Church peopled the deserts with penitents, and in after times filled the monasteries with inmates who by their studies and labors rescued literature and learning from threatened destruction, and by their holy lives brought back a corrupt world to virtue and morality.

We cannot imagine such results taking place without the Resurrection. Take away the risen Saviour and you not only close the tomb forever to every ray of light, but you rob the heart of man of all its hopes and all its ambitions, and you drive back the world to pagan darkness and despair.

But with Christ risen from the dead all humanity rallied as from a death struggle. The heart, whose pulsations had all but ceased, feels a new lease of life; the blood thrills through the veins once more; the color returns; the limbs regain their strength; the dying patient walks erect. When Christ arose from the tomb humanity rose to a new life. The Apostles felt its effects first. They spread themselves abroad and imparted the same life to their disciples everywhere. These disciples in their turn passed it on and on until the entire world was renovated and reformed.

The day of the Resurrection, the first of the week, has been made the Sabbath of the new law. It is a greater day than the first Sabbath because it marks the completion of a grander creation, a greater work on the part of God and a greater benefit resulting to mankind. Christ, the Sun of Justice, rising from the tomb, has banished the dark shades of the night of sin and ushered in the new day of heavenly grace and spiritual light.

Therefore, as the Psalmist foretold, "The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the just. The right hand of the Lord hath wrought strength. I shall not die, but live, and shall declare the works of the Lord. The stone which the builders rejected the same is become the head of the corner. This is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes. This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein." (Ps. 117.)

"Hush! and with reverent sorrow still,
Mary's great anguish share;
And learn, for the sake of her Son divine,
Thy cross, like His, to bear.

The sorrows that weigh on thy soul unite
With those which thy Lord has borne,
And Mary will comfort thy dying hour,
Nor leave thy soul forlorn."

"Mother of God! He broke thy Heart
That it might wider be,
That in the vastness of its love
There might be room for me."

# ARE WE NEARING CHRISTIAN UNITY?

BY REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

He told me that he was the "first Ritualist" in the Episcopal Church of the United States. He was a distinguished, scholarly churchman returning to America from an ecclesiastical conference held in England by representatives of the denominational body to which he belonged. He was a man who had thought long and deeply on religious matters. He seemed to thoroughly understand present conditions and tendencies in the religious world. In the course of conversation one day, on board the Atlantic liner, he paused for a moment and said very impressively to me "the twentieth century will see what you and I hope for, and what every sincere believer prays for daily,—Christian Unity; it will come and will be one of the greatest triumphs of the new century." This was a little more than a year ago; his words made a profound impression upon me, for they echoed my own thoughts and desires, as, indeed, they do those of all earnest Christians. What were the grounds upon which this good man based his forecast? Is the religious trend of our time in the direction of Christian Unity? It is quite evident that profound changes are taking place in the religious world around us. Outside of the Catholic Church there is a recasting of the old lines; creeds are being revised and restated; what is harsh and anti-Catholic in them is being pruned down or cast aside; there is a broader and more tolerant spirit among professing Christians; a spirit of brotherhood and charity unknown even a generation ago; men no longer "are hating one another for the love of God"; it is found that Catholic and non-Catholic can do business, be good neighbors, even the best of friends, though they differ widely on matters of religious belief. These are signs that point in the right direction. They indicate that the drift is towards a clearer understanding of what Christianity really means. With this fuller understanding will come an urgent demand for Christian Unity. Sincere Christians will not long endure to see the mystical body of Christ hacked and torn asunder by conflicting sects.

It may be only the desire of the dreamer, yet there is the deep longing of the human heart, to see, not alone Christians, but the race itself united.

In the remote antiquity of Egypt there was a legend that Osiris, the god of benevolence, was slain by Typhon, the god of hate, and his body hewn to pieces and scattered to the four winds. Isis, the wife of Osiris, from that time wandered everywhere in search of the mangled remains, that she might put bone to bone and sinew to sinew, and thus restore to life the form that she loved.

The story was widespread; under one phase or another it was repeated in Persia and India; it found its way into Greece and Rome; and was accepted by the Scandinavian ancestors of the Anglo-Saxon race. The legend expressed the universal desire that torn humanity might be reunited.

This, too, was the dream of the ancient philosophers. Three hundred years before the coming of Christ Zeno spoke of the fellow-citizenship of man, and said that the whole world ought to be one flock. Poets of all ages caught inspiration from the same idea, and have sung in fervid strains of the Brotherhood of Man.

Christ, the Redeemer of mankind, came, to realize the story of the heathen, this dreaming of poet and philosopher. He showed how, through the acceptance of His Gospel, the unity of the race could be secured. He taught the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. No more discord or separation among children of a common Father "who art in Heaven"; one heart here, one everlasting home beyond. And riven as is the mystical Body of Christ, each member is instinct with this common life; each yearns to find the others, and cannot rest till bone shall come to bone, and flesh to flesh, and the beautiful Spouse of Christ shall be "fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth."

To do this the Saviour of the World did not trust to argument or affection or contingency of any kind. By His divine power He decreed that Unity should be the special mark or characteristic of His followers. The Holy Scripture does not speak of the unity of Christians as a thing of the future; as something to be hoped for, but as an actual, present thing, an existing fact. "There is one body; there is one Faith; as there is one God and Father of all."

In our day—and we thank Almighty God for it!—there is a fuller understanding among Christians of the necessity of Unity and its nature. The unity must be a visible unity; a unity seen by the world, perceptible to men; such a unity as will convince the unbeliever that He had a mission from His Father—"That the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Christ evidently meant, therefore, not merely the unity of Christian souls, but the unity of the Christian body, or Church. The oneness of His people was not to be a hidden thing, known only in Heaven, but an open sign and protest against the selfishness, strifes, and hatreds of the world; a manifest proof that His disciples were under Divine Guidance.

Proofs abound that we have entered upon an era of good feeling among Christians. Everywhere it is recognized that the chief obstacle to the progress of the Gospel and the conversion of the world is the existence of divisions among Christians. The desire for a reunion of Christendom is a striking characteristic of our times. Separated bodies of Christians are being drawn closer together. They cease to think ill of each other, and are uniting, wherever practicable, in charitable and other good works. This is the first step towards that final and perfect union for which Christ prayed. And should no further advance be made in our day, every man is thankful for this better and more Christian feeling. Let us be done, then, with the gospel of hate,—the impugning of motives, the un-Christian denunciation, the bitterness of heart, the cruel annoyance and relentless persecution of former days.

From many quarters are heard sweet sounds set to the music of heaven, that tell of the universal desire for unity and peace. That desire finds expression in the tone of the denominational

press and pulpit; in the action of various church bodies looking to Christian union; in the earnest discussions of the subject carried on in conference and synod; in the co-operation of Catholics and non-Catholics in temperance and charitable work; in the cordial invitation extended from time to time by the heads of Protestant educational institutions to representative Catholic clergymen to explain some points of Catholic doctrine; in the success of the Missions to Non-Catholics conducted by the Paulist Fathers of New York; but most notably in the friendly acceptance by the Protestant world of the exhortation of the Head of the Catholic Church in his encyclical letter of June 20th, 1894, for all Christians to reunite. These are unmistakable signs that antagonism and strife are passing away and that we are rapidly approaching fraternity and love, based on true Christian unity.

Until this unity exists, the force and directness of the arguments in favor of Christianity are lost on some minds. There are too many who avail themselves of the divisions and differences which exist in the great Christian body to say that it is useless trying to find out where the Truth, as taught by the Divine Teacher, is. "Agree among yourselves," said the heathen to the missionaries, who were competing for his conversion, "as to which is the true form of the Christian religion, and then come and teach it to us." A perfectly fair and just saying, from the heathen's standpoint. And not only does reason demand this unity as a proof of truth, but Holy Scripture sets it forth as a prominent sign by which the unbeliever was to know that Christ was the Son of God. All through the New Testament runs this idea of the unity of Christ's kingdom. St. John says: "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." The last prayer that the Divine Founder of our religion prayed on earth was a prayer for the unity of His followers: "O Father! I pray that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in me, and I in Thee: that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them; that they may be one, as We also are one. I in them, and Thou in Me: that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me" (St. John xvii., 21, 22, 23).

In that last solemn hour, immediately before the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary, and whilst the false disciple was bartering away His life, the thought that was uppermost in the mind of the Incarnate Son of God was the unity of His people. And from the tremendous earnestness of the prayer, He evidently dreaded more the division of His mystical body—the Church—than He did the tearing asunder of His real Body on the Cross.

How among countless sects can that unity for which the Master prayed be found? Instead of unity, there is endless division and unceasing strife; sects warring against each other; the empty cry of peace where there is no peace. And then there is the sceptic and the scoffer, the unbelieving world that was to be convinced by this luminous sign of Unity, sneeringly crying aloud: "Look at those Christians; see how they love one another!" Every honest man recognizes the lasting injury and weakness that the Christian religion suffers from the existence of sects. No one is more

ready to admit and deplore this than many modern Protestants. They very clearly perceive the want of unity, but seem entirely powerless in devising any means to bring it about. They see how strongly its absence tells against them in the judgment of the world, but they have no remedy. There is no centre of unity. No solid ground upon which the different bodies can securely rest. And hence as far as they are concerned, the dying prayer of the Son of God remains unanswered.

It is recorded of the illustrious Father of his country, Washington, that towards the close of his presidency he sent a farewell message to his countrymen. Calling himself "their old friend and affectionate fellow-citizen," he urged them to avoid dissensions, and thus make their union perpetual. These memorable words have been an inspiration to the Republic. But the last prayer of the Saviour of the human race is unheeded by those who call themselves His followers and who hope for salvation through His Precious Blood. He looked down from the Cross and saw the Roman soldiers parting His raiment; He looked forward to our day and saw professing Christians for the last three hundred years rending His mystical body, the Church.

It has long been foreseen that the existence of a thousand different sects, with their varying creeds, means the destruction of what Christianity remains outside the Church. It can only be a question of time. And the sooner honest minds recognize this, the better will it be for the cause of religious truth and for that reunion of Christendom which is so much to be desired. Here it may be of interest to cite the words of Protestant leaders on this subject of unity among Christ's followers. D'Aubigne, the historian, writes: "The reunion of Christians—that is the reformation of the nineteenth century." Bishop Whipple, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota, says: "I believe our divisions are eating all faith out of the American people." President Sturtevant, of Illinois, speaks thus of the existence of sects: "I affirm, with awe and trembling, that while the Church continues in her present divided and factious condition, she is a false witness to the Redeemer and Lord; she fatally misrepresents His principles and His kingdom to the millions He died to save." Dr. Clarke, of Boston, furnishes the following evidence of the injury that is done the cause of Christianity through sectarianism. He writes: "In my judgment it is about time for truly Christian people to begin to look this matter of sectarianism square in the face, as being morally wrong before God, and to cease to expect real Christian work without Christian unity."

Solemn and impressive are the words of Leo XIII., in his Encyclical of June 20, 1894, in which the venerable Pontiff appeals for the unity of divine Faith: "But since We hold upon the earth the place of God Almighty, Who will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth, and now that Our advanced age and the bitterness of anxious cares urge Us on towards the end common to every mortal, We feel drawn to follow the example of Our Redeemer and Master, Jesus Christ, Who, when about to return to Heaven, implored of God, His Father, in earnest prayer; that His disciples and

followers should be of one mind and of one heart: 'I pray . . . that they all may be one, as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee: that they also may be one in Us.' And as this divine prayer and supplication does not include only the souls who then believed in Jesus Christ, but also every one of those who were henceforth to believe in Him, this prayer holds out to Us no indifferent reason for confidently expressing Our hopes, and for making all possible endeavors, in order that the men of every race and clime should be called and moved to embrace the unity of Divine faith."

The Holy Father invites comparison on the state of religious belief within the Church and that outside her pale. He writes: "If they will but compare that Church with their own communions, and consider what the actual state of religion is in these, they will easily acknowledge that, forgetful of their early history, they have drifted away, on many and important points, into the novelty of various errors; nor will they deny that of what may be called the patrimony of truth, which the authors of those innovations carried away with them in their desertion, there now scarcely remains to them any particle of belief that is really certain and supported by authority."

And, he continues: "Nay, more, things have already come to such a pass that many do not hesitate to root up the very foundation upon which alone rests all religion, and the hope of men, to wit, the Divine Nature of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. And again, whereas formerly they used to assert that the books of the Old and New Testament were written under the inspiration of God, they now deny them that authority."

With these touching words, he concludes: "Our heart appeals to you even more than Our words: to you, Our Brethren, who for three centuries and more differ from Us on Christian Faith; and to you all likewise, who in later times, for any reason whatsoever, have turned away from us; let us all meet in the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God. Suffer that We should invite you to the unity which has ever existed in the Catholic Church and can never fail; suffer that We should lovingly hold out Our hand to you. The Church, as the common mother of all, has long been calling you back to her; the Catholics of the world await you with brotherly love, that you may render holy worship together to God with Us, united in perfect charity by the profession of one Gospel, one faith and one hope."

The thought of unity is still dominant in the mind of the Holy Father, for He closes in his ode to the New Century with this prayer:

"The minds of kings and peoples mould,
Thy word may all obey with awe.
Be there one shepherd and one fold,
One faith, one law!"

During Passion-tide, when the prayer of the world's Saviour for the unity of His followers is publicly offered in our Churches, this appeal will surely call forth a fervent response from all Christian hearts.

# CATHOLIC JOURNALS AND JOURNALISM.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

"A good Catholic journal is a perpetual mission in every parish."—*Leo XIII.*

Writing to a friend a few weeks ago, the distinguished author of "Maryland, My Maryland," observed: "What a chapter could be written on Catholic journalism!" And now that the writer is asked by DONAHOE'S to discuss that topic, it would be curious to ask why. Perhaps because he edited, till its death, a Catholic journal that nearly every Catholic weekly in the country has asserted deserved to live (the late "Midland Review" of Louisville), perhaps because he has never feared any consequences that might result from telling the truth as he saw it, or, it may be thought that, being now out of the arena, with nothing to gain and nothing to lose, and having small fear of criticism, he may feel bold enough to speak freely and aid a worthy cause. Whatever the reason the subject at least is an attractive one, and one, moreover, with regard to which much can be said.

At the outset it may be well to state that the writer has, aside from occasional journeys into the field of periodical literature, had no inconsiderable experience in secular journalism as well as Catholic. He has edited a secular weekly or two, a secular daily during a season of intensely bitter political conflict, a secular monthly that proved a success, had much to do with special work on several large dailies, edited a Catholic magazine that proved at least extremely popular during his editorship, and may humbly claim several years' experience with the Catholic weekly press. From the experience gained in such varied fields he ought to be able to speak with something akin to certainty. If this be granted he here records it his sincere conviction that the Catholic press, which ought, like the Church, to be most secure, is in reality most insecure, that instead of being gladly sustained, as it ought to be, it is most meagerly supported, and, instead of being free to battle fearlessly for the truth, as would seem necessary to a non-combatant, in most cases and in several ways it is most pitifully handicapped.

Is it necessary that these statements should be explained? Chiefly, then, it is handicapped owing to lack of capital. This will, I think, be found true in most cases. A Catholic journal ought at least represent no less territory than a diocese. A diocese seldom covers a very large district, yet it is a lamentable fact that many of our weeklies actually have not money enough to cover even such limited boundary in the matter of news-getting. Many really have not even capital properly to cover the city in which they are published. There is a vast amount of legitimate Catholic news existing in every diocese, if a Catholic journal could obtain it, and the only way it can be got is to pay for it as the secular dailies do. A Catholic newspaper without a news-staff is apt to be rather dull. Every important Catholic event of every parish in a diocese ought to find its way to a rep-

resentative journal each week; yet where is there money to pay for such service? What provision is usually made for it by the founders of our journals? To an experienced journalist many of the views which wealthy Catholic business men entertain with regard to the establishing of a representative Catholic weekly are ridiculous. In one instance of which I know two hundred wealthy Catholic laymen solemnly contributed less than four thousand dollars toward the establishment of a weekly designed to represent fourteen states of the Union! At best the sum was barely enough to pay for the composition and printing of the paper for the year, together with the editor's salary. This amount secured, the aforesaid editor was put to work, all the stockholders confident, of course, that he ought to produce a great journal. What was the result?

He did the best he could, of this I am certain; but he had no money to use in news-getting, consequently he got little news. A man of wide acquaintance, at first personal friends sent him notes of Catholic territorial interest, yet the best friends in the world finally tire of working for nothing, and by and by his journal began coming out without news locally or territorially interesting. It was inevitable. He hadn't cash wherewith to cover the parishes of his home-city, much less his territory as assigned. It was conceded the journal was brilliant editorially. Within six months it was quoted throughout the land—in some instances, throughout the entire English-speaking world, and the French-speaking world, and the German; yet a clergyman friend told a lamentable truth regarding it, once upon a time, when he declared that so far as the news-interests of the Church within its bailiwick were concerned, "it might as well be published in Hong Kong." It was bitter to the editor when he heard of it, nevertheless he felt it true. We have several Catholic weeklies in the country that presumably hail from that seaport, and, I am convinced, owing to a similar reason.

May we inquire the result of this curious experiment? It is soon told. Because news pertinent to his particular territory could not be obtained the editor referred to began boiling down whatever matter of the kind appeared in the city dailies; he condensed the Catholic news of the world and so filled half his paper. Somewhat literary himself he had many literary friends and he and they combined managed to fill the remaining half of the paper each week with stories, poems, essays and travel papers. It is a singular fact that matter of this kind can be procured gratuitously when news cannot; yet it is another fact, moreover, that about seven-tenths of our people do not care a rap for all the poets, essayists, and travel-writers that ever lived. They ought to, of course, but they don't. Stories they like, but more than all, news—news of themselves and their neighbors, the doings of their parishes, the school successes of their children, the births, deaths, and marriages occurring within their circumscribed world. All this is story, also—a part of the great story of life. Because no provision was made for writing the weekly installment of this great serial, the journal died, and today its editor is taunted up and down the land because it did so. He could not help it. It hailed

from Hong Kong, and did not appeal to the people it presumed to represent. There are others floating like it, and unless they take on sailors as well as captains, sooner or later they will strike a rock and go to the bottom. The pity is they will carry their captains down with them.

II.

This instance is cited because a number of our weeklies are established upon a basis similarly insecure. A capital of five thousand dollars or even ten thousand is not sufficient upon which to found a journal truly representative of the great Church. A journal which assumes to represent a section ought to have capital enough to cover that section. If it has not it may soon expect to find the secular daily in its way, giving the news it ought to give, and the result of this will be that the people who ought to be found taking the Catholic journal will be found taking the daily instead, no matter how obnoxious some of its features may be. Just how sensible Catholic men of business expect to set up a representative journal on such a limited amount has long been a mystery to me. In many respects a weekly of the kind resembles a wholesale house, and that it takes no small amount of money to establish a wholesale house, every business man knows. To attempt the impossible is to be unjust alike to editor, business manager, directors and subscribers. An assignment reflects discredit equally upon business manager and editor, although both may have struggled heroically to stave off suspension. It is unpleasant to say this, but it is imperative that it shall be said by somebody. As a rule, Catholic editors are not incompetent; neither are Catholic business managers, yet an editor in charge of a Catholic journal, at the time of its death, is about the deadest man alive, however innocent he may have been of its dissolution,—however heroic his sacrifice may have been to prevent its suspension. In a sense he stands before the world dishonored. Catholic journals, apparently, seem afraid to engage him, and I want someone to tell me of any Catholic editor who has ever been employed as editor in the secular field after several years' service in Catholic journalism. The man who has edited a Catholic journal, from some unknown cause, is forever after avoided by the secular press, whatever his attainments may be, however great his reputation may be. If you go into the Catholic field you must expect to stay in it, or choose some other means of livelihood.

Yet even where ample capital exists there are cases where some very able Catholic journals are handicapped by the meagre support they receive. There are a number of good people who consider it their duty to support the Catholic press; there are a number more who seem to consider it their especial duty and privilege to hinder its success in every way in their power. It would seem that any Catholic worthy of the name ought to strive to advance the journal of his or her faith before subscribing to or helping secular papers; nevertheless, you know, and so do I, of hundreds of people who act as if they believe our Holy Father said, "A sensational secular journal is a necessity in every house." There are thousands of pretendedly-pious people in this country who receive Catholic journals year after year, and

(Continued on page 410.)

AN EASTER WEDDING.

# EASTER.

BY

REV. WM. DOLLARD

I.

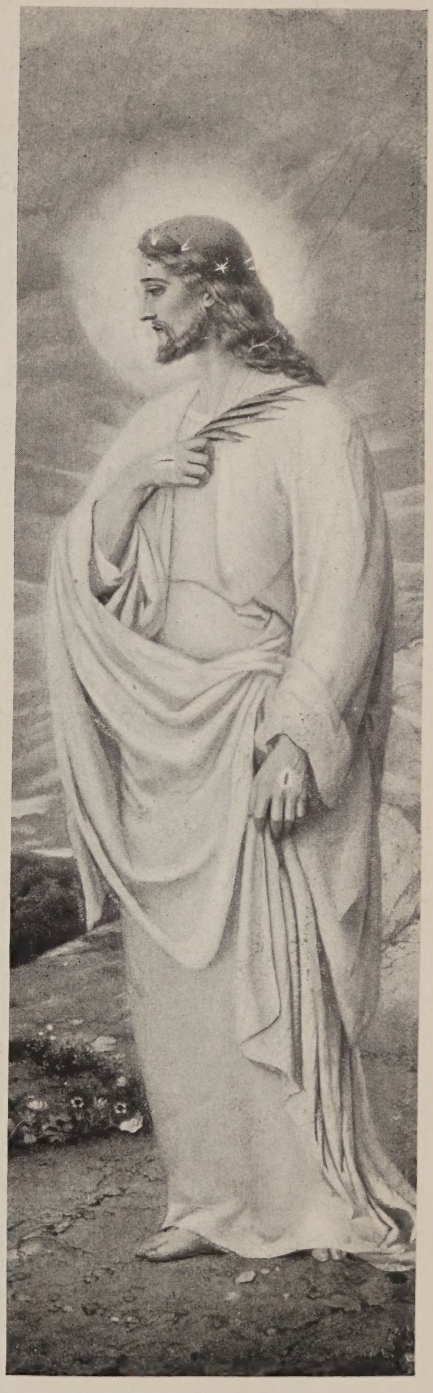
To Christ the Lord and King,
The Conqueror of Death,
Let our Hosannahs ring
While 'round us lingereth
The Shadow of His Passion and its gloom.
For, unto Easter Morn
Hath everyone Earth-born
Stood hopeless and forlorn
By his Tomb.

II.

Joy to the sons of men!
So long a race accursed!
They shall hunger not again:
Living Waters slake their thirst:
This world decrepit feel the glow of
youth.
Out of the Night abhorred
To Primal Day restored!
Led by the Risen Lord,
Light and Truth.

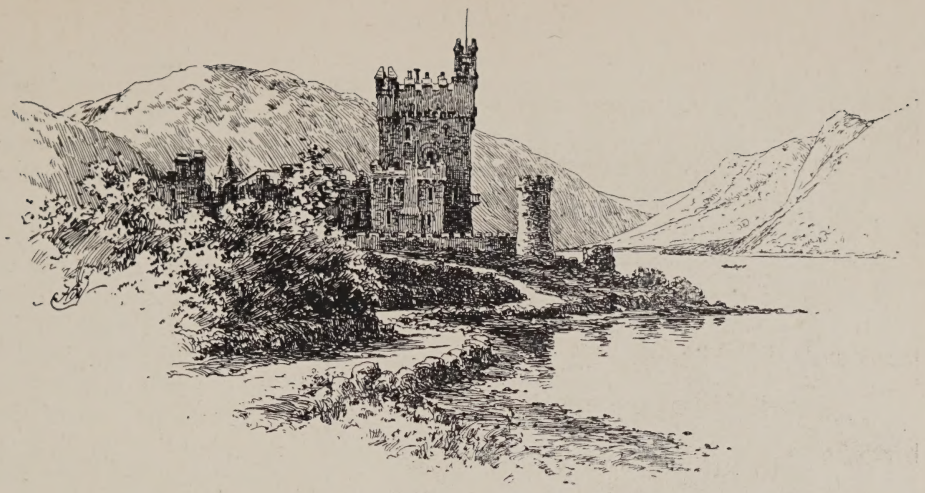
III.

Rejoice, ye Cherubim!
Ye Powers all proclaim
In Universal Hymn
The Glory of His Name,
Who triumphed over Sin and Death
allied!
Who did our bonds dissever,
That else were broken never,
And in our hearts forever
Shall abide.



IV.

To Christ the Lord and King
Victorious over Death,
Let our Hosannahs ring
The while He answereth,
Announcing Man's Eternal Jubilee;
"Rouse ye! the Night is o'er!
Arise, to sin no more!
And thro' Death's riven door
Follow ME!"



# LENT IN IRELAND.

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, P. P., DONERAILE, IRELAND.

Author of "My New Curate," "Triumph of Failure," etc.

The Stations are over; and we are in Holy Week. Like all other human things, if laborious, the memory of them is pleasant. It is no joke to get up at an unearthly hour in the morning, and to speed, in very variable weather, seven or eight miles to the house where the Station is to be held. Sometimes, after snow, the ground is so slippery we have to pick our steps. Sometimes Boreas thunders from the north, out between the mountain chasms, and across the bleak March landscape. Sometimes the South wind comes up, with its soft, sweet, heavy burden of rain. But at all times one is glad to get in sight of the farmer's cottage, known and recognised afar off by its fresh coat of white-wash, and the little group of men waiting in the haggart before the door. There is a cheery welcome from the master—the husband or the eldest son; a careful picking of our footsteps across the muddy yard, carpeted with fresh straw; a bark of warning from the vigilant collie; a still more warm welcome from the vanithee, and then we settle down to work. I generally leave the "parlor" to my curate. I prefer the seat by the open hearth, where piles of timber and coal, and occasionally a heap of mountain turf, light and heat the whole kitchen. And here is the "sugan" chair, made of twisted hay; but the vanithee rushes out with a grand, new, horse-haired, well-springed one, and snatches the humble seat swiftly away. Right opposite me, a withered, venerable woman stoops to catch a little heat for her poor congealed veins. Her beads hang down as they roll through her fingers. Here, quite close, are the three junior scions of the house, their

THE NEW ORGAN IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, DONERAILE.

faces shining from soap and the fire, their pinafores spotless, and with great wonder in their eyes at the awful apparition of the priest. Silently and reverently, one by one, the penitents come and kneel on the hard paving stones, bend their heads till their hair touches your face, and make their simple confession. Then the little lecture, the Holy Mass, heard so reverently and humbly. All is still as death, save the cackling of a hen in the yard, or the swift carol of a blackbird out on the ash tree beyond. The station list is called; the "pleasant word" is said; and then the breakfast. It is a pretty poor business in Lent, though since we got the dispensation for butter it is not quite so bad. And the vanithee, with great pity for the young priests, sidles over and whispers:—

"Wisha, yer reverence, what about a couple of eggs? It is a long drive and a cowld morning."

We shake our heads; and the talk goes round, with one or two of the neighbors who have come in to help us; and it is all about the "Lague," or the landlord, or the new taxes, or the Land Courts. And it is sad and almost desperate to see these poor people toiling from dawn to dark to make the "rint"; but "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and there is a perennial fountain of hope in the hearts of these people. "Well, sure God is good!" There is the ultimate syllable on the Irish tongue--faith, deep, profound, unshakable in the eternal clemency and protection of God.

And so, cheerful enough after our cup of tea, we bid "Good bye!" to our good hosts, until—

"Give Mary your blessin', your reverence; she's goin' to America next week."

My heart sinks down into my boots. America! America! draining the life-blood of Ireland. All that is fair, and beautiful and healthy going; and all that is old, and decrepit and imbecile left behind. I cannot help saying angrily: —

"Why can't she stop at home?"

THE CHOIR OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, DONERAILE.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN DONERAILE.

"Wisha, yer reverence, what's there for her? We have enough to do; and sure the sisters in Boston have paid her passage, and will meet her whin landin'."

There is no use in replying. With a surly look and bad grace I place my hand on the thick auburn hair of the poor child; and my curate wonders all the way home why I am so silent and distracted. I cannot help it. This whole modern and universal exodus from their native land is maddening. I know it is the genius of the race. We were always exiles and wanderers. We got the evil impetus from our Scythian forefathers, who struck and pitched their tents of skins from the Balkans to the Urals, and from the Danube to the Ganges. It was the same nomadic spirit that drove Dathi and his soldiers across Europe in their terrible crusade of fire, until their mighty king was smitten, from Heaven, under the snows of the Alps. It was the same spirit that bade Brendan seek the Western World; and his companions, the forests of France and Germany. Down there on the Kerry coast, near Smerwick, where Grey de Wilton massacred the four hundred Spaniards who laid down their arms, depending on his word of honor, you still may see the beehive cells where the ancient Irish monks rested on their couches of rushes—cells so constructed for this race of mighty ascetics that the monk could neither sit, stand, nor lie. And there is the same eternal sea, where they found their choir-stalls, for there up to their armpits in the freezing waters they stood at midnight, and sent up their penitential chaunts to Heaven with no organ accompaniment but that of howling winds and thundering waves. But were these ascetics of the Irish Thebaid content with this? No! After thirty or forty years of this violence to Heaven, the old Celtic spirit seized them, and "peregrinari pro Christo!"* on their lips, up they arose, and on these frail coracles, such as those you may still see in Kerry and Arran—poor, fragile, Nantilus-boats, canvas stretched on a few planks, they went forth to France and Germany; and the weaker races shuddered before their Libyan austerities, and clamored for the milder rule of Benedict in place of the awful penalism of these Irish Culdees. And that is the reason, you know, why the Benedictines have never thriven in Ireland. Well! "peregrinari! peregrinari!" there is still the destiny of the race. Alas! that we should say it: It is no longer, "peregrinari pro Christo!" but "peregrinari pro Mammona!" Ah, yes! the dear old Spartan simplicity of Irish peasant life is yielding to the seductions of the Zeitgeist: we want the city, and the electric light, and the saloon, and the ball-room. There's the secret of Irish emigration!

Well, we've finished the round of Stations. We have trodden on historic, or semi-historic ground. We have passed by the two Danish moats under the old frontier keep of Shinagh, near Waterdyke; have skirted Ballinamona, the ancient seat of the Nagles, one of whom, Elizabeth Nagle, married Spenser, the poet (see Lowell on the English poets). In this house, too, lived George Bond Lowe, who was fired at eighty years ago, whence originated the famous "Doneraile Conspiracy Trial," in the

*To go abroad for Christ's sake.

evolutions of which O'Connell won his brightest laurels. Who has not heard of his journey by coach from Cahirciveen, his relays by the way, his sudden appearance in Cork courthouse to the utter dismay of the Solicitor-General, his breakfast on the dry loaf of bread, interrupted between every bite by his exclamation: "That's not law, sir!" the saving of the poor victims from the gallows by his marvellous eloquence; their transportation—ah, yes! it all comes back, for here are their grandchildren in my parish today. And down there across the Awbeg, whose silver is now gleaming in the morning sunlight, is the spot where Father O'Neill was horse-whipped by Captain St. Leger; and when the old priest shrank from prosecution, Curran forced him into it, took up the cause of the old man, without fee or reward, except that it laid the first stone of an immortal reputation. Here too is Carker (carcer, a prison), where my predecessor, Father Tighe Daly, lived in 1688, one of the priests who had to be duly registered and his good conduct guaranteed by two solvent securities. Here is the copy of his registration, culled from the Rolls office, Dublin Castle.

| No. | Name | Age | Where ordained | By Whom | Place of Residence | Of what parishes is he the pretended Parish Priest |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Tighe Daly | 67 | Rheims | The Archbp of Rheims | Carker | Calerduggan, Donerinle, Templeroan |

Securities — Arthur O'Keeffe, Ballymehill, and Another } £50 each.

Back here in the defiles of the black mountains is a favorite spot of mine, Toozeen. You can see it gleaming—a little green patch against the sombre setting of the purple hills;—and it stretches deep down into the brown valleys, where the streams, turbid with flood-wrack, wine-colored from the peat, or crystal in the mild summer time, forever break the silence and monotony of these wilds. And here dwell a simple, hardy race leading a kind of monastic life in their solitudes, and rarely venturing beyond the seclusion of their valleys, except to Mass on Sundays or holidays. I had heard of them long before I ever thought I should be their pastor. From far before the famine years, when the population was ten times what it is today, their reputation has come down unbroken, as being the very first, winter and summer alike, to enter the Church on Sunday morning. They are seven miles away—no roads from the inner fastnesses of the mountains,—yet here they are at half-past seven on Sunday morning, eager for the Mass that is to cast its halo of blessing over their labors of the coming week. I tell them they ought to be holy—they are so near to God. Yet here, too, the fever of emigration has penetrated; and in New York and Indiana, up and down the cities of the States, are the children of the mist and the cloud, thinking, perhaps, sometimes of the purple heather and the bracken, and wondering will they ever see it again.

"From this spot, yer reverence,"

says old Dan Magrath, the wood-ranger, "you can see the five counties."

So you can. The sea to the south, the Shannon to the west; and in the east, Knockmeldown, beneath whose conical summits nestles the Mecca of the Irish—the Monastery of Melleray. And far in front stretches a vast landscape, broken by ridges that run parallel to one another, but transverse, here from the mountains to the sea. It is dotted all over with white farm houses, from which the blue smoke, this calm March morning, curls upwards to the sky. The smell of Spring is in the air, blended with the pungent aroma of peat and wood-fires, carried to us across the wide lowlands; the cattle are browsing lazily in the far meadows; now and again you can hear the bark of a watch dog far away, or the song of some colleen or bouchal, as they pass down to the creamery; and all Heaven over your head is resonant with the raptures of the larks, who fling down the dews from their exultant wings and the pearls of music from their throats that gasp with exuberant melody. And this is Ireland? Yes! And there, down there in the lowland, and here in the mountain defiles, are Celts? Yes, every one! But was it not here, even in this very valley of Toozeen that Spenser saw the ghosts coming out of their caverns; and was it not of this very country he wrote, that its population was exterminated? Hear his words, written just there below, where the black ruin of Kilcolman Castle makes a blot upon the landscape:—

"Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat of the carrions, happy when they could find them, yea, and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and, if they found a plot of water cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time; yet not able long to continue wherewithal; that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country was suddenly left void of man or beast." Yet a few years; and through these very defiles swept down the stalwart Rapparees, who surrounded Kilcolman Castle, and put the brand to this keep of the robber and the stranger; and then with characteristic Irish chivalry dashed through the burning rooms to rescue a babe, whom, too late, they had heard was left behind by the Saxon servants. And here after three hundred years of confiscation and burning, exile and death, Connaught plantations and West Indian expatriation, here still are the Celts apparently as indomitable as ever. Surely, if Rome is the "Eternal City," the Irish are the "undying race."

Let us go down from the hill-top in our course of Stations, and visit the lowlands. We pass at once under the shadow of another mighty frontier fortress, also belonging to Spenser, for he held three thousand acres of land here, confiscated from the Earl of Desmond. It is a splendid old keep, still well preserved—a square, embattled tower, like that which suggested to Dante the simile of masculine fortitude—Sta come torre ferma. You can see it for miles around.

Sometimes, when the sun shines, it is almost invisible, for the white face of it does not show against the sunlit mountains. But, generally, it stands out clear, distinct, well defined, a solid square of mediæval masonry against the everlasting hills. It is Castlepooke—the keep of the Phonca or Witch; for you must know that once on a time, a famous witch, and a malignant one, took up her quarters here, and wrought dire distress amongst the people around. She burned the corn in the fields, until the wheat ears were filled with soot instead of grain, sterilised the milk in the dairies until no amount of churning could produce cream, brought dread diseases on the cattle, etc., and alas! there was no benevolent fairy to counteract the evil doings, or bring blessing for curse to the afflicted people. But there was a hope—a promise—a tradition, that if the habit of a Grey Friar could be flung over her in her sleep she would rise up and vanish in a flame of fire. And, one day, the emancipation came. A poor mendicant called at a farmer's house in the neighborhood, and begged for alms and a night's lodging. It was freely given in this land of hospitality. The stranger slept, and lo! curiosity led the vanithee to open and inspect the bundle the poor man brought. It was all he had, but the staff for his hand. And she drew out the lone grey habit of a Friar. It was rash, perhaps sacrilegious; but the time had come. God had sent His messenger. But who would dare face the tigress in her den? Not one would volunteer! At last, a little child was requisitioned. She knew no fear, probably because she knew no sin. Carelessly she ascended the high mound of the Castle, carelessly entered, carelessly threw the garment over the sleeping woman, who instantly rose in the air, angry and threatening, and passed away forevermore in a flash of fire towards the West. So goes the legend; and of course it is true; but I do not vouch for it.

Our next Station takes us down into the plain to Kilmacneesh—the church and graveyard of Saint McNeese, a disciple of St. Patrick's. Thence to Inchnagree (the Island of the cattle pens), where quite lately a pathetic little incident took place. One day the very intelligent farmer who holds the land received a letter from a lady in England, asking was there any tradition of her family in that neighborhood. She had a dim recollection that she was born somewhere there under the Mountains of Mole. He at once wrote to say that he could point out the exact place where her father's house stood. She at once came over, and drove from the railway station to this remote place. The good farmer accompanied the trembling lady along the road to where the house stood near a plantation of fir trees. "There," he said, pointing to the spot from which time had now swept away even the ruins, "there is where your house stood, and there you were born." The lady sat down on the broken edge of the fence, and wept. So do human hearts turn to their homes and cradles. Across Bawntigeen (the greenfield of the little house) we pass; and our next Station is Kilcolman, Ardeen, and Ballyvonare. Here was a church, built to St. Colman, one of St. Patrick's disciples; and here in a little field is the Church of Rossdoyle or

Rossdale,* mentioned in the same page as Doneraile, in the assessment made by Pope Nicholas in 1291, for the Crusades in the Holy Land. But St. Colman's Church and priory are gone; yet here dating from 1387 is the Castle of Kilcolman, famous for ever as the place where the "Faerie Queen" was written. It is now a solid stump of masonry, but must have extended far and wide across the meadow and above the bog, there beneath, once an ornamental lake. How the imagination travels back across the centuries to the old Desmond lords who built it; to the Elizabethan usurper, who never preached but one solution of the eternal Irish question; and that, the Cromwellian one of wholesale massacre! And how the centuries glide into each other; for here a few years ago, the most popular representative the great Republic of the West ever sent to Ireland, J. J. Piatt, wrote sonnets on the blackened ruin, and on the more modern structure beneath. And here is a poem which I have unearthed and which tells of the chivalry of an Irish warrior, who leaped three times into the flames to save the despot's child.

THE BURNING OF KILCOLMAN CASTLE.

1

No sound of life was coming
From glen, or tree, or brake,
Save the bittern's hollow booming
Up from the reedy lake.
The golden light of sunset
Was swallowed in the deep;
And the night came down
With a sullen frown
On Houra's craggy steep.

2

And Houra's hills are soundless,
But hark! that trumpet's blast!
It fills the forests boundless,
Rings round the summit vast.
'Tis answered by another
From the crest of Cozzin Mor;
And hark, again,
The pipes' wild strain
By Bregogue's caverned shore!

3

Oh! sweet at hush of even
The trumpet's golden thrill;
Grand 'neath the starry Heaven
The pibroch, wild and shrill!
Yet all were pale with terror,
The fearful and the bold,
Who heard its tone,
That twilight lone,
In the Poet's frowning hold!

4

Well might their hearts be beating,
For up the mountain pass
By lake and river meeting,
Came Kern and gallow glass!
Breathing a vengeance deadly
Under the forest tree
To the wizard wan, who put the ban
On the minstrels bold and free.

5

They gave no word of warning,
Round still they came, and on;
Door, wall and rampart scorning.
They knew not he was gone.
Gone fast and far that even,
All secret as the wind,
His treasures all
In that castle tall,
And his infant son behind!

6

All still that castle hoarest;
Their pipes and horns were still,
While gazed they through the forest,
Up glen and northern hill;
Till from the Brehon circle
On Cozzin's crest of stone
A sheet of fire,
Like an Indian's pyre,
Up to the clouds was thrown.

7

Then, with a mighty blazing
They answered to the sky;
It dazzled their own gazing,
So bright it rolled and high;
The Castle of the Poet—
The man of endless fame,
Soon hid its head
In a mantle red,
Of fierce and rushing flame.

*This little church is the oldest Christian Church in Ireland, if we except one near Bray.

8

Out burst the vassals praying
For mercy as they sped.
"Where was their master staying,
Where had the Poet fled"?
But hark! that thrilling screaming
Over the crackling din,
'Tis the Poet's child,
In its terror wild,
The blazing tower within!

9

There was a warlike giant
Amid the list'ning throng;
He looked with face defiant
On the flames so wild and strong.
Then rushed into the castle
And up the rocky stair,
But, alas! alas!
He could not pass
To the burning infant there.

10

The wall was tottering under,
The flames were whirring round,
The wall went down in thunder,
And dashed him to the ground.
Up in the burning chamber
Forever died that scream;
And the fire sprang out
With a wilder shout—
A fiercer, ghastlier gleam!

11

It glared o'er hill and hollow,
Up many a rocky bar,
From ancient Kilnamulla
To Darra's peak afar;
Then it heaved into the darkness,
With a final roar amain,
And sunk in gloom,
With a whirring boom,
And all was dark again!

Ah, yes! that was the end! Spenser, who would exterminate the native Irish, like vermin, died a beggar in London, in a lane near the great new Cathedral of Westminster; and Kilcolman Castle is now held by the Celto-Catholic Barrys; and there right under the old keep is the white-washed cottage of the Secretary of the Land League—an unmistakable Celt of Celts—William O'Toole.

Across the Awbeg, our course has taken us, through Caherna, where for three hundred years the greatest horse fair in the world is held on the 11th and 12th of July; by Caherdug-gan, whose village (depopulated by plague), church and castle, are swept away; by Cornahinch (hill of the island), Ardanaffron, which is either hill of the Mass, or Saffron Hill, its modern appellation, for here grew acres of yellow crocuses, which yielded the saffron, with which the Irish invariably dyed their outer garment; by Bally-an-Dree, the town of the Druids, and Crogh-na-cree, where there still may be seen the sulphur and lithia well, that wrought marvelous cures in pre-Patrician times; and back to By-bloxe-towne (the ancient name, for Doneraile is quite modern, dating only from 1291), to find the black pall of mourning hung over church and people, for this is Holy Week, and tonight, the sweet Rosary, Sermon, and Benediction, always so bright and glorious and triumphant, give way to the solemn office of Tenebræ and its mournful lamentations.

HOLY THURSDAY:—

Yes, indeed, my incredulous reader, we had the office of Tenebræ last night here, even here, in this remote village; and we sang the solemn dirges of Jeremias, and my good little choir did harmonise the "Benedictus" and the "Miserere." It was not quite so impressive, perhaps, as what you have heard, so many times, in the Sistine Chapel; but it was well sustained, and correct, and sure, if our poor people only followed it in their heads and in their hearts, well, it must have left sweet and soothing, and penitential feelings there.

GOOD FRIDAY :—

It falls cold, and chill and mournful upon us all! yesterday was so bright and joyous, we forgot we were in Lent. And the Altar was so beautiful, with its red candles (are not candle flames always red in daylight?) and huge masses of flowers—spring flowers, narcissi, and tulips, and hyacinths, and the lily of the valley—all throwing out the incense of their humble hearts before the feet of the hidden Creator. And, all day long, our Children of Mary, in their blue cloaks, divided the hours among them, so that there never was a fear that our dear Lord should be left even for a moment alone. But there was no danger of that! for all day long, the people thronged and dwelt in the little church, until very late at night, when, with a kind of pang, as with parting with a beloved one, one by one the candles were extinguished, and the doors closed, and God left alone with His angels! But this morning, there was a flash of lights for a moment again, which was instantly darkened after the procession of the Blessed Sacrament; and the deep gloom, of black drapery, hushed bells, mourning vestments, and the solemn figure on the cross, fell on our hearts and senses.

HOLY SATURDAY :—

We had Tenebræ again last evening; and, of course, a Passion Sermon. In one sense, the Passion Sermon is the greatest oratorical event of the year in Ireland. Men go to hear the Passion Sermon, who won't go to Mass. Protestants always attend. It is de rigueur. The priest is chosen for the office as far back as Ash Wednesday; and if he is young, and hasn't yet learned that the breath of popular applause, called Fame, is a very futile and fugitive thing, he is naturally nervous and apprehensive. The lines of the sermon, too, are strictly limited. It must extend to an hour at least. Anything short of that is a disappointment. And it must follow, detail after detail, the Gospel narrative. Any departure from that is viewed with great displeasure by the people, and is gravely censured by the older priests.

"'Twas a good sermon enough; but it was not a *Passion Sermon*," is the verdict.

If the young priest has physical endurance to carry him over the two hours, he is immortalised. Every one feels that real justice has been done to that sacred and ineffable theme. And, dear me! how it touches their Catholic hearts! And how they crowd around that pulpit. Here, just behind me, two or three are leaning over the altar rails; beneath, the children have poked in their heads to get a better view of the "strange priest." The women, with hooded heads, are rocking themselves to and fro, under the magic of the eloquence: now and again, some young girl covertly takes out her handkerchief, and, wiping her eyes hastily, tries to look impassive and unconcerned. Ah, me! 'tis no use. That story of infinite suffering, infinite patience, and infinite love will continue to touch the human heart until the dread time comes when the selfishness of modern life shall dry up all the springs of human affection, and the divinest examples of self-surrender and abnegation cease to touch the films of eyes that stare blindly and unknowingly at them.

Ah, well! the sermon is over, the Tenebræ concluded; the little children have gone home in the dark cling-

ing to their mothers, and wondering, wondering in their own minds at the mighty preacher. And Holy Saturday has dawned—the brightest day in the year in my reckoning. For, after all, Easter Sunday is but a second and revised edition of Holy Saturday. Surely, all the joy and exultation of the Resurrection has spent itself, when, after the blessing of the font and the Paschal fire (always reminiscent of St. Patrick and Tara), and the mighty candle, and the prophecies and litanies, we flung off our plain albs and purple vestments, and tore away the violet veils from the statues, and the organ pealed out at the Gloria, and the great bell rang, and the acolytes, on tiptoe of expectation, pealed out a salvo of bells at the word! And then that glorious Regina Cœli, by Lambilotte, is it not? I don't know, and I don't care; nor do I know or care whether it is strictly classical, or Cecilian, or what not. I leave all that to the dreadful people who laugh and cry by rule. All I know is this—that that splendid accompaniment seems to my uncultivated senses to harmonise with all the rubical requirements of this great morning. It would not be out of place as the orchestral rendering and resurrection-song of the great final day. Then Magnificat, short Vespers; and Holy Week is over! There is one drawback. The Lenten fast should close on Good Friday night at twelve o'clock. It is not congruous that after the mighty exultation of the Holy Saturday ceremonies we should have to sit down to a Lenten breakfast.

EASTER SUNDAY:—

Well, I repent of and retract what I said above. Easter Sunday is not a replica, or second edition of anything else on earth. It stands alone. This morning the children got up early to see the sun dancing; for in Ireland the sun dances with joy on the Resurrection-morning. And all the neighbors, thronging to Mass, are joyful; and "A happy Aisther!" is going all around. We had an immense Communion; and at High Mass an immense congregation.

"'Twas aiqual to any two Masses I ever heard before," says a farmer from a *neighboring* parish, who saw High Mass for the first time. And the "Victimae Paschali" was lovely; and again, my heart leaped at the "Regina Cœli"; and I thought I heard all Heaven tumultuously echoing that mighty pæan of triumph to their great Queen. And the boys bolted at the Alleluias of the Ite Missa Est, as is usual all the world over. But they made up for it. For here, under my window, all the week, they are shouting Alleluia! whenever they peg a top, or hit a marble; and all nature is singing Alleluia! for it is springtime, and the green buds are hanging on the trees, just ready to burst forth; and the incense that hangs around the garments of the virgin season is afloat in the air; and the river, there under the bridge is murmuring Alleluia! and the red-beaked blackbirds and the speckled thrushes are shouting Alleluia! And the noisy larks are filling the heavens with Alleluia! and, oh, dear me! all Ireland would ring with Alleluia! from sea to sea, and from cliff to cliff: but, alas! it is as yet only a feeble prelude, for her resurrection-day has not dawned; and no one has yet arisen to answer the mournful question:

"Who will roll back for us the stone at the mouth of the sepulchre? For it is very great!"

# INDEX OF PROHIBITED BOOKS

BY REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

In the year 1691, William Molyneux, member for Dublin University, published his argument in vindication of legislative independence for Ireland. The English Parliament ordered this book, "The Case of Ireland Stated," to be "burned by the hands of the common hangman."

In 1779, the publication of the Hon. Hely Hutchinson, "Commercial Restraints of Ireland Considered," was by the authorities of Great Britain consigned to the flames.

Nor was it only in matters such as these that English law declared the prohibition of books. In 1526, Henry VIII, in good standing then with Rome, had declared as heretical throughout his kingdom all books written against the Pope and papal authority. In 1535, this same King, then his own Pope, declared all books that favored the authority of Rome to be seditious. In the reign of Edward VI, an attempt was made to destroy missals and books of devotion. The House of Commons in 1607 ordered the burning of Dr. Crowell's "Law Dictionary," while in 1644 the Puritans treated in like manner the "King's Book of Sports." Two of Milton's works were suppressed after the Restoration, and one of Defoe's burnt in 1703, by order of Parliament.

In 1633, William Prynne published "Histrio-mastix." On February 17, 1634, he was sentenced by the Star Chamber to imprisonment and to a fine of £5,000. He was expelled from Lincoln's Inn, debarred from future practice of his profession as a barrister, degraded from his degree in the University of Oxford, and, on May 7, placed in the pillory, where both his ears were cut off. So much, because the arguments in his book against stage-plays seemed to assail the reigning King and his queen. Still more barbarous, because of his two books, was the mutilation of Dr. Alexander Leighton.

As in England, so in other countries, governments used their authority with more or less justice and discretion against offensive books. Nor is this true only of modern times. We have recorded instances of the condemnation, sometimes followed by the burning, of obnoxious books even at Athens and at Rome before the days of Christianity.

The early Reformers took upon themselves "to prohibit, expurgate, and abolish heretical and noxious books." Calvin wrote to the ministers at Frankfort to arrange for the burning of one of the books of Servetus. And yet private interpretation was the whole theory of the new religion. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

We have not yet lost from memory the eager and impatient attitude of the friends of "benevolent assimilation" towards the utterances and the writings of men who believe in the republic, the constitution, and the principles of Washington. We see how the savagery of the bullet has adopted its mode of "criminal aggression" to force upon an unwilling people an un-American ideal of civilization.

What might the advocates of justice and freedom for distant peoples expect, other than the burning of their books,

with at least their own ostracism, if not electrocution, if power to do as they listed were vested in the veneered savages, whose proud contempt for the religion of the New Testament makes them regard the whole world as a "feeding" place for the "Anglo-Saxon," and whose lust of dominion satiates itself in the slaughter of innocents?

What potentates and parliaments have done sometimes in righteousness, and ofttimes in arbitrariness, what individuals long to do in wrathful temperament against opposition to their injustice, the Catholic Church has endeavored to do in calm decisiveness for the protection of her children, for the purity of faith, and for the safeguarding of morals.

To the Catholic mind, the Church cannot avoid her duty as a teacher, and must not fail in her duty of warning her children against pernicious influences. The bad book is a bad influence, and the unwary and the incautious should be guarded against its malignity.

To the non-Catholic who has never given the subject a personal thought, the repeated statements of persecution by the Church, of tyranny by the priests, of ignorance by the people, may account for the prohibition of certain books. But no one who has reflected even a little upon the subject will hold to such premises, or accept such conclusions. Any student of facts will admit that the Church by reason of her claim as Teacher of God's holy religion, His doctrines and His law, to all men, must in the exercise of that teaching power control the books that her scholars shall read. This student may not admit the claims of the Church to the teaching prerogative, but he will admit that consistency to her claims requires the discipline she exercises over books.

Our Divine Lord, our Supreme Teacher, loved to call Himself the Good Shepherd. He has left to us His own idea of the shepherd's duties. The flock is to be fed, to be cared for, to be defended against the wolves. Shall not the Church, to whom He has entrusted His sheep, secure them against ravenous enemies? Shall she not lead them where the pastures are not only abundant, but where they are also wholesome? Shall she not safely shelter them against storm and disaster within the fold?

When a city is threatened with a plague, what precautions to keep this menace afar! When a pernicious disease has entered among the inhabitants, what measures to keep it within the limits it has reached, to prevent it from poisoning all the atmosphere! What multitude of details will not be enforced for the health of a community! In a South African city, the dread of the plague has set the inhabitants to the extermination of rats and to the placing of boots upon the barefooted Kaffirs. And this is right. No measures can be neglected in distress. And shall the great Mother, the Church of Christ, be blamed that she is solicitous for the souls of her children? Souls to her are immortal: they are precious, bought with the Blood of the Lamb of God. Bad books, books against faith or morals, are destroyers of immortal, ransomed souls. She is the Mother, and who can better than the mother judge of food for the children? Books bring food to the soul. Once the position of the Church is understood, her relations to Jesus, the Saviour of the human race, her rela-

tions to her children for whom she must answer to that Lord and Saviour, how can she permit the faith He taught. the doctrines He inculcated, to be held up to ridicule, contempt, denial or scorn? How can she refuse to warn those under her authority when insult and lies are offered against the great lover of souls? How can she refrain from condemning and punishing the wayward children who despise her prohibition, who consort with bad company, and who place in peril the priceless gift of belief, or the sacred treasure of morality? Well would it be for all humanity, if the warning voice of the Church might reach the attentive ears of all the multitudes.

No author admits that his is a bad book. Even while he knows it is a degenerate and degenerating production, he wants too much the force of popular approval to speak out his mind in open language. He is a skilled hypocrite, and he smiles upon the world, he is writing even in the interests of truth and virtue. And all the while his vile productions are for the cause of falsehood and sin.

"O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Well said, Hamlet, and of none more truly that of the author of an evil book.

And does the child select any food he pleases, and does the parent give approval to all the child would choose to eat? And is the druggist not obliged to label some wares "poison," and exercise great care, under restrictions of law, in the selling of poison? What restrictions governments have placed upon the use of firearms, upon the sale, the care and the use of explosives, upon the distribution of electric wires! And shall men be considered wiser in all that pertains to the intellectual and the moral life than they are in the physical life? Only a fool would have poison, dynamite and electricity without safeguards, would trust their indiscriminate diffusion with no one responsible, would say that it is each individual's affair to look out for himself. A few rods away is a pond where throngs have been skating this winter. Now there is a sign forbidding, not warning, but forbidding persons to venture on the ice. The ice is not safe. And the blue-coated guardian is more than an onlooker should any dare to ignore the sign. Away with such signs, restrictions, officers. Give the children their liberty. Let them skate to death. They learn by experience. And when they're drowned, they won't do it again. What a pity we cannot introduce such "liberty" into our lives. How matters would be simplified, and how rapidly the savages would possess the earth. The innocent and the weak might silently "fold their tents like the Arab, and as silently steal away"—to oblivion.

It is not tyranny, it is not a misuse of power, it is not against real liberty that the governments act in such restraining and wholesome manner. And it needs no proof, for any one can see the analogy, and much more than analogy, for the attitude of the Catholic Church regarding bad or dangerous books. She has at least as much right over her children as governments over their citizens. And there is no less need of prohibitions and

warnings for mind and heart than for body. And as the consequences of evil to the soul are so much more grievous, so the more vehement and the more heeded should be the prohibition against bad books.

From the early days of her existence the Church has used her power over books, but the year 1559 saw the first catalogue of those she had condemned. At the Council of Trent an effort was made to complete this catologue. After the adjournment of the Council, and in 1564, Pius IV published the Index and its Ten Rules. In 1571, Pius V instituted the special Congregation of the Index. It is evident that this Congregation cannot attend to all publications. They can only pass on what is brought to their notice. The manner of procedure for them has been prescribed by Benedict XIV, 1753. In some cases where corrections only are to be made, the decree is suspended, while the author is informed, and the corrections at once attended to, the decree is suppressed.

When a book has been condemned no Catholic is allowed to read it. A special permission for grave reasons may be applied for at Rome through the bishop of him who applies. But if the permission is granted, and the reading proves dangerous, the law of conscience forbids further perusal. No permission ever conveys the right to sin. No one is allowed to read a forbidden book on the plea that it will not harm him. The positive law binds all, including priests and bishops. It is not left to each one's discretion to conclude that he is outside the general jurisdiction. Some of the ten rules, owing to new times and new circumstances, have not been upheld in their primitive institution. For example, a portion of the tenth rule supposes the Union of Church and State. So, practically, it is not in vigor in this country, yet the spirit of obedience will seek to carry out the spirit of the law, even where the letter no longer binds.

At different times bishops of different countries have petitioned the Holy See for some modifications in the Index, to accord with the present condition of affairs. We learn that Leo XIII has responded to the request of French, German and Italian bishops. The new edition of the Index, which has been recently announced, is a complete revision of former editions, and contains a reduction or commutation of former sentences. This moderating, however, in no way lessens the natural obligations of conscience. The list of condemned books in the new Index shows to Catholics not only that they must not read these books, but that the character of the condemned books must guide them in the putting aside of all dangerous writings. Faith and morals are not to be trifled with. But a great advantage of the new Index is in the establishment of regulations on a basis of interpretation making known to every Catholic his duty of obedience and conformity.

All books of an immoral or obscene character are totally condemned. It does not need a positive declaration to place before the children of Eve the duty of not hearkening to the serpent. The law of morality is written in the hearts of Eve's children, and her curiosity, with its evil consequences, is not to be imitated, but avoided. To every right-minded Catholic, the total condemnation of Zola, of Balzac, is inevitable. Not that every page must

(Continued on page 409.)

# CARDINAL MANNING.

BY REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

In instituting a parallel between the lives of Cardinals Manning and Newman one is struck more by the contrasts they present than by the few similarities. In some things their careers were alike. Born in the same opening decade of the last century, they both finished their course in the last ten years of the same, and the conversion of both occurred within a period of six years. Both had been High Church Anglicans, moving in the same social circles, with the same associations and the same friends. Both on entering the Church assumed the same sacred calling, and both were raised for their resplendent merits to the same high dignity in the ecclesiastical ranks. And here the similarity ends.

In their individual lives they present almost opposite characteristics. Newman was a thinker, Manning a man of action. Newman was in a great measure radical; Manning conservative, especially in the matter of Ultramontane loyalty. Newman enshrined himself in the temple of the mind, Manning in that of the heart, Newman was an angel of the cloister; Manning, of the outer, palpable world. Yet both tended by these diverse roads to the same high end which was the uplifting of the Church in England to a position wherein it might command the attention, the respect and the acknowledgment of all classes. That they have succeeded, the present glorious standing of Catholics in that country is a gratifying evidence.

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Henry Edward Manning was born July 15, 1808, at Copped Hill, Hertfordshire. His father was a well-to-do merchant of London and a member of Parliament. It was the desire of his parents that this younger son should study for the Anglican ministry. In his fourteenth year he began a course of study at Harrow, from which place he graduated in 1826. He entered Oxford in 1827, matriculating at Balliol College. Here he was brought into contact with some of the leading figures in English church circles, with Oakely, Merrivale, Gladstone, Wilberforce and John Anderdon. After a brilliant course he was graduated in 1830. At this time the dreams of Parliamentary glory which he had been entertaining for some time were rudely shaken by the bankruptcy of his father, a disaster which compelled the young graduate to seek employment at the Colonial Office. His parents still urged him to go on for orders, but the mind of the young man was too deeply imbued in worldly conceits to cast himself into a sphere that offered so little prospect of advancement. In the following year, however, 1832, he yielded to the stress brought to bear upon him through the religious activity of a young woman friend and presented himself to the church. In 1832 he was received into the Anglican ministry, and after a short term as a curate was appointed in 1833 to the Rectory of Lavington. This same year he married the daughter of his predecessor, Caroline Sargent, with whom he lived in happy peacefulness until her death, four years later.

The life of Manning during his term as rector of Lavington, and archdean of Chichester, presents a gradual opening up of the mind from the gloom of Evangelicalism to the full light of the truth. Until the time of his wife's death, in 1837, he had held

strictly to the direction of the Protestant spirit. It was only after he had been introduced to Newman at Oxford in that year that he began seriously to enter into the Anglo-Catholic movement. He was never an ardent force in Tractarianism; he had preferred, with Gladstone, to look on with the interest of one spellbound, following up, doctrine by doctrine, the evolution of that great crusade. He did not view the questions at issue from the same standpoint as did those reformers. For Newman it was necessary to descend to the last reasons of things, to seek light in the deep fountains of antiquity, to trace the succession of the truth bearers through the long course of ages, to examine the history of doctrinal presentation, to seek for its existence in his own day, and to find it ultimately in the bosom of the true Church. Manning looked more at the effects than at the causes. His mind peering deeply into the conditions both of the Anglican and the Catholic Church recognized them only as the effects of some great cause. In the Church Catholic he observed that its mighty aggregation of holy lives, holy doctrines, and supernatural activity could have no other cause than a divine foundation. From 1846 he noted in his diary, that "the Anglican Church, in his estimation, was sick organically and functionally; that, in the former relation, it was separated from the universal Church and from the Chair of Peter, subject without appeal to the civil power, despoiled of the sacrament of penance and of the daily sacrifice of the Eucharist, deprived of the minor orders and mutilated in its ritual; that, from the second point of view, it no longer had daily service, nor discipline, nor unity in devotion or ritual, nor preparatory education for its clergy, nor sacerdotal life in its bishops and its priests, nor a hold on the popular conscience, nor faith in the mysteries of the invisible world."

The doubts and enquiries of his soul were at length put to flight by some arbitrary actions in the Anglican Church which seemed to prove beyond cavil that if ever the Spirit of God resided within that institution, it must have long ago departed. These were the affairs of Bishop Hampden and of Mr. Gorham. In the former case, which happened in 1847, the Queen had assigned Mr. Hampden to a bishopric, despite the protests of all the Anglican clergy who objected to having in such office one whom they held to be a heretic. In Mr. Gorham's case in 1849, the Queen and her council established as head of a parish this man who publicly denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and this notwithstanding the refusal of his bishop to accept such a man. These two important events hurried on in Manning's soul the decision to which he had long been tending. A church that depended for its discipline, and thus, indirectly for its doctrine upon the whim of a political ruler and a chance body of politicians, could certainly lay no claim to divine guidance, could have no hope of the indwelling of the Divinity. He pondered yet two years before he set his face finally toward the light that streamed forth from the sanctuaries of Rome; he left Chichester and the Anglican Church, and, in 1851, entered among the members of the true fold.

The events of that short time from the moment when he received conditional baptism at the hands of Father

Brownbill at the Hill Street church, on April 6, 1851, until he received the full rite of ordination from Cardinal Wiseman, ten weeks later, would comprise many years in the life of an ordinary priest. Yet, the subsequent career of the great convert has convinced the world that this haste was not by any means undue. He was initiated into the ceremonial of the Most August Sacrifice by Father Faber, and at his first Mass, June 16, had as his assistant Father de Ravignan. He then proceeded to Rome, where he spent three years in the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, preparing for the arduous mission that awaited him in England.

As it is our object to refer as fully as possible to the active works of the great Cardinal, we can only mention here his literary results in the order of their production. Dr. Manning wrote four volumes of sermons and other works before his conversion in 1851. Since that date he has written "The Grounds of Faith," 1852; "Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes," three lectures, 1860; "The Last Glories of the Holy See Greater than the First," three lectures, 1861; "The Present Crisis of the Holy See Tested by Prophecy," four lectures 1861; "The Temporal Power of the Vicar of Jesus Christ," second edition, 1862; "Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects," with an Introduction on the Relations of England to Christianity," 1863; "The Crown in Council on the 'Essays and Reviews,' a Letter to an Anglican Friend," 1864; "The Convocation and the Crown in Council—A Second Letter to an Anglican Friend," 1864; "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost, or Reason and Revelation," 1865; "The Reunion of Christendom —A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy," 1866; "The Temporal Power of the Pope in its Political Aspect," 1866; "The Centenary of St. Peter and the General Council," 1867; "England and Christendom," 1867; "Ireland—A Letter to Earl Grey," 1868; "The Ecumenical Council and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff—A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy," 1869; "The Vatican Council and its Definitions—A Pastoral Letter, 1870; "Petri Privilegium—Three Pastoral Letters to the Clergy of the Diocese of Westminster," 1871; "The Four Great Evils of the Day," second edition, 1871; "The Fourfold Sovereignty of God," a series of lectures, 1871; "The Daemon of Socrates," 1872; "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism," second edition, 1874; "The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost," 1875; "The Vatican Degrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance," 1875, in reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Expostulation"; "Sin and its Consequences," 1876; "The True Story of the Vatican Council," published in the Nineteenth Century, 1877; "Miscellanies," a collection of his minor writings, two volumes, 1877; "The Catholic Church and Modern Society," 1880; and "The Eternal Priesthood," 1883, besides numerous sermons and pamphlets.

On his entrance into the active work of the ministry Father Manning began at once to understand the difficulties with which he would have to contend. His firm stand for the sacred integrity of Catholic unity and for the inviolable rights of the Sovereign Pontiff accorded but ill with the sentiments of many otherwise good Catholics whose hearts were filled with a mistaken hope in the heretical union of Anglicanism with the Papacy. He overcame all

obstacles, however, as they presented themselves, and proved so able a champion of the Church's claims that when Cardinal Wiseman died in 1865, this, his friend and defender, was chosen by Pius IX as the successor.

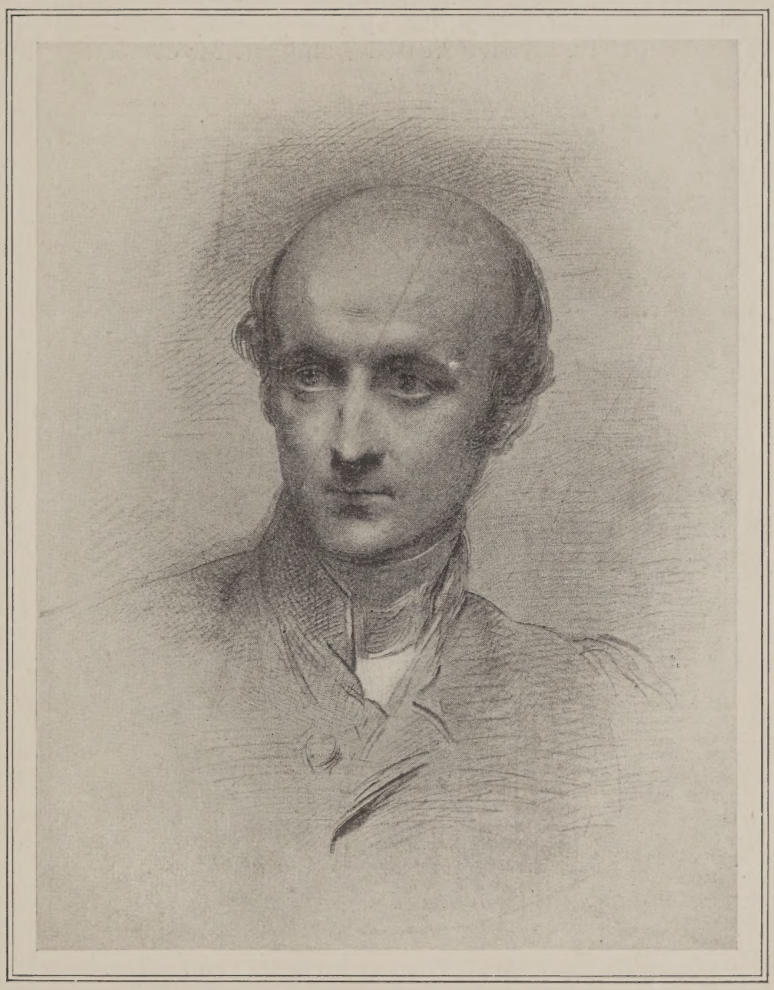
As Archbishop of Westminster, Manning found at hand valuable resources with which to carry out his cherished projects. The unity of the Church first engaged his attention. It was but a consequence of his struggle of a few years earlier for the temporal rights of the Church as vested in her visible head. An association had been formed in 1857 whose object was, as its name implied, the promotion of the union of Christendom. The intention was the best possible, being inspired by a desire for religious peace and concord. Its fault lay in the fact that it rested upon false premises. It assumed that the three churches, the Roman Catholic, the Greek and the Anglican were all true churches in their own way, divisions of the one universal Catholic Church; by the terms of union it had no intention of submitting in every thing of faith and morals to the one head at Rome; it desired concert of action between three distinct and independent societies working, as they would like to suppose, by different means to one end.

The association comprising in its ranks as many as two hundred Anglican divines received much fostering aid from good and pious Catholics who were deceived by the glamor of a possible national conversion. Archbishop Manning brought all his efforts to bear upon settling the question once for all; first, by pointing out the utterly illogical aspect of the assumptions advanced, and finally, by his efforts at the Congregation of the Holy Office. He obtained from the latter a decisive and luminous refutation of the idea of corporate reunion, and the utter discouragement of the association formed for its promotion.

The Archbishop was called once more in 1869 and 1870 to take up arms for the defence of the Papacy. Already he had done much in placing the temporal claims of the Holy See in a fair light before the world; he welcomed therefore the occasion to speak and to act as well for the spiritual prerogatives of the Pope. In the Council of the Vatican his labors to this end made him one of the leading spirits. When the question of Papal Infallibility was broached therein, all but two of the bishops would have dismissed it until later; Manning, however, by every art of eloquence and diplomacy almost forced its consideration upon the assembled fathers, and so vehemently did he keep it before the attention of all, and so insistently did he place its claims before all eyes, that he earned for himself at the time the epithet, "Diabolus Concilii." When finally the question as to the opportuneness of its definition came up it passed almost unanimously, only two "non-placets" being found against more than five hundred in favor. Archbishop Manning ever looked upon this work of his as one of the crowning efforts of his life, and although he saw the Church so soon humiliated in the matter of her temporal rights, he was happy that the great definition had occurred before the onrush of events in the hostile world might have made it extremely difficult or morally impossible.

The eminent services performed by Archbishop Manning both for the well-being of the Church in England

and for the rights and prerogatives of the Holy See could not but be regarded by the Holy Father with feelings of admiration and thankfulness.



HENRY EDWARD MANNING.

ARCHDEACON OF CHICHESTER, 1844.

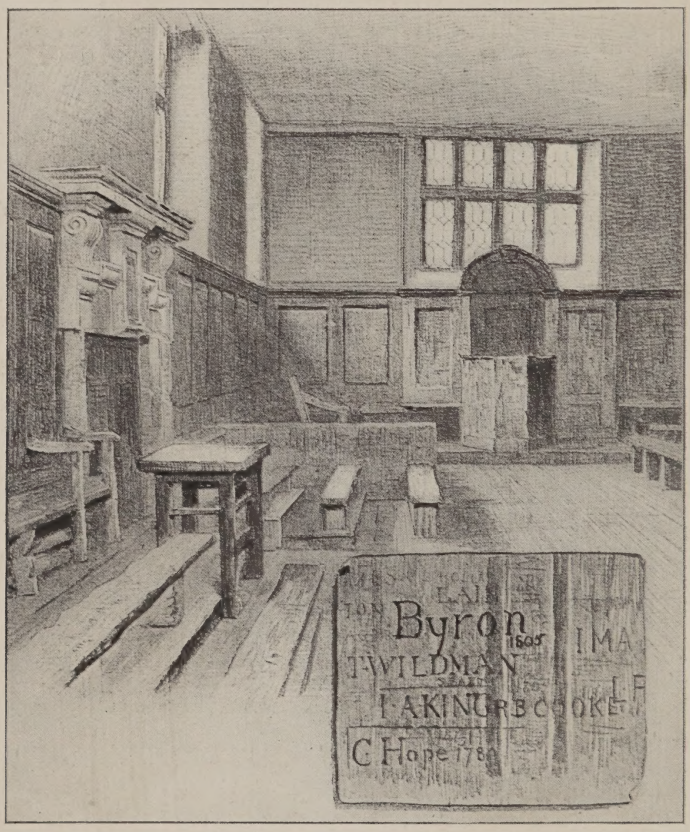
By George Richmond, R. A.

It was everywhere felt to be only a just tribute to his great worth that Pius IX, in 1875, raised him to the dignity of the cardinalate. The English people received the news of his elevation with feelings of pride in the consciousness that the abilities of so distinguished an Englishman were recognized abroad.

This new accession to his ecclesi-

astical honors brought with it a newer, a more far-reaching activity. Hitherto he had expended his energies upon movements that concerned most intimately the constitution of the Church itself, in his championship of Catholic unity, of the temporal power and of papal infallibility. Henceforth he was to carry the vivifying influences of his religion out into the chaotic world, into the homes of the poor, into the cause of liberty, into the rights of laboring men, and in each of these fields he has left an impression that will ever be felt.

Cardinal Manning was in every sense of the word an apostle of temperance. In his crusade against the demoralizing agencies of drink he knew no limits, and made no compromises. Any means that was lawful and just for combatting the great evil he resorted to without fear of human opinion or of personal consequences. He knew what the power of drink was doing for England; he knew more than all its effect upon the Catholic population of his diocese. He




HARROW SCHOOL, WHERE MANNING RECEIVED HIS EARLY EDUCATION.

could not but be struck by the perceptible falling away in the attendance at the Holy Sacrifice on Sundays and Holidays, and when others less observant had accounted for it by a hundred irrelevant causes, he was one of the first to declare that its sole and powerful cause was the habit of intemperance. He determined, therefore, both for the better observance of the Sunday as well as for the uplifting, the comfort and the happiness of family life to strike the evil at its roots. For this purpose he organized the League of the Cross, which was to carry on the work of Father Matthew among the English people. It was a movement full of dramatic expedients, of speech-making, of agitation, of processions, and it gained the popular good will to such an extent as to compel the admiration of all lovers of law and order. It awakened a renewed spirit of devotion in the hearts of the faithful, so that the leakage from the ranks of Church membership which had so lately alarmed the hierarchy began to cease, and Catholicity, especially among the poorer classes, was again enabled to exert its good influences. The League of the Cross had its auxiliary in the Truce of St. Patrick, a movement by which less ardent souls might pledge themselves to abstain from drink for three days of March, the 16th, the 17th and the 18th. He endeavored, with less success, however, to introduce a pledge which would bind only on Saturdays and Sundays, knowing as he did, that upon these days the spirit of intemperance is usually most rampant. A total abstainer himself, he could add his own example to the eloquent influence of his words. If England, and especially London, rejoices in a comparative immunity from the horrors which intemperance brought into its midst twenty years ago, she owes it for the greatest part to the work of Cardinal Manning.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING. 1812.

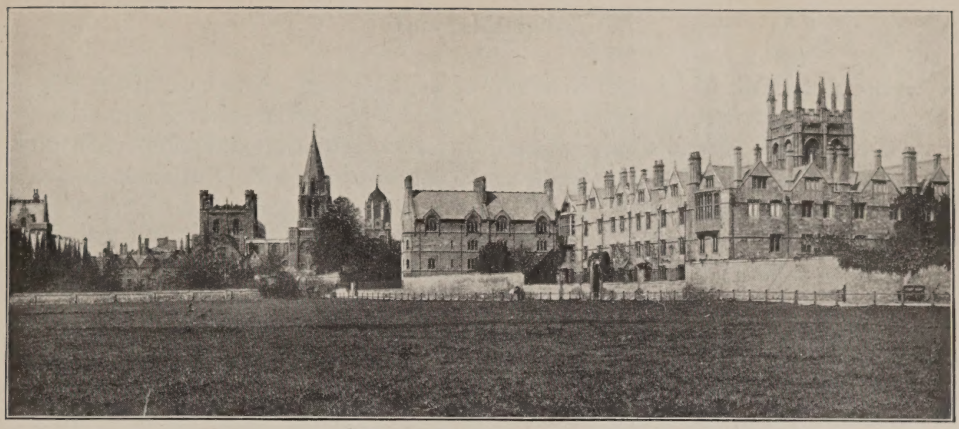
This was his first portrait and shows him on the seashore, listening to a shell. The picture hung on the walls of the paternal home at Totteridge until it was stolen by burglars. Later it was found in a dealer's shop in London and was afterwards purchased by the Cardinal's sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Manning.

The labors of the great Archbishop in political fields cannot even yet be measured in any fair way, as the very questions to which he then gave his thought and energy are even yet vexing the public mind. Certain it is that

he strove bravely to break away in some manner the barriers that interpose between the Papacy and the Italian government. His ardor in this cause was, as he later discovered, founded upon a mistaken idea of the true state of affairs in the Eternal City. In desiring that the Catholic people of Italy might be permitted to enter actively into the field of Italian politics, he was looking only to the softening influence their participation might have upon the overbearing attitude of the usurpers; he had almost forgotten that even so slight a concession to an unjust domination would be accepted as a compromise, a yielding, whose only effect would by weakening the protest of the Papacy give redoubled strength to its enemies.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, WHERE MANNING ENTERED IN 1827.

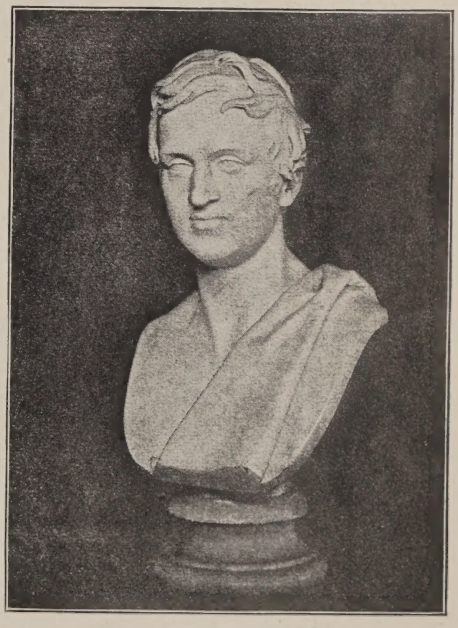
Cardinal Manning's part in the Home Rule movement for Ireland went hand in hand with that of Gladstone. His first intervention in Irish affairs was rather in the interests of Catholic morality than out of any merely national interest. He opposed Fenianism as stoutly as did the leading Irish bishops, and did much to discour age its pretentions among the Irish people of England. He joined with Gladstone in the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. For a long time he hung back from any support of the measure of Home Rule. When, however, his thought had grasped its justice and its necessity, he brought all the strength of his influence to carry it into being. One ought to reflect before judging of the motives of Cardinal Manning in regard to Irish affairs, that he was, after all, like Gladstone himself, an Englishman of Englishmen, and that in all



MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD, OF WHICH MANNING WAS ELECTED FELLOW IN 1832.

that he did and in all that he said in such regard, he acted to the best of his knowledge and ability, and when all has been said one must come to the conclusion that Ireland possessed no truer, no stauncher friend in the enemy's country than Cardinal Manning.

Yet one other grand work entered into the design of the Cardinal's life. He was scarcely better known as the apostle of temperance than as the defender of labor. Philanthropic in the best sense of the word, his heart went out to every need of the poor. Not content with the exhibitions of poverty that came under his own eyes in the conduct of so peculiar a diocese as that of Westminster, he took care to seek out his information from every advantageous quarter. He kept himself informed as to what was doing in the great underworld of the millions and whenever he discovered that his personal intervention was sought to right a wrong, or to bring about a blessed relief, he hastened to cast himself into the midst of the trouble from which he refused to emerge until the object for which he had entered was gained. He was often looked upon as a social reformer in the wrong sense of the word by people who could not



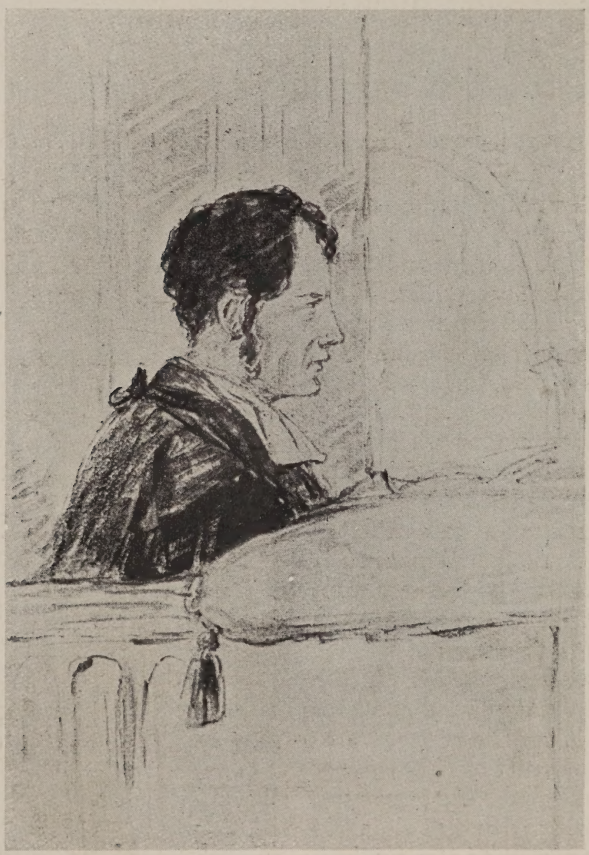
ARTHUR HALLAM.

(*From the Bust by Chantrey.*)

The name of Arthur Hallam has been immortalized by Tennyson in "In Memoriam." In the first debate in which Manning came into prominence in Oxford Arthur Hallam took the opposite side, upholding Shelley against Byron.

or would not think of him with fairness. It is immensely to his credit that, knowing the justice of his cause, he never permitted himself to be swerved to the right or the left by considerations of human respect, but went straight on through every discouragement until he had fully performed what he considered his duty. His labors for the amelioration of the condition of poor children in London, his magnificent results in the matter of their Catholic education, were supplemented by his interest for the welfare of workingmen. The case of the celebrated Dock Strike of 1889 stands out as a representative and comprehensive example of his whole attitude in the field of labor.

"That great episode in the war between labor and capital," says de Pressensé, "was of great importance. . . . It was only sixteen days after the beginning of the struggle that the Cardinal was called upon to unite his efforts with those of the men who were trying to bring about conciliation. In an interview with the directors he en-



DR. PUSEY PREACHING THE "CONDEMNED" SERMON.

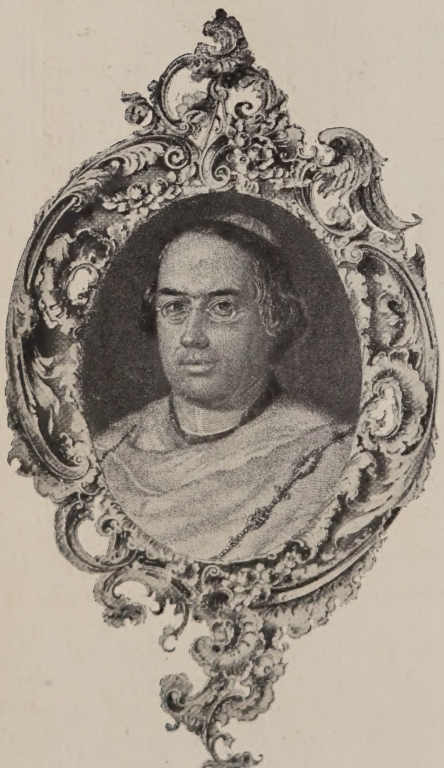
treated them to yield on the question of salary, in the name of their interests, of the imminence of a revolution, and especially of the sufferings of the poor. A committee was formed and some others. It was on Manning and Buxton that the whole weight of the negotiations fell. Convinced of the justice of the chief claims made by the strikers, they exerted themselves

LAVINGTON CHURCH.

MANNING WAS MADE RECTOR OF THIS CHURCH IN 1833.

with the Lord Mayor as chairman, on which sat the Cardinal, the Anglican bishop of London, who very soon repudiated responsibilities that were too heavy for him, Mr. Sydney Buxton, with rare energy to obtain liberal concessions from the managers. A compromise was suggested: the laborers were to obtain the amount of wages that they asked,—the famous "tan-

POPE PIUS IX.



CARDINAL WISEMAN.

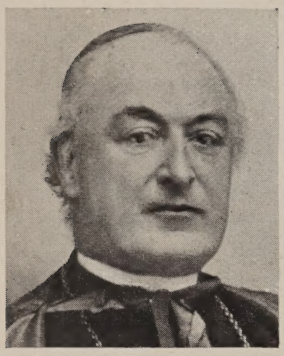
ner," or twelve cents an hour; but the new tariff was to go into effect only on March 1, 1890, that is, after a delay of six months. Burns and Tillet declared that it would be impossible to accept such a long wait for their comrades; Manning exerted himself strenuously to obtain the date of January 1st, from the directors. It was the final limit of their concessions. There was question of getting the transaction sanctioned by the strikers, who were already accusing their leaders of treason. The Cardinal, accompanied by Mr. Buxton, betook himself to the Dockers' headquarters, in the favorite Poplar district. A meeting was held in the school hall of the Catholic church on Kirby street. The audience was boisterous. All those strikers were, for the first time, tasting the fruits of solidarity. They believed that they were sure of victory. To ask them to wait for more than three months for the clear and full result of those weeks of privations and sacrifices, was to appeal to reason against instinct in beings who were in their first movement. On the other hand, the Cardinal, thoroughly satisfied as he was of the justice of their cause, knew that therein lay the only means of making it triumph, and that the directors were looking for only an excuse to recall their concessions. For nearly five hours—from five until ten o'clock in the evening—that old man of eighty-three, that prince of the Church, pleaded with familiar and impassioned eloquence in the interest of the laborers and of their families. In closing he drew tears from the dryest eyes by making an eloquent appeal to their love for their wives and children.

Speaking of these two friends Cardinal Manning said: "I owe to Cardinal Wiseman and to Pius IX. all that has befallen me in my Catholic life."

His cause was won. The emotion was intense among those simple and rough men. One of them thought he saw the Madonna hovering over the orator's venerable head, giving a sign of approval. The real miracle was the conquest of those simple minds and of those rough hearts by that old priest, who never served Christ better than by procuring peace on that occasion."

CARDINAL MANNING.

Such was the life of Cardinal Manning until the very end. His own enu-



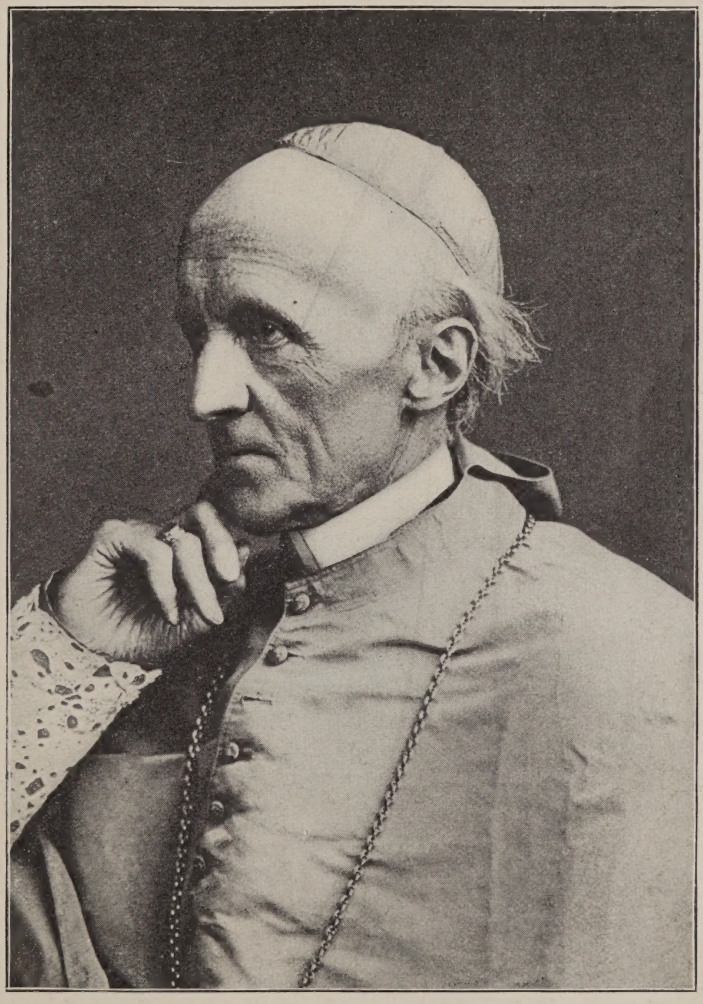
CARDINAL VAUGHAN.*

meration of the good he tried to do was far too modest. It was a life full of energy, of piety, even of asceticism. If we would enumerate under a few heads the great work he has done as a Catholic, we should refer to those that follow. He was a staunch defender of his ecclesiastical superior, Cardinal Wiseman, in the days of his supremest difficulties, he introduced the Oblates of St. Charles into England, he took a bold stand for the maintenance of real Christian and Catholic unity as opposed to the corporate union which so many desired, he defended the Temporal Power in the time of its great peril, he championed the cause of Papal Infallibility, he rescued the children of London from the many horrors of ill treatment and of ignorance, he brought the cause of temperance to a successful position in English society, he aided the Irish people in their forlorn efforts to obtain Home Rule, and he espoused the interests of the workingmen with so much success that they can today hold a recognized position in English society, such as they had not known before. And all this

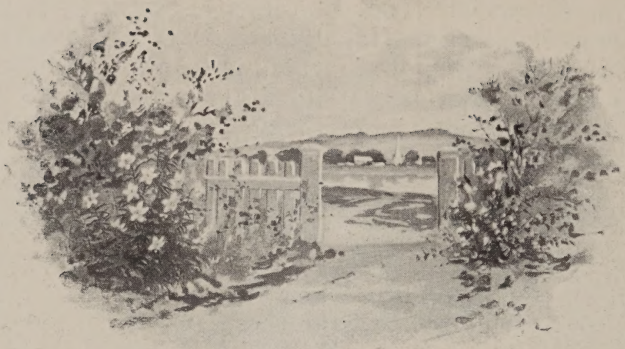
*Manning's friend for more than forty years. He served his Mass in the Academia nearly all the time he was there. For twenty years worked as a priest with and under Manning, and for twenty more was his colleague in the Episcopate.

THE GREAT DOCK STRIKE, 1889.

great work was accomplished not without much prayer and fasting. He laid his plans under the guidance of that same Holy Spirit, whose devotion he had inculcated by word of mouth and by his extensive writings. Surely all this was work sufficient for one man. "In the presence of that grand figure," remarks his biographer, "made up of austerity and of love, of asceticism and of charity, in the presence of the memory of that man who loved power, but only to devote it to the noblest of uses, the word that involuntarily rises to the lips to sum up all that history is that of Scripture: 'Ecce Sacerdos magnus'; his was truly the soul of a priest."



CARDINAL MANNING AT THE TIME OF THE DOCK STRIKE.



# THE MYSTERY DIVINE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The stars a-tremble in the midnight air,
Alive with swift pulsations white and keen,
Thrill us with visionings of realms serene
As, through the dark of Spring-time, on we fare.
The scarlet maple-buds we know are there,
High on their boughs; we feel the misty green
Of unseen willows and the dew's white sheen,—
Of April's hidden sanctities aware.

Now through our souls' perceptive mood there floats
An odor sweeter than all else of earth,
The breath of hyacinths, aglow, low-hid
By garden palings. Clear as melting notes
Of nightingales, it seems of Love's own birth!
So from th' Unseen sweet breathings come, unbid.

"Now through our souls' perceptive mood there floats
An odor sweeter than all else of earth."

*Courtesy of N. Brock, Asheville, N. C.* "THE FARM BOY SOON BEGINS TO HELP."

# THE FARM BOY.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

## I.

### EARLY ADVANTAGES AND HARDSHIPS.

A wise man once said, "Give a boy the hard work and wholesome pleasures of a farm life, and he will grow up with sound lungs and heart, and with sturdy limbs; then intrust him to the developing and polishing influences of schools and the world, and it will not be long before some of the world's great work will be shouldered by him naturally and as a matter of course." And as we remember the work that has been and is being done by these same sturdy-limbed, sound-hearted boys from the country, we realize how true is the saying.

Abraham Lincoln, born in a flat and nurtured as one of a hundred or a thousand other boys upon the streets and in the city schools, would undoubtedly have grown up to be Abraham Lincoln still, destined for great deeds; but in him the will was stronger than the mere circumstance of surroundings. But there are others, not so strong, though good men and doing good work, to whom this simple, wholesome country life of their boyhood has been more perhaps than even they realize.

A boy's early thoughts are not of his personal appearance, but of his surroundings: the yard outside, the orchard, the cattle and other interesting inmates of the great barn, the fields, and the unknown, wonderful possibilities of the woods beyond. He wants to investigate, to creep, to walk, to run and climb. And here is where the country boy has the advantage of the poor boy of the city, whose playground is the sidewalk, and whose object lessons are the unyielding faces of the buildings and the passing drays and street cars and itinerant merchants.

From exploring the yard, the country boy goes naturally to the barn with its cattle and mysterious mows and treasure-troves of hens' nests. His eyes are round with the wonder of what he sees, and the suggestions of what he does not see,—but all the time the wonder is giving way to shrewd comprehension. By the time he has explored the fields and the woods beyond, and has followed the windings of the stream to the borders of the next farm, and investigated the woodpeckers' and owls' holes in the decayed trees of the orchard, he has become master and companion of his surroundings. And by that time, although he is not beyond the kindergarten age of the city boy, he is old enough to begin work.

It is not severe at first, except during the stress of certain seasons, when gathering chips and hunting eggs and perhaps washing dishes is exchanged for picking up stones and dropping potatoes and corn, and in the fall for picking up apples and potatoes. Then the toddling legs and small backs grow strained and full of aches through long days and weeks of unremitting labor. It is "Hi there! Out of bed, boys!" in the morning, and "hurry up! hurry up, boys; the season

PLANNING THE BOY'S FUTURE.

is getting ahead of us!" all through the day. And the small boy with the basket of corn or cut potatoes, or picking up stones just ahead of the plows, must "hurry up! hurry up!" in order that none of the grown men behind need lose even a moment in waiting.

Occasionally the mother borrows an hour from her own crowding work in the kitchen or dairy, and goes out into the field to help the little fellow with a stint of stones or potatoes, and thus give him an hour's run or rest, as he may choose.

Many a lift of this kind do I remember between my seventh and tenth birthdays, when the space to be picked or dropped over in the great wall-inclosed field seemed too vast for my unaided efforts. And then the joy of we two as we trudged back across the field to the house, mother to her neglected work and I to my play!

But there were days when the mother's work could not be neglected; when she needed aid as much as the toiling lad in the field. Then the bending figure of the child had to continue its stumblings across the rough ground, relieved only by the dinner-horn at noon, and the gathering darkness at night.

It would have been hard work for an older person; but the farm theory was and is, that a child's back is smaller and more flexile than a man's, and consequently it is easier for him to pick up stones and potatoes. Besides, a man's labor is worth more at other things.

But even at its hardest, when there is a mortgage on the farm or more stock needed or new tools required, so that every dollar saved, and every hour's work that can be added, is something to be planned for and made the most of, the boy's lot in a loving home is not a hard one. He is "helping father," and as far as possible is doing a man's work. He knows just how much is paid on the mortgage from time to time, or how much is being saved up toward another horse or pair of oxen or a plow, and whether mother will be able to have her new dress from the fall apples or have to wait until she sells her turkeys at Thanksgiving; and he is keenly rejoiced or disappointed, as the case may be. As soon as he begins to work, however young, it is "our farm" and "our work" and what "we intend to do," and though every bone in his body may be aching from a long day of picking up stones, he will look one squarely in the face as he says it, with his shoulders well back.

And then his sleep! During these times when his small shoulders are helping to sustain the farm burden, he just gets into bed at night and slips out at the "Hi there! Out of bed, boys!" in the morning. And that is all he knows about the matter. And again, the leisure which comes after the hurry! what farm boy does not know the joy and exultation of it? There is no holiday so full and glorious as that which follows hard work that has been thoroughly done.

Pleasure and the pursuit of it are not the first things inculcated in young minds among American farming people. Pleasures come after duty has been done, and they are the rewards for the duties that have been well done. This placing of duty first is a great disciplinary advantage in the training that country boys receive. The chores and crops cannot be postponed, and the prompt accomplishment of them becomes a habit of life. Pretty nearly everything a country boy encounters day by day has a tendency

toward the development of a healthy and wholesome individuality.

There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do. This work, pretty much always out of doors, inculcates industrious and regular habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletc train ing that can be had. He cannot run as fast, perhaps, as those trained by a regular system; he may not be able to jump as high, or so far, or excel in some of those sports upon which so much time is bestowed and from which so much pleasure is obtained, but his development enables him to "buckle down" to the hard work in which hours are consumed and from which very little immediate pleasure is extracted.

Indeed, his strength may be something like that of a cart-horse, but the cart-horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred race-horse has a fine flight of speed, and he caracoles with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle-paths; but when it comes to the long, steady pull up hill, he is almost sure to fail. The heavy work is the work which is most in demand, and for that we want the reliable, steady-nerved draft animal.

The chores that a country boy does are not always pleasant; they are infinitely less agreeable than training for a boat-race or for a foot-ball game. In their accomplishment there is no reward of applause; it is mostly humdrum work, which usually begins with the day and which does not end till darkness has settled down and it is time to sleep. But it is work which transforms the boy into a strong-hearted, clear-headed man.

## II.

### CHEERY GROWTH.

Sometimes I compare a farm supplied with a boy, with one that is not and wonder if everybody—the owner of the unfortunate farm included—does not see the difference.

It seems to me that a farm is the boy's natural kingdom. I mean, of course, a farm that has horses and cows and poultry and pigeons, and swallows' nests under the eaves of the great rambling barn; and an apple orchard and huckleberry patches, and a brook where speckled trout dart from bank to bank, and wood-chuck holes and yellow jackets' nests off in the corners of the pastures, and wild strawberries, and plenty of woods that afford excellent opportunities for traps and snares.

In such a farm a boy is always in strong evidence. He is not an incumbrance, but a factor; and though he is in the way occasionally, and is sometimes mischievous and unmanageable, he is also a necessity, and the source of endless pleasure and satisfaction. Apart from his utility in the pressing seasons of farm work, and his recognition as the kitchen errand boy, how could the farm dog and the woodpile and the toothsome apples get along without him? And would the pigeons and the brook and the social squirrels be content if he were away? I trow not. Even the birds which unhappily sometimes have to dodge his missiles, and the woodchucks and rabbits against whom he wages perpetual war, would very likely miss the cheerful whistle and warm, ready laugh. And useless? Such a thought in connection with the

country boy is preposterous, even before the age of gathering chips and eggs. Perhaps the wild flowers are useless, and the birds and butterflies, and the laughter of the wind as it tantalizes the boughs of the apple trees, and the trout under the mossy banks, and half a thousand other sweet and beautiful things that go to make up country life, and without which the farm would be more or less of a waste, both of body and soul.

But soon—very soon—the boy becomes a recognized part of the working as well as the social force. It is he who picks up stones in the spring, and potatoes and apples in the fall; who rides the horses for plowing, does barn chores, cuts wood, attends school, runs endless errands, and still finds time for his own private world of amusements and plans. He keeps down the woodchucks and other mischievous prowlers that menace the farmer's prosperity. He manufactures successful scare-crows to ward off robins from the strawberry bed and crows from the cornfield. And it i upon him that the household depends in the spring for cowslips and in the summer for huckleberries and blackberries, and in the fall for a rich store of nuts, and perhaps an occasional feast of partridge or quail. He keeps the house clear of rats, and the flower garden clear of weeds, and the brook clear of trout; and he follows every trespassing boy who has not the favor of his countenance, with relentless severity.

But it is in the fall, when the bulk of the farm work is over, that the boy rises in his full strength. He has more time of his own, and every second of it is occupied. His chores are accomplished with a rapidity that takes away one's breath, and his own concerns reap the benefit of the captured time. His shrill whistle is heard from the barn, and from the fields, and from the garret, and from the top of an apple tree, and from the cellar, and generally the whistle is accompanied by the anticipatory barks of a dog, and perhaps the laughter and comments of some other boy.

I doubt if there was ever a country boy who became dissatisfied with the farm during the autumn months—say from the first ripening of orchard apples in September, to the freezing of the ponds. He has the same long rows of corn and potatoes to go over as he had during the spring and summer; and the digging is just as hard, and the hills just as many. But there is a difference, the boy will tell you that himself, with a quick sparkle coming into his eyes, and the flush of health on his cheeks growing deeper.

In the spring and summer it is work, back-aching and monotonous, and with only the thought of helping and the long nooning under the cherry trees to relieve its tedium; but in the fall—well, anyhow, it is different, he will declare, as he throws back his shoulders and looks at you brightly.

Harvest days may be long, but the boy does not dread them as he does the planting and hoeing. There is something exhilarating in the schocking and husking of corn, and in the uncovering and measuring of potatoes and turnips. It is hard work, it is true, and the boy goes to bed with aching back and limbs; but for all that, harvesting seldom makes him weary of the farm, and he wakes in the morning with a fresh store of energy which will carry him through the day.

And then the picking and sorting of apples; barrels and barrels of smooth, firm greenings, and richly-tinted baldwins, and fragrant bellflowers! Some of them will go into the store-room, and some into the cellar, and some be sent away to market; and, if it is apple year, there may be great piles of good-keepers to store in deep pits in the earth, to mellow and flavor during the long winter months, and be uncovered in spring, when apples are scarce. The boy has his favorites for each month, and almost each week; and he eats them with the enormous and wholesome appetite of a country boy.

As the days grow shorter, his work may be hurried to catch up with the season; but he has good company, and the air is crisp and invigorating. He walks briskly and unconsciously, and his whistle is as cheery and care-free as that of the quail which comes to him across the stubble. He is already making plans for nutting parties and snares and "tramps," and half his weariness is forgotten in anticipation.

After the apples are gathered and stored away, there are pumpkins to be brought in from the fields; and they are piled in great yellow heaps, to wait until frosty nights make it necessary to remove them to some warm corner of the shed or barn.

Then comes the late husking, and the stacking up of immense piles of corn-stalks as reserve food for the cows during the winter; and after that, perhaps, a few days of cranberry picking.

By this time the work is being "caught up," and the boy has frequent opportunities to go after chestnuts and walnuts, and to set snares among the birches and in the deep woods where he thinks there are "signs" of quail or partridge. He has chums who come to him from the neighboring farms, and they go off in couples and trios and quartettes; and they have calls and signals, which enable them to scatter through the woods and come together, without danger of strays or defections. They compare knives and their work and such few books as they have accumulated; and, in moments of extreme confidence, make impressive allusions to their plans when they are "grown up."

In the evenings they gather in first one house and then another, and they crack nuts and play games and tell stories. And, later, they bring out their battered school books and study the morrow's lessons, and exchange notes and shrewd comments.

But even when there are no neighboring farms, the country boy is not lonesome. He "chums" with the horses and cows and sheep; and the colts, which run from the master and hired men, come to him with the easy assurance of tried friends.

He is familiar with the notes of birds, and has peculiar ways of calling them, but is always shy about exhibiting his powers before strangers.

He grows up with a love for the woods and fields, and for the birds and animals, and when he goes out into the world, with his broad shoulders and cheery face, there is nothing which will ever efface them from his brain and heart.

## III.

### HIS PRIVILEGES AND OPPORTUNITIES.

The very fact that his life is an outdoor one, with enough of wholesome hard work to keep his muscles, aye

and his mind, actively employed, is an inestimable advantage which belongs to the country boy. Hard work is not an ill, not even an objection, unless it is carried beyond reason. It is that which makes possible the exquisite pleasure of the later leisure and recreation; and no one who has ever been a boy in the country need be told of the solid satisfaction of hard work well done, or the full pulse which goes into the play afterwards.

I have seen it stated that a country boy is commonly a dull boy; but it has never seemed to me that way, especially when one meets him on his own ground. Then every freckle on his sun-burned face seems eager to impart information. He has had few companions of his own age, and when brought among strangers is apt to appear shy and embarrassed, and even dull; and especially is this true on his brief visits to town, where everything is strange. But let him be met and conversed with in his own barn, or out in the fields or woods with which he is familiar, and the case is very likely to be reversed.

Of course I do not mean to say that the average country boy is as keen-witted and brilliant on the surface as the boy whose life has been passed amid the social advantages which a town affords; but when one penetrates through the reserve of diffidence, to the clear, practical, businesslike view of things, the boy whose gait perhaps betrays the furrow and hay-fields, is very likely to hold his own.

There is no question of the influence this sturdy, outdoor life has upon boys; and the fact that the life is harnessed to regular, imperative duties is to the boy's advantage. He is developed gradually and healthily, his mind following his physical strength rather than the reverse. And around him, for his every day observation and study, are the very best object lessons possible for a boy's developing life. He associates familiarly with nature during his work and recreation; and even during his sleep, the air which enters his open chamber window is laden with the fragrance of apple blossoms, of the harvest season, or perhaps is the pure, stimulating atmosphere of the white, undulating winter fields. But it all goes toward making him stronger, sturdier, more self-reliant, more ambitious, more observing. He is healthy all through, physically, mentally, morally.

Of course there are exceptions, many of them, as there are among boys in all conditions of life. But if the boy is a Washington or Webster, or Howe or Lincoln, the country work and surroundings will be weapons in his hands from the start, and he will go on steadily, independently, almost unswervingly, through the broader outside arena of the world, to the front. The country life at the start is like the healthy ballast that stands him staunchly through the voyage. And if he does not happen to be of the Lincoln type, but only a commonplace, rather unambitious boy like the most of us, then this same sturdy work and stimulating air will help tone him up to the best that is in him, and perhaps be the foundation of work that will be worth while, and possibly enduring.

Every boy that lives on a farm, and every girl, too, for that matter, should have the use of a piece of ground. It need be only a small, out-of-the-way corner at first, a place for the child to dig and make plans; increasing gradually—with the boys—to the acre of

corn or potatoes or turnips, or whatever may be his taste or ambition. There are few farms that could not easily spare it, and few children to whom it would not be a benefit.

A child early learns the meaning of possession, and a few square rods of his own will often be more to him than the broad acres of his father. Many a boy has grown to manhood on the farm, and left it at the earliest possible moment after he came of age because he had been made a mere machine—a laborer without a laborer's wages.

Such cases of course are rare, and perhaps should not be brought under the head of the average country boy. And yet it is the discontented, planning, self-pitying boy that is in direct need of help. It would be well if every father could look into the busy workshop of his child's mind, and understand the hopes and disappointments there—aye, and the plans as carefully made and relatively important as his own.

Most of us have seen the discontented boy making a pretense of picking up stones or potatoes, or perhaps sulkily working his way across an onion or turnip field, and we know or can guess something of his value in the economy of the farm. And, on the other hand, we are all more or less acquainted with the resolute, energetic boy, whose limbs never seem to tire, and whose great ambition is to do the work of a man. One such boy, who is striving to do all he can, is worth a dozen of those who are striving to do as little as possible. And yet the two boys are much the same, primarily.

The restive or refractory horse is coaxed, and time spent in training him to usefulness is not thought wasted, and yet there are some who are unwilling to do as much for the boys who are being fitted for the higher and more intelligent work of the farm. All like good stock and good land and good seed—especially the last, for that is the secret of success. But of all seeds which yield satisfaction and prosperity, there are none more sure than the judicious sowing of reading matter and games for the long winter evenings, an occasional half-holiday during the summer, when the boy's nerves are strained and overwrought by continual hard work, and social, familiar conversation at all times, leading the boy to thoughts of higher things than mere work and play. He should be made to understand his personal responsibilities, as well as his possibilities, and if he can be made to see them clearly, he will very likely come out all right. If he is awakened to a thorough, hearty interest in his work, the work will be done well; but when the heart strays, the work flags.

But even with the discontented boy, the country is more or less a safeguard. The surroundings are peaceful and healthy, and there are few temptations to draw the boy into things he would afterward regret. In time he is likely to recover his equipoise and look at life squarely, and then to shape himself more sturdily toward the future he would like best, and in which he would be most certain to succeed.

# BY THE MISTY BURN.

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

Up on Gortawarla the heather grew so thick and tall that the two children who crouched in the nook they had made there were hidden as if in a little nest where they could exchange confidences undisturbed and kiss each other in childish joy of the companionship. Beside them, on a bed of soft grass, lay a fiddle, which the boy eyed with tender affection, reaching out his thin hand to touch it lovingly. He was a handsome lad, dark-curled, and with a high clever brow, but the pallor on his face and the weariness in the brown eyes were sad to see. A crutch lying near told the tale of his sufferings, and why a thrill of pain rang ever in his voice.

The girl was a small, elfin, agile creature, red-haired and violet-eyed. She was like a streak of sunshine against the dark boy. "'Tis the bright little blossom she is," people said, and only her father's second wife thought otherwise, having no children of her own. So the love that came bubbling from the heart of Una MacFelimy was given in all its lavishness to the crippled lad from the mill, since in her home there was none to prize it. When she could steal an hour from the herding in the summer afternoons she would run panting up the slope to the trysting-place, and in the sobbing and laughing of Shameen's fiddle she found her joy. He had a wonderful way with it. His slender body used to quiver with passionate sympathy as he played, and his touch was delicately firm and true. In these treasured moments Una was his sole audience and critic, and in her violet eyes he read his praise or blame.

It was when Shameen was slowly recovering from the terrible fall that had crippled him for life, and old Cormac MacKenna used to come with his fiddle to soothe him, that Roger O'Cahan gave the Little Red Lark to his son. The name was Shameen's own. "For it is the little red lark she will be surely, father dear, when I learn to play on her, and she'll sing all the songs you love to hear," he said, clutching the new fiddle to his breast, and the father turned away with a sigh as the eyes of his dead wife looked at him gratefully out of the pinched pale face.

Shameen lay back on his pillows and gave himself up to the happiness of possession. He kissed the fiddle, through a rain of tears.

"Oh fiddle dear, fiddle mochree," he cried tenderly, "my own little fiddle. Look at the little strings of her, and the shining all over her, and the little keys that are so white and smooth. Oh fiddle agra, sure it is my heart you are, and, when I wake the music that's in me you'll speak it all out on vour beautiful strings. What will Una MacFelimy say at all, at all?"

For hours he sat there, oblivious of the flight of time, drawing the bow softly to and fro. His dreams were well-nigh a living ecstasy—they were so sweet.

"It is yourself will not be slow to learn," said old Cormac, when he came to give him his first lesson, "for she knows you already, and when a fiddle

knows you, you needn't care how the winds blow and the world wags if you have the music in you. She'll bring you peace if your heart's sore with trouble, and friendship if you're lonely, and she'll make you forget the hunger and thirst when the poverty's on you. Ah, true, Shameen Beg, the gift is yours, and God send you speed with it."

It was not long then until Shameen knew the old man's repertoire by heart, and after that he began to make little airs of his own. To these he used to sing verses composed on the subjects which affected him most at the time; the trill of a bird rising from the heather; the fall of the hawthorn blossoms in a shower of pink and white on the grass below; the swish of the great mill-wheel as it churned the water into froth under his gable-window. He was happy with a glad, grateful happiness, yet in every note he played a sadness lurked as if in spite of himself the boy's soul was drenched with sorrow. His father said he believed Shameen thought and prayed in music, as he heard the strains come softly from the gable room upstairs. The neighbors called it unnatural; "the boy is being destroyed entirely by his fiddling and his fancies. He sits there day after day by the Burn-side, fiddling, fiddling always, except when he is poring over a book, and it is not a word he will be giving you when you speak; he will let you pass by as if you were a ghost and he had no eyes or ears for anything but his own dreams."

One day quite a flutter of excitement was caused in the drowsy village by the sight of Shameen limping down the road in animated converse with the fairy-woman, Shivaun Sheehy. She was a half-witted vagrant with a rather bad reputation around the countryside. It was said she blinked the cattle, and was accustomed to say her prayers backward, which meant that her spells might have power over her enemies. She came begging to Kilmeena every summer, sleeping under the hedges or in some unguarded barn. One of her accomplishments was fortune-telling, which the foolish young lovers of the place often encouraged unknown to their elders. Charms and love-potions, too, she carried around in her ragged pack, and had a keen eye to a bargain in her dealings. But no one ever thought to see the quiet boy, whose shyness made him avoid the social life of the village, standing with his hand in hers, his eyes rivetted on her withered face.

"'Tis telling him his fortune she is surely," they exclaimed in amazement, watching the pair from their doorways. "Telling his fortune, no less! Well, God help the poor gossoon, for he's lost what little sense he had at last. What fortune could she be telling him that's a cripple and half-astray into the bargain."

It was by mere accident that Shameen had met her there. As she passed him by she had tottered in weariness and the bundle on her shoulders slipped from its insecure fastenings. Observing this the boy, hurrying forward, stooped to pick it up. She took the bundle from him without a word, looking into his eyes long and fixedly. Then she lifted his right hand and peered closely at the lines on his palm.

"So, so," she muttered at last in her high cracked voice. "You are another one with the eyes to see but not the sense to use them. Oh, boy dear,

there's a colleen will be waiting for you when your day comes to be a man, a sweet colleen, with a heart of gold and the soul of a dove, and she'll love you—that she will avillish—more than life and beyond death. You have the music in you, too. Well, she will stir it to the very depths, and in every note you play you will hear her. Listen for her and her footfall will be near you; call her and she will come; love her and her love will be stronger than death. Don't let her pass by, or the sorrow will be on you till your dying day, and you'll never be rid of the loneliness till the shroud is wrapped about you. Though there is a blight on you, and you'll never be quite like other men, her love will burn the fiercer for that, mo bouchal. Mind now what old Shivaun says, for it is put into my heart to know and my tongue never lies." She spoke rapidly with many gesticulations. Her speech was in Gælic and its picturesque diction made the boy feel rather than hear. He stood wondering and trembling when she had left him and gone her way. Then he turned towards Gortawarla, longing for the quiet of its heathery crest in this new and most unexpected sensation that had befallen him.

He lay, his fiddle resting beside him, stretched out on the mountain blossoms thinking deeply, when the voice of Una MacFelimy broke in upon his reverie. She threw herself down panting. An excited curiosity flamed in her violet eyes, and rang shrilly in her eager greeting.

"Oh, what did the little fairy woman say to you, Shameen?"

Shameen Beg twisted round in the heather half-petulantly while his dark brows met in a sudden frown above his beautiful eyes.

"Is it what the little witch-woman said to me, Una MacFelimy, you want to know? Well, then 'tis not myself will tell it, not even to you."

Una looked at him in amazement, not comprehending this first refusal from his lips. He saw the surprise in her face, and his voice grew gentler.

"'Tis a secret, so it is, colleen óge, between her and me and you'd never understand the wonder of it, and the fear. For it is fear that is with me since she spoke and told me—"

He broke off, suddenly realizing how near he had drifted towards confidence.

"Told you what, Shameen agra?"

"Now, Una Rue, 'tis no use to ask me, for this is my own secret and you have nothing to do with it. It is about a lovely lady that I am to marry when I am a man." He smiled proudly. "But I'll tell you no more. No, not even one single word more."

"A beautiful lady, Shameen! Who is she, and where does she live?"

"That I don't know," replied the boy, "but she is somewhere in the world and waiting for me, and she loves me truly wherever she may be. She is so beautiful, so beautiful, and when the old woman held my hand I seemed to see her standing there in the sunlight."

"But you said you would marry me," cried Una, vehemently. "You always said you would marry none but me."

"Oh, that was before I knew," said Shameen calmly. "It is different now, and I am bound to her."

Tears stood thick on Una's long, fair lashes and her small red mouth quivered piteously. She laid her bright tangled head against his black one, with a sob.

"Vo, vo, vo," she wailed. "Shameen,

is this all the love you have for me that you'd go away to marry a stranger. O, vo, sure you don't mean it, Shameen acushla?"

There was a touch of impatience in his voice as he turned to soothe her. "Don't cry so, colleen oge. It won't be till I am a man, and somebody will be coming for yourself maybe before that."

At this Una's tears fell faster and she buried her face upon his shoulder. "Shameen," she whispered. "It wasn't me grown up you saw, was it now? Had she e'er a look of me at all?"

"You, Una MacFelimy. You! Did I not say that she was a beautiful, strange lady whose heart is half of my heart and whose soul is twin of my soul. And how could that be you? You are only a little country girl, and she was like a queen."

At this the tangled red head was lifted haughtily and a flash came into the tear-wet eyes. "Very well, Shameen O'Cahan," she said fiercely. "Go to your lady. I'll not hinder you. Maybe 'tis like the lady of the Castle beyond she'll be—sweet outside and bitter within and the tongue of her like a two-edged sword. What will you do then Shameen?"

He moved wearily away from her. "I think I will play," he said, "for I am tired and you are cruel, Una MacFelimy."

At this the girl's arm went round his neck in a passionate embrace. "There now, there now, Shameen dear," she murmured, as tender as any mother, "there now. Sure I wouldn't vex you for the whole wide world."

He returned her kiss gravely, and took up his fiddle, pacified, forgetful for the moment of aught else but his music. "It is the Song of the Misty Burn I will be playing you now, colleen oge," he said. "I played it last night until I got frightened all by myself in the dark. The ghosts walked about in the corners, or maybe 'twas the shadows moving—but I thought them ghosts. The little witch-woman said I'd see wonderful things, but that they'd never harm me."

"'Tis you that's the great boy, Shameen," murmured Una reverently, nestling closer to him; "great entirely. No other boy in Kilmeena can tell all about the stars above and what the waters sing—and play it on your fiddle, too. And the Misty Burn. Now, what is the Song of the Misty Burn, agra?"

Her eyes smiled into his and the lad drew himself erect with the fiddle held under his chin and the bow uplifted.

"Nobody knows it but me," he said proudly, "except the trout and the wind and the little grasses that grow on the banks. The fishers never hear it, for their hearts are hard to the fishes and the Burn will not make music for them. Nor do the children hear it—the children who throw stones in to watch the bubbles rise, for they drown the song with their noise. Only someone that sits quietly listening until it begins can catch it; so softly at first and so sweetly, then louder and louder and louder, but it is always soft and sweet and sad. If you close your eyes you can hear it coming far off down the little ripples."

He drew the bow across the strings and began to play a quaint tremulous air. Then he broke into soft chanting like a lamentation:—

"Running water, running water, rippling all the day,
'Tis my grief for little Maire who is gone,

Ah the eyes your waves went over, when
you swished and danced above her,
Above the little colleen bawn!

Running water, running water, 'twas her
flaxen hair
Trailed like net of gossamer in the
dewy dawn
Across your stones below, when they
came and found her so,
Found the little colleen bawn!

Running water, running water, her father
cannot sleep,
He listens to the wind at night, sobbing,
sobbing, on—
And he hears her gasping breath who
fought a fight with death.
Mavrone, his little colleen bawn!

Running water, running water, her
mother's heart is wild
For the clinging hands now cold, the
cheek that's wan,
For the child who was her pleasure; her
golden store and treasure,
Her little laughing colleen bawn!"

"Ah then but she was cold and white, little Maire Boyle, and dripping wet when they brought her home in the morning," he mused—his song ended. "That's why the Misty Burn is sad; for there was no harm, oh no harm at all in little Maire, and no reason why she should die under the water, and she so small and young."

Una looked at the boy wistfully. Her cheeks were pale because of his theme, but her pride in him shone out like a glory from her sweet blue eyes.

"That's what the witch-woman knew was in you, agra—only, only, Shameen dear, don't believe what she told you about the beautiful lady. Sure you won't, sure you won't? It's me you love—me, and I'll love you true and always. Kiss me, Shameen, again, again, again!"

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It was after this that Brian MacFelimy's second wife put a stop to Una's rambles over Gortawarla. "She is growing a big girl now," she said to her husband, "and soon someone will be asking her to a home of her own. She must learn to milk and churn and spin like another woman. That mad boy of O'Cahan's with his fiddling and queer ways is not fit company for her."

She so filled Una's days with work that the girl, when evening came, was fain to rest rather than climb the steep hill to the trysting-place. After a time the acute daily longing to meet Shameen left her, but she saw him in her dreams at night. Though his life was a secluded one in the remote Millhouse she still heard much of what concerned him. She knew of his wild sorrow when his father died and of his lonely life with old Molshie, his nurse, as sole companion. True, he had his books and his Little Red Lark, but Una did not know how often he yearned for the playmate of his childhood and her quick loving sympathy, in those moments of depression that come without distinction to weak and strong alike. Shameen had many a bitter dreary hour to himself in the stillness of the night, when sleep hovered afar and the sharp stings of pain rent his body like the passage of a burning sword. Then he found that it needed all his resignation to thank God for existence. Sometimes of a Sunday Una and he met in the Chapel-yard and walked gravely and slowly together down the lane. He still suffered from the lameness of his boyhood, though now he had no longer need of a crutch to help his steps. Una had grown into a pretty girl, the tangled red hair had been repressed into decorous coils, and the violet eyes had learned to keep their flashes of joy and glooms of sorrow hidden behind

the veil of their long lashes. Speech was rare with her on these occasions; Shameen it was who poured out all his thoughts and longings as of old, while she listened to his every word with rapt attention. Perhaps her own thoughts were too sacred for words when he was near, so she moved discreetly by his side, content and blissful, loving that poor slight body of his with all the devotedness of her first pure love. He seemed to feel it intuitively, for his dark eyes were always tender when he turned them on her flower-face, but if he cherished a regard for her beyond that of mere affection born of their childish intimacy, he never appeared to realize it, he only knew that he was happier on those Sunday strolls than at any other time, and with the knowledge of this momentary pleasure his period of introspection began and ended. The Glen's folk, looking after the boy and girl, shook their heads sagely. "He doesn't know his own mind," they said, "though he is now his own master and can take his way. But she knows hers, does Una MacFelimy, if he would but speak the word." Yet no word of love came from his lips, and if she held a secret hope to her heart she gave no sign, only the little bright face grew paler in those days of suspense as she listened to the kindly commiseration that came, unwittingly, in indiscreet whisperings to her ear.

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One wild evening in late autumn Shameen sat in his corner of the settle playing idly. He began several airs, but broke off impatiently after a bar or two of each. A fever of restlessness pervaded him; his pulse throbbed hotly. His thoughts went back to his childhood on Gortawarla and the little playmate of those vanished days. She was a woman now, and he a man though he could not run and leap and shoulder the camán like the other men he knew. Ah, dear God, the pity of it. Yes Una was a woman, a sweet wild rose—a winsome, lovely—ah, dear God, dear God!

His eyes grew dim as memory quickened and in the corners of the old kitchen fantastic shadows danced beyond the flickering glow of the fire. Molshie knitted away placidly on her three-legged stool in the ingle.

A man, yes, Christ he sees—but a man lonely and unhappy often. "It is not good for man to be alone." True, true! But when a man is waiting for a prophecy to come to pass he can never be unhopeful and never quite alone. And such a prophecy! What did the fairy-woman say? "A colleen with a heart of gold and the soul of a dove, who will love you with a love that is strong as death." His beloved! He could picture her as he fancied her through all these years, tall, fair, and pale, gray-eyed the only color in her face those smiling red lips: and the flaxen hair of her a sunny glory. She had kept his heart from other women, for how could he look upon a lesser when the star of all womanhood was his to choose. Ah, send her soon, soon, dear God,—the waiting is weary.

Outside the rain lashed heavily against the shutters and the Misty Burn sobbed as it swept, swelled high by the floods, under the window. He bent his head to listen to the sough of the wind. A wild, wild night, and the leaves scurrying by with a patter like the footfall of fairy folk.

He lifted his bow but before he

could draw it across the strings a timid tap on the door caused him to start.

"Molshie, woman dear," he cried, "there's some poor creature knocking without. Open to whoever it is, in God's name."

"In God's name I bid ye come out of the storm," said she, throwing the door wide.

The slender figure that entered came straight to the fire without a word. Her cloak was heavy with rain, a dark hood shrouded her face. Shameen peered at her through the uncertain light, half in doubt.

"Is it Una MacFelimy?—Is it yourself that's in it, my girl?" His voice was full of bewilderment.

She threw back the cloak with an abruptness that left little streaks of rain-water upon the white hearthstone. He saw that the red curls were tossed and wet also, and that above her flushed cheeks her eyes shone with unnatural brightness. Was it the rain that lay upon their lashes, or tears?

"Una, Una, what has brought you so far in the storm. Is all well with you, alanna?"

She gave a little gasping cry and threw out her hands towards him in supplication.

"Oh Shameen Beg, is there a God above us, at all, at all? Tell me, tell me quick. Is He looking down on me this bitter night, or am I dreaming or mad."

"Come here, colleen oge, come here," he crossed to the fire and took her cold hands in his tenderly.

"Sit here beside me, agra, and tell me your trouble."

"Ah not beside you, Shameen, yet a while," she said sinking down on the floor near his seat. "This is how I used to sit with you when we were little. Don't you remember?"

He nodded silently. "I haven't been in this kitchen for years now. Shameen, not since I grew up, but it is as homely as ever and as restful. There never was such a restful place in the world. The crickets made the only noise when the wheel was silent. I used to envy you and wish it was my home as well as yours."

She leaned her elbow on the settle and looked up wistfully into his face. Her lips trembled piteously.

"'Tis a sorrowful errand, Shameen, that is mine this night. But on earth there was no one I could come to only you. And they've forgotten me in Heaven."

"What is your sorrow, girsha?"

"They're marrying me in the morning, Shameen."

"Alanna! Alanna!"

"Yes, in the morning to Denis Freel of Ardtrasna over the mountain. Black Denis, that has buried his second wife, and has sons as big and rough as himself. Black Denis, Shameen, and I never dreamt that when he came to bargain for my father's cows it was on me his eye had fallen. Oh, wirrasthrue, wirrasthrue, I never dreamt—not the least little bit."

Hitherto she had forced herself into a sort of calmness, but the pent up tempest could not be restrained longer.

"I am so young, so young," she wailed. "I begged them to let me stay and work and be happy, and I prayed to Mary and my dead mother, but none heeded me. They're selling me to slavery and sorrow, Shameen; for it's whispered that the other women died of heart-break. Oh, I could work for my bite and sup with the strangers if they would only leave me free, ay, work my fingers to the bone and be glad."

"God help you, colleen oge, God help you."

She rose from where she crouched upon the floor and came closer, kneeling by him.

"Is there a heart in you at all, Shameen Beg O'Cahan, that you can sit there and pity me? What good are your words? Will words comfort me when I'm wild with trouble and this is my last night—my last night—in my father's house. Ah, Shameen."

Her sudden fierceness ended in a sob. She folded her arms on his knees and looked straight into his sad dark eyes.

"Have you forgotten Gortawarla, bouchal dubh," she whispered softly, "and the happy times we had together there? There was no one in the whole wide world I loved so well as you."

"And I loved you, colleen deas."

"And when many's a time the rain fell on us up in the heather who kept you dry and warm under the little frock she took off herself, because you were but a dawney boy?"

"You, 'twas you, agra."

"And when the pain came on you from your poor hurt limb who cried because she could not bear it instead, cried and cried till her heart grew sore?"

"Oh Una, mo mhuirnan, 'twas you."

"And who," her eyes burned now, "stood in front of you that day the wild bull of Manus Môr's met us on the Ridge until she felt his breath on her face and his cruel sharp horns almost against her before Big Manus came?"

"Who but you, a-stoir—who but you?"

"And is it only words of pity you have for me, Shameen O'Cahan, after that?"

Her eyes held his steadily. For a moment an answering passion seemed to kindle in his dark young face, then he paled somewhat, and drew back in embarrassment.

"Is that all I ask you?" Una repeated bitterly. "All, Shameen Beg?"

He looked at her as if he scarcely understood, and lifting up his fiddle again, drew the bow sharply across the strings.

"All," he replied reluctantly. "What can I do or say more than I have done? The fault isn't mine, Una, but theirs that bargained you to the widow-man."

At this her hands clenched wildly and she rocked to and fro in a tortured silence. Shameen gazed down on the bowed head of curls, for her face was hidden. Then she rose, pallid as death, but tearless, and threw the heavy cloak around her once more.

"God sees," said old Molshie, "that you can't go out in that storm, alanna. Stay the night and sleep in my bed."

The girl laughed. "It is my way home I must be taking instead, good woman—my thanks to you, all the same. And my blessing on you, Shameen O'Cahan, for the comfort you've given me this night."

She opened the door hastily and passed out into the darkness. A shudder shook the house as gust after gust hurled itself against the walls. The rain came sweeping in sheets down the valley, but Una set her face to meet it and walked steadily on. Her heart was a dead thing in her breast; she no longer felt the whip of the rain or the buffetting of the storm.

Shameen, as she stepped across the threshold, had half-arisen. His hands went out towards her; "Colleen, colleen oge, do not go," trembled on his

lips. "Stay alanna," but the door fell shut with a clash behind her and his words were lost in the noise.

He drew his fingers wearily across his brow. "Maybe 'tis better so," he murmured, "since it is bespoke I am already. But, oh! poor little Una,—my grief—my grief."

* * * * *

It was when the red of her hair had faded into gray and the uprightness had left her still slender form that Una streaked her husband for his burial. He had been a hard man, and had died hard. Her life with him was sordid and weary, crowded with daily duties which she fulfilled in an uncomplaining listlessness. No children were born to her, and for that she thanked heaven. Had there been—she shuddered to hear the rough man cursing his laborers outside—the sons would have partaken of their father's vices perhaps; and the daughters—what was before them save a life such as she herself had known in that riotous household? Yes, through all her misery she thanked God for this blessing withheld.

Occasionally news reached her from the other side of the mountain, carried thither by pedlars, or traveling women. Her ears were keen to listen, as she moved through the kitchen quietly, and her heart leapt almost to suffocation at sound of one dear name. It was then she learnt how Shameen fared, and she wondered that he still lived alone. She was jealously glad of his loneliness, although she pitied him for it. "The prophecy hasn't come true, then," she would whisper to herself. "The fairy-woman had other meaning for what she told him, maybe. Oh, pulse o' my heart, had you only loved me, instead." No one heard her cry, it had its beginning and ending in her patient soul.

At the wake of Black Denis she knew that desolation lay heavy indeed upon Shameen O'Cahan. "He is bedridden now, the poor crathur, the little strength he had has given way at last," one told her. "The neighbors go in and out to him, but 'tis little they can do."

When the sods were heaped upon her husband's grave, Una gathered her scanty belongings and bade farewell to his family. "I am going to my own people," she told them, "and I want nothing from you but the clothes I wear. Whatever your father left to me can be divided amongst you."

But it was not to the house where she was born and where she had known her first bitterest sorrow the pale woman went. She set her feet straight for the goal of her heart, and the gladness in Shameen's eyes was her recompense as she bent above him.

"Is it an angel from heaven or Una come back to me?" he whispered, holding her hand.

She had no voice to speak—the tears were too near.

"Una agra, you will never leave me again?"

"Never again, Shameen, never again."

"Oh, God be thanked, mo mhuirnan. God and Mary be thanked."

There were no gossiping tongues to insult her in that peaceful valley, for each and all valued her self-sacrifice at its true worth. So she stayed on, tending him through the days that followed; tending him with a love and devotedness that saw in his increasing querulousness only something that touched her motherliness to the core.

He had power to hurt her still, as when he regretted his lost youth, and the non-realization of the ideal he had treasured through so many years of suffering.

"I was not able to go out into the world and seek her," he would say. "So she grew tired of waiting for me, and I have missed her for ever."

There came a time, all too soon to the weary watcher, when he seemed to forget this fancy. Una felt sorrowfully then that the end was nearing. Her heart had been torn between love and pity; for his pain was so great and prolonged at periods, that she prayed he might be taken and relieved, but at other times she could only think of her loss and yearn to keep him still.

The last night of his life, as she knelt beside him, he begged her to prop him up and lay the fiddle to his hand. She did so, wondering. Raising the bow with the flourish she used to smile at in the old days, he played, one after the other, his childish compositions, never missing a note; with his head bent forwards as if listening to an echo of them somewhere. Suddenly he laid down the bow and looked into her upturned eyes. His own were very bright, the glow of youth seemed alight again on his face.

"Have I found you at last, deelish?" he cried eagerly. Cuislamo-croidhe, my own, my own. Put your dear hand in mine, my treasure, and say you love me."

She obeyed him, and in her eyes he read her thought that his mind was wandering.

"No Una a-stoir, not that, not that. It is my mind that is clear at last and I see now what I have been blind to so long. It was you I waited for, and yours are the eyes I saw that day my dream first came to me. I have lost the joy of life because I followed the dream and did not see my true star shining within my reach. Lay me down now, colleen oge, and put your face to me. Closer, closer. We will be parted soon. Say you forgive me, Una mo-croidhe!"

"Oh Shameen, dear," she moaned, "don't break my heart entirely."

"Ah! the fond, fond heart it was always, Una. And I was so unworthy. But maybe God will make it up to us beyond the grave."

He turned half round with a restless movement and a sigh, and she heard him mutter drowsily.

"'Tis the beautiful fiddle surely—the sweet little fiddle, she is, my little red lark. Oh, sorra the little fiddle's like her in the whole country. She's my treasure; and listen, listen, fiddle aroon—'tis my heart's song you'll be singing when I play on you. What will Una MacFelimy think, fiddle a-stoir, when she hears you and me together? when—she—hears—

His voice trailed off into silence, and when, in an agony of dread, Una lifted her white face from the pillow, she was alone with her sorrow.

Then through the stillness before dawn, there came to her like a caoine, the sound of running water over the stones of the Misty Burn.

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

# A CITY OF HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.

BY REV. PATRICK J. CORMICAN, S. J.

The system of fees and tips, of pourboire and Trinkgeld, so common in Europe, becomes after a short time very monotonous and provoking to the American tourist. If the guards at a railway station merely tighten a strap on your luggage, they expect to be paid for their trouble; and if a clergyman should so far forget himself as to offer them nothing, they are likely to ask him for his blessing. But for genuine annoyance, I commend my reader to the average European guide. The less you have to do with him the better for yourself. Of course, if you are bent on visiting Catacombs, or threading labyrinths, or exploring natural caves, or scaling the Alps, you had better take a guide with you, else the traveler from New Zealand may step on your bleaching bones when he comes thither to sketch a broken arch of some historic ruin. Or again, there are certain things which the tourist is not permitted to see without a guide. Take, for example, the Cathedrals of England. Generally speaking, the choir and cloister, the crypt and belfry, are closed and cannot be visited by a stranger alone. There is a salaried official on the premises, who collects

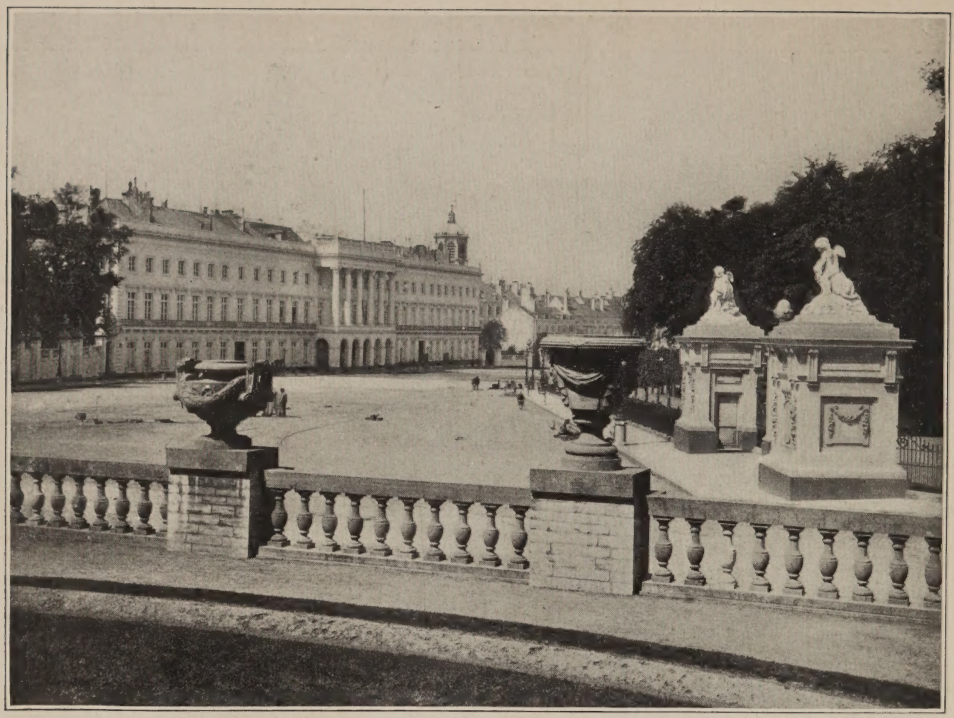
THE PETIT SABLON, WHERE STANDS THE MONUMENT OF COUNTS EGMONT AND HOORN.

little parties of tourists, and makes the rounds from time to time throughout the day. Before the sightseer enters a new apartment, he is obliged to put a stated sum in a closed box, which is attached to the wall. This system has at least the advantage of being methodical, and safeguards the visitor against the insatiable greed of a hungry cicerone. But as a general rule, the traveler had better be his own guide whenever he can. Otherwise he will be doomed to hear weary speeches and wholesale falsehoods in the guise of history. If he intend to visit an interesting city, let him take a map beforehand, and get his bearings, note the places of interest, and then follow some local order so as to make the most of his time. Thus he can see a great deal even in a single day. Let us apply this principle to the Capital of Belgium.

As the tourist approaches Brussels by train, the first thing to catch his eye is the gilded dome of some huge edifice. This is the Palais de Justice. It is not more than fifteen minutes' ride from the North Station, and the street railway connecting the two points winds along one of the most beautiful boulevards in the world. This boulevard encircles the central portion of the city, and takes somewhat the shape of an octagon. It changes its name at every bend, the part nearest our point of destination being called the Boulevard de Waterloo. When you alight from the street car, you are in the presence of the Palais de Justice, an enormous edifice which almost takes away your breath.

THE PLACE ROYALE. HERE GODFREY DE BOUILLON EXHORTED THE FLEMINGS TO JOIN THE FIRST CRUSADE.

The dome of this structure is 400 feet high, and it seems still higher from the fact that it is built on elevated ground. Hence it is the most prominent object in the city, and can be seen for miles and miles around. It is considered the largest architectural work of the present century, and is certainly one of the most remarkable, if not the most beautiful of modern buildings. The area of the ground-plan is 270,000 sq. ft., whereas that of St. Peter's at Rome is only 212,000 sq. ft., and that of St. Paul's in London is 109,000. The massive pile stands on an almost square basis, being 590 ft. long by 560 ft. wide. It forcibly suggests the mighty structures of ancient Egypt or Assyria, and indeed the architect avowed that his guiding principle was an adaptation of Assyrian forms to suit the requirements of the present day. The general architectural style may be described as pyramidal, each successive section diminishing in bulk. Above the main body of the building rises another rectangular structure surrounded with columns. This supports a drum or rotunda, also encircled with columns, while the whole structure is crowned by a comparatively small dome surmounted by a gilded cross. The rotunda is embellished with statues of heroic size representing Justice, Law, Strength, and Clemency. The principal facade, with projecting wings and a large portal, is turned towards the Rue de la Régence. The flights of steps ascending to the vestibule are adorned on the right with colossal figures of



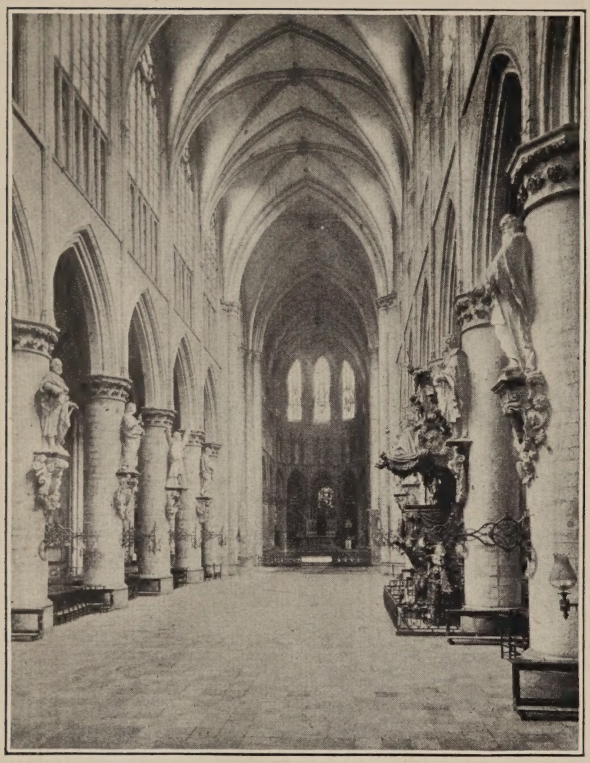
THE PALACE OF THE KING.

THE PARK. FORMERLY THE HUNTING GROUND OF THE DUKES OF BRABANT.

Demosthenes and Lycurgus, and on the left with those of Cicero and Dominitius Ulpian. In details the Græco-Roman style is predominant, with a slight touch of rococo treatment, and curved lines are generally avoided. An example of this is seen in the rectilineal termination of the porch, which is enclosed by huge pilasters. The edifice was designed by Poelaert, and was begun in 1866 under the superintendence of Wellens. It was inaugurated in 1883 to celebrate the fiftieth jubilee of Belgium's existence as a separate kingdom. The cost of the building amounted to about fifty million francs, or about ten million dollars. The interior includes twenty-seven large court-rooms, eight open courts and 245 other apartments. The terrace on the side towards the town commands a beautiful view.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. GUDULE.

Directly in front of the Palais de Justice one enters the Rue de la Régence, which runs more or less in a northerly direction towards the Royal Palace and the Park. Two squares from the Palais de Justice the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires stands to the left. I may have more to say about this time-worn structure in a future article. Over against this is the Petit Sablon, a very pretty square, as may be seen from the illustration. At the upper end of this square stands the monument of Counts Egmont and Hoorn. These illustrious heroes of the Netherlands were executed June 5, 1568, for resisting the persecution of their countrymen by Philip II of Spain. Egmont especially had distinguished himself for his bravery, and had won the important battle of St. Quentin for Philip. When told of his doom, his brave heart seemed to fail him for a moment, and then he exclaimed: "Alas! when I should be thinking of God alone, I am unable to forget my wife and children!" When the executioner's stroke severed the head from the body, tears filled the eyes of the Spanish soldiers, who had known and admired Egmont as a gallant warrior.



THE NAVE IN ST. GUDULE.

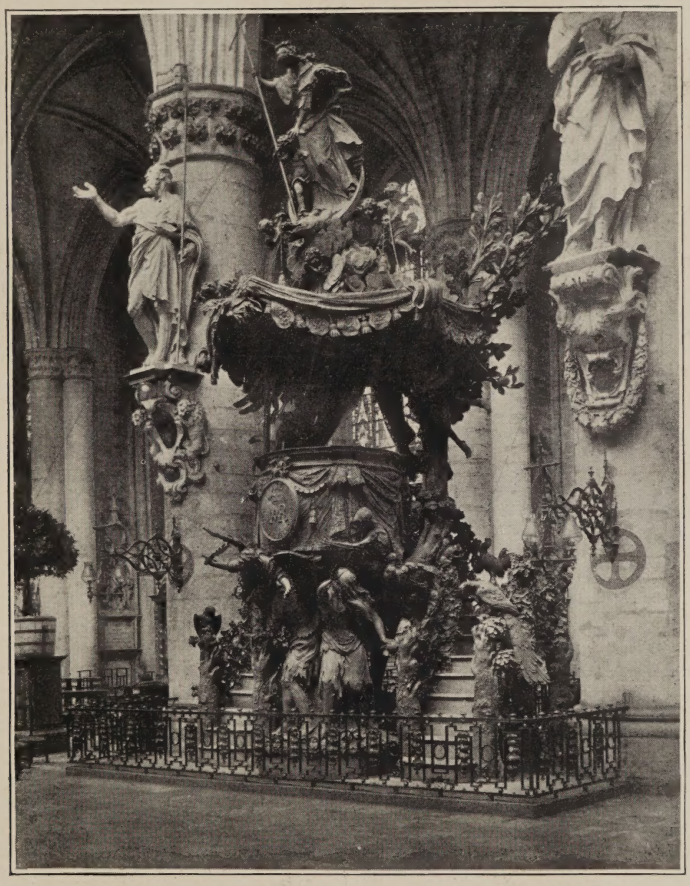
Notwithstanding the presence of the troops, the people rushed in and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, that they might have a precious inheritance to hand down to their children and their children's children. Egmont and Hoorn were both Catholics. The group represents them on their way to execution. The bronze figures to the right and left are soldiers of the corps commanded by the two counts. The marble statues in a half-circle round the monument represent ten celebrated contemporaries of the martyred heroes. The forty-eight small bronze figures on the pillars of the railing represent the artistic and industrial guilds of the sixteenth century.

A little further northward on the Rue de la Régence stands, on the left, the Palais des Beaux-Arts, which contains a fine collection of sculptures and ancient paintings. Behind this building is the Royal Library, and further back still the Museum of modern paintings. (Here the lover of art may tarry as long as he pleases. But if he insist on taking more than a passing glance at the old masters, we must leave him behind.) Keeping on towards the north in a direct line we soon reach the Place Royale. The most striking object here is an equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, erected on the very spot where, in 1097, he exhorted the Flemings to take part in the First Crusade. On that occasion he concluded his fervent speech by the well-known words: "Dieu le veut." The figure represents him as holding the banner of the cross in his right hand, and wearing a shield on his left arm. The statue is by Simonis, and was erected in 1848. The portico of the Corinthian order near by belongs to the church of St. Jacques sur Caudenberg. The two statues above the portico are Moses and David. The tympanum contains a fresco representing the Virgin as Comforter of the Afflicted. In the houses adjacent to the Church is a celebrated emporium for Brussels lace.

Proceed a little further to the right

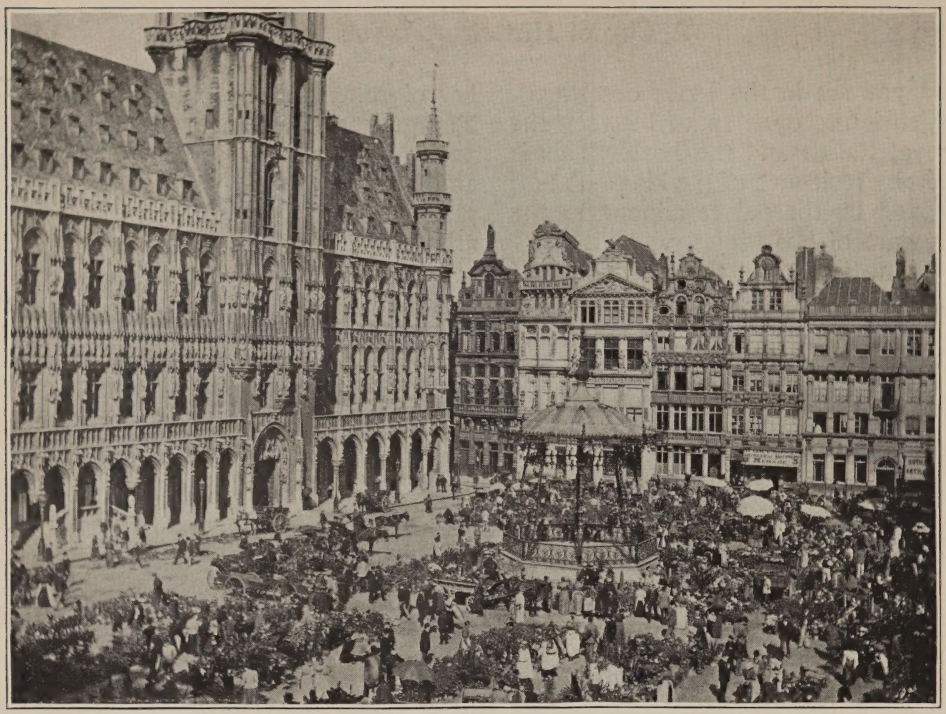
and you are in the Place des Palais, which is the open space between the Royal Palace and the Park. This is the city residence of the king. A flag hoisted on the palace announces the presence of His Majesty.

Immediately to the north-west of the Place Royale is the Park, an attractive spot though of limited extent. It was originally a hunting-ground for the Dukes of Brabant, but was laid out in its present form in 1774 by the architect, Zinner. It contains a number of sculptures by eminent artists. The groups at the main entrance opposite the palace represent Summer and Spring. The walks are well planned and well kept, the rustic seats are well patronized, and the fountains are refreshing to look at on a hot Summer's day.

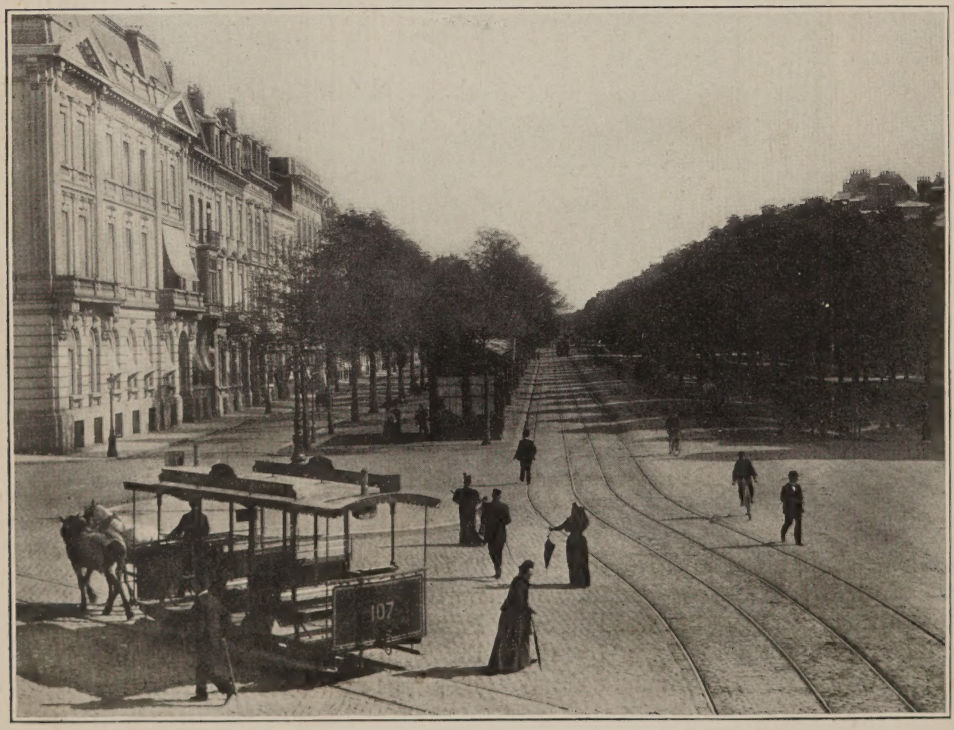


THE PULPIT IN ST. GUDULE. TRANSFERRED FROM THE JESUIT CHURCH IN LOUVAIN.

The Rue de la Loi, which skirts the north of the Park, introduces us to the Palais de la Nation. It is here that the Belgian Senate and Chamber of Deputies now hold their sittings. The



FLOWER MARKET, BRUSSELS.




A BOULEVARD, BRUSSELS.

halls where the meetings are held, amply repay a visit. To the west of the Palais de la Nation runs the Rue Royale, which is marked by many a spot of historic interest. A few yards north of the National Palace, the Rue Treurenberg branches off to the west, and gives the tourist a magnificent view of the Brussels Cathedral.

The most prominent church in Brussels is the cathedral of Sainte Gudule. It is a large Gothic structure, standing on the slope of a hill, and overlooking the lower part of the town. It is about ten minutes' walk from the North Station, and about five from City Hall. The church was begun in the year 1220, but was not completed until centuries afterwards: indeed the western towers are still unfinished. The transept, the arcades of the nave, and the south aisle are early Gothic, and were completed in 1273. The north aisle was built between 1350 and 1450. The whole building was restored by Suys in 1848-1856. The western entrance is approached by an imposing flight of steps, which were completed in 1861. The stained-glass windows were added at different periods, extending from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century. The finest are those in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, which was built between 1534 and 1539. They are five in number, and were presented by five potentates of Europe in order to perpetuate the miracle of the Sacred Hosts, which I shall presently explain. Each window bears the portraits of the donors with their patron saints. Beginning from the left, the first window was given by John III. of Portugal, and his Queen Catherine; the second by Louis, of Hungary, and his Queen Maria; the third by Francis I. of France, and his Queen Eleonora; the fourth by Ferdinand I. of Austria, and his queen; the fifth, above the altar, was donated by Charles V. and his Queen, Eleonora Louise. These windows were presented between 1540 and 1547. The representations in the upper part depict the story of the Hosts, which is briefly as follows: In the year 1370 some consecrated particles were taken from Saint Gudule by a party of Jews and desecrated in a neighboring synagogue. When the Hosts were transfixed, they bled profusely. The sacrilegious scoffers, seeing the miraculous bleeding, were filled with terror, and restored the sacred wafers to their proper place. But one of their number, in the excess of his remorse, betrayed the sacrilege, and they all suffered death as a penalty for their crime. The desecrated Hosts are still kept in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament; they are exposed for adoration every Thursday, and carried in procession through the streets on the first Sunday of July. In 1436 an expiatory chapel was erected on the site of the synagogue where the Hosts were profaned. In this chapel there is perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. A side chapel, which may be entered directly from the larger one, is the very room where the sacrilege took place. It is carefully preserved, and decorated in a manner befitting its present use. The whole structure is called Chapelle Salazar or Chapelle de l'Expiation. It is but a short distance from the Cathedral, and faces Rue des Sols.

This is the sacrilege which is commemorated by the celebrated stained glass windows already mentioned. The window of Charles V, over the altar, seems to record a different though

a kindred event. It represents a lamb adoring Sacred Hosts. If I am not much mistaken, that is intended to recall another sacrilege which took place a few miles west of Ghent. The story goes that robbers stole the sacred vessels from a church in the neighborhood, and then threw the consecrated Hosts by the wayside, where innocent sheep were found some time afterwards kneeling in adoration before their outraged Lord. The spot is now marked by a pretty shrine, which it was my good fortune to visit. The sacrilege is also recorded in verse by a young Flemish poet of great promise, the Rev. R. Van de Velde. I have translated his sonnet on the subject, but I fear I have not kept the ease and grace of the original Dutch.

A SHRINE OF REPARATION.

(*Erected near Ghent, in Belgium.*)

Athwart a grove, from out the dying day,
There came a beam of light, which earthward bore
Until it bathed in glory, more and more,
A votive shrine that stood begirt with bay.
The pilgrim who had knelt within to pray
Could see, emblazoned on the pane, a score
Of sun-lit lambkins kneeling down before
Some wafers, white as snow, that strewed the way.

The shrine was built—for so the tale is told—
To mark the spot where impious feet had trod
Upon the Sacred Host for lust of gold.
Adoring there before their outraged God
The lambs were found.—Shall we do less than they?
If so, we are but thankless clods of clay.

Perhaps the most remarkable piece of art in the cathedral of Sainte Gudule is the pulpit. Like the majority of the pulpits in Belgium, it is made of carved wood, and is artistic in the highest degree. For eighty years it had stood in a church at Louvain belonging to the Jesuits. After the suppression of the Society of Jesus, their beautiful pulpit passed into other hands, and in 1776 it was transferred from Louvain to Brussels. It is the work of the celebrated Verbruggen, and was finished in 1669. It represents the expulsion from Paradise. Above is the Blessed Virgin holding a Babe, who crushes the head of the serpent with the cross.

One thing that is apt to strike a stranger is the absence of pews in those continental Cathedrals. Movable chairs are used instead, and are rented for a small sum on each occasion. They have one advantage, that they can be placed so as to get a good view of the preacher or the ceremonies. But that is about the only advantage they possess. As you can see from the interior view of the Cathedral, they are a cross between an ordinary chair and a prie-dieu. They are too high for kneeling and too low for sitting.

On issuing from the Cathedral if we take the street running westward from the main entrance, and continue in that direction, we shall soon reach the square in front of the city hall. It is known as La Grande Place. This has been the scene of many a bloody riot, and of many a subsequent execution. But at present all is quiet and peaceful, and the air is scented with the odors of Easter lilies and other flowers in endless variety. Here, once a week, between six and nine in the morning, the flower market is held. The country-people cultivate flowers to a great extent as one means of subsistence, and on a market day they flock hither in

crowds to dispose of their produce. Fortunate for us that they do: it gives us a picture which we rarely meet with in other parts of the world. Those who like botany or have a weakness for bouquets and nosegays, may indulge their passion to their hearts' content. They may take with them to their hotel any quantity of Easter lilies for a very small sum as compared with American prices. The scene is full of poetry, doubtless, but full of business and philosophy as well. We have before us a rare opportunity of studying the Flemish peasant: his language, his costume, his figure, his character. But such a study affords matter for a paper by itself.

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## THE GATES OF HEAVEN.

BY THOMAS A. WALSH.

Beneath the sunset and the stars,
And rosy lights of silver bars,
Along the shores of even,
I saw a cloud of glory rise,
And under it, within the skies,
I saw the gates of Heaven.

Beside them, upon either hand,
I saw resplendent angels stand
Above a golden river,
And heard them in exulting strain
Cry out, "The dead shall rise again
And enter here forever."

And then I saw bright spirits run
Like lightnings o'er the setting sun
Across the clouds of even,
And radiant like shining stars
I saw them pass the crimson bars
And reach the gates of Heaven.

And then I saw in ecstasy
The glories of eternity
Beyond the golden river,
And heard the saints and angels sing,
"Hosannas unto Christ our King,
Who reigneth here forever."

(Continued from page 360.)

teem with vileness, but that so much baseness has been communicated by some writers, that no self-respecting person, no one who values self-preservation will be guilty of association with such companions. And the author becomes a real and intimate companion to the absorbed reader. Particularly is this true, when the language, the style, the dramatic, or the narrative power of the author makes him enter into control of the reader's imagination, memory, thinking and choosing faculties. Shall these gifts of the author, shall these charms which he knows how to spread, compensate the poor victim whose imagination has been defiled, and whose memory retains but miasma and corruption? Child of the Holy Church, and destined citizen of heaven, what shall the child of God have to do with Belial?

No one has the right to sully his soul with defilement, be this defilement in books whose condemnation is written on the Index, or in books never brought to the notice of the Cardinals of the Congregation, be it in pamphlet, or in newspaper. The law that God engraved in the establishment of human nature asserts its rights, its dominion, and is violated only at the cost of sin, whose wages is death.

But of far greater harm, though perhaps not so universal, is injury to the faith. Few comparatively read the writings of the founders of heresy, or of books written expressly against faith. Those who knowingly and freely choose such delectation merit the Church's heaviest reprobation. And if they make shipwreck of their faith, the consequence is readily apprehended, and the result more dire than in the loss of the heart's virtue. For while the faith remains, repentance and forgiveness can come. But when faith itself is lost, all reason, all motive for repentance, has vanished.

But, while not many Catholics are so unwise, so dishonorable as to read formal lies and insults against their holy Mother, the Church, many are unconsciously absorbing the poison of false doctrine in the stories of men who have hated the Church. Who can disguise from himself the dangerous influence of Dumas, whose hatred of Catholic doctrine is so manifest? And if a Catholic would contend for freedom to read Dumas or the two condemned works of Victor Hugo, because he could not find these writings unfit for healthy perusal, shall he not esteem his faith enough to avoid the sneers, the calumnies that have been written against it? The more enticing the story, the greater the danger that the doctrine insinuated between the incidents of the story may lurk as a hidden poison within the soul, when the story's plot and development have become but a vague reminiscence.

The Index in its new edition indicates present duty for the Catholic. No Catholic is allowed to read the books there prohibited. The law is for the universal Church. The prohibition is in grave matter; the violation is serious. All past excuses of non-application to present circumstances are answered by the present Pope, offering this up to date revision for the present time.

The list of prohibited books helps to point out to conscience the manner of deciding against all books and writings—newspapers included—of a like nature. There is no escaping the obli-

gation of conscience. There is being published annually in the United States a vast amount of matter too corrupt for even a putrid existence. This is lowering the whole moral nature of a large reading public, especially of young working women. The sin of the readers is eclipsed only by that of the publisher and that of the author. Multiplied are the editions of whole series of such detestable abominations, multiplied is the wealth of author and publisher, and multiplied are the degradations of the pitiable, ensnared and wretched readers. The drugged conscience slumbers.

The decision of the Congregation of the Index is not infallible. So it can be changed, and under new circumstances may be entirely removed. But it is the decision of men selected for wisdom and prudence, and merits all respect. It is the decision of authority, and requires an unquestioning obedience.

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## WHAT SHALL WE BRING?

BY WILLIAM GARVIN HUME.

What shall we bring unto Thee, mighty God,
As Thou dost rise triumphant from the tomb?
Not myrrh and frankincense, and rich spikenard,
Or spices such as Mary brought
When at the sepulchre she sought.

Not dead, O Lord, but gloriously risen
Do we behold Thee on this Easter morn;
And breaking through sin's dark and gloomy prison,
We greet Thee, Lord, our risen King—
What shall we bring? What shall be bring?

What need to bring Thee lilies pure and white,
Unless our hearts be free from ev'ry stain!
Or roses with the dew of morning bright,
If deeper than the roses' hue,
Our hearts are stained all through and through!

Our hearts, alone, we bring to Thee today—
O plant therein the roses of Thy love:
This boon of Thee, O Christ, we humbly pray—
That gardens fair our hearts may be
Of Easter lilies of Purity.

(Continued from page 339.)

never seem to consider it their duty to send the subscription price to the publisher. They read it and enjoy it, yet their actions show they would willingly let both editor and publisher starve. And still those people go to church regularly, and, many of them at least, are foremost in various movements to relieve want and spread the Faith—for the sake of the worldly glory that may fall upon them. Many of them, moreover, take secular journals and pay for them in advance; but a number are insulted if the Catholic journal sends them a dun at the end of the year. The Christianity of all such people is chiefly on the outside, and it will do them little harm to tell them so plainly. Until our press can relieve itself of these barnacles it will struggle against odds. How to get rid of them, however, is rather a difficult question. Once upon a time the publisher of a secular magazine, of the writer's acquaintance, issued a neat little circular to all who were from two to five years in arrears. It was a pretty forcible bit of English, and it asserted with alarming frankness that people who would act after the manner of such subscribers were hypocrites and blood-suckers, whatever their pretensions to piety. Within a month some fourteen hundred people sent him the amount owed together with various abusive remarks and an order to discontinue; yet he had the money, and meant to cut them off the list anyway. It might be un-Christian for a Catholic journal to adopt such a plan, yet any publication is better off without such human leeches as subscribers than with them.

III.

Another reason why the Catholic press is handicapped rests on the fact that most of its publications are weeklies. After all is said in favor of the weekly that can be, the truth remains that it cannot, either in news-timeliness or advertising results, hold its ground against the great daily. A weekly paper, after all, in much can be but little other than a review, and somehow reviews do not seem to thrive on American soil. Its ablest apologists must admit that, outside the news of its own special field, the general news found in most weeklies is "stale, flat and unprofitable" indeed. Personally the writer prefers the well-edited weekly review, with its thought-provoking columns of editorial matter, its literature, its crisp, up-to-date contributions from various helpful writers, its dignified, conservative tone, to the hysterical, aggressive, hastily-written daily; yet the multitude does not, and nowadays it is the voice of the multitude that must be heeded if financial success is to be considered. Even out in the country, where it may be thought in possession of a field peculiarly its own, the weekly can no longer compete with the great daily. In the city the weekly, even the ablest, is altogether overshadowed and lost sight of in the presence of the sensational daily Colossus. The daily scoops the most important Catholic news days before the weekly comes out, and the daily scoops all the advertising in sight, since in its pages merchants can state their prices from day to day. Manufacturers of specialties, great wholesalers, patent-medicine people and such-like secure the monthly an advertising field of its own, but the weekly is losing whatever advertising field it had. If it would be literary in order to make up for its lack of news,

the Sunday daily, with its twenty to forty pages of syndicate matter by the greatest writers of the world, throws it into eclipse. For all these reasons our press will be at a marked disadvantage until we have dailies of our own. Then our weeklies, made up of the best matter appearing in the daily, will have a chance to live. Perhaps were a few of our ablest journals to appear as semi-weeklies or tri-weeklies now, they would find the mass of people taking greater interest in them.

But after all is an English Catholic daily—long hoped-for, long-desired—something yet far off? The need of one or more is now pretty generally conceded by thoughtful Catholics everywhere. The Third Plenary Council, at Baltimore, actually urged the establishment of a Catholic daily in English. That was years ago and, strange to relate, there has never yet appeared a Catholic daily in the English language. In our own country alone fully a baker's dozen of German Catholic dailies exist. Four exist in French, one in Polish, while it is understood that one in Spanish is contemplated in New Mexico in the near future. It is at least surprising that no one cares to risk the experiment of one in the language of the country. Surely capital for the purpose of establishing such journal easily could be secured. We have in the United States ten million Catholics. Many wealthy sons of the Church are included in this enumeration. They are liberal in their gifts moreover. We read almost daily of thousands, even hundreds of thousands of dollars donated towards founding universities, chairs in universities, founding colleges, building great churches, hospitals, orphan asylums, free libraries and such like. We cannot underestimate the value of these things. They are worthy works. Those who thus use their wealth are entitled to high honor. Back of all these, however, stands the notable statement of Leo XIII, keen as a glittering sword, "A good Catholic journal is a perpetual mission in every parish!" As an analytic utterance the sentence is probably one of the most remarkable spoken during the nineteenth century. The time has come for the press to show itself the strong right arm of Catholic truth, not only in defending the faith, but in shaping public sentiment toward that "Beauty ever ancient yet ever new." Yet what adequate provision is made toward strengthening this twentieth century arm? Who, among all our millionaires, has thought of donating fifty or one hundred thousand dollars toward this most direct way of spreading Catholic truth?

It is the fashion, apparently, to think of founding colleges; who has so far thought of founding a great Catholic journal? We have about twelve excellent Catholic weeklies in the United States, yet all of them, or nearly all, are reputed without means to make themselves that which they would like to be—that which all of us would wish to have them. We have, also, five, or possibly six fairly good monthly periodicals, yet each could be made infinitely better, thereby accomplishing infinitely greater good, had it adequate capital. Cannot our wealthy Catholics be urged to consider it a noble work to strengthen the Catholic press with their money, as well as to devote the same toward the erection of colleges, etc.? Is the work not equally necessary and noble? Is there no one among our many Catholic millionaires

who will give two hundred and fifty thousand dollars toward establishing the long-needed English Catholic daily? Under competent guidance the good possible for it to do is simply incalculable. In a quarter of a century it would rouse every lagging Catholic activity and hasten the arrival of a Catholic America at least a hundred years, measured at the present ratio of advance. And the glory (if indeed one desired glory) of having founded the first Catholic daily ever printed in the English language would outlast the honor of having founded a dozen struggling colleges. May we not believe, furthermore, that greater spiritual benefits would be reaped by such founder than would be by the foundation of a dozen free public libraries? A really Catholic daily would be a college, a library, a great Catholic Truth society all in one. If I were a wealthy man I would rather go to God and find it written to my credit that I had used the wealth entrusted to me, or a large part of it, to found a truly Catholic daily journal than to find it recorded that I had worn the crown of a Czar, or written the Iliad, or composed the imperishable music of Mozart. Since I am not now in Catholic journalism, nor ever likely to be again (who desires the services of anyone connected with a failure, however innocent he may be in reality), it must be granted the suggestion is not a selfish one. Here I presume to speak merely for the sake of those yet in harness. I at least have no axe to grind.

## IV.

I have said that our monthly magazines are fairly good. Considering the capital back of them and the limited support they receive they are surprisingly excellent. Still it is better to under-praise than over-praise. I have had some experience in magazine editing, and am aware how Catholic periodicals are hampered by lack of means. The secular periodical expends as much each month in the purchase of manuscript as the Catholic publication expends during a year. The Catholic editor does not lack culture, usually; generally he lacks cash. Because he lacks cash, frequently he sees splendid articles, that would bring his publication into wide recognition, go out of his office and eventually into the pages of the great secular periodicals. Our magazines pay from two dollars to five dollars a page for literary matter. The secular monthlies pay from ten dollars to fifty dollars, sometimes one hundred dollars, a page, and usually in advance. The result is that day after day our ablest writers slip away from the Catholic field and into the secular. The effect of this going is disagreeable in several ways. In the first place every writer who wins distinction does so chiefly through possession of a marked individuality. This attracts readers to him. Through it he acquires a circle of his own. The moment he goes over to the secular field he draws a number of readers away from the support of Catholic literature. This statement may appear incredible, yet it is certainly true.

The fact that it is true is now pretty well understood by those publishers of leading secular publications, who, from time to time, demand (and receive) contributions from eminent Catholic clergymen, poets, novelists and specialists—anyone supposed to be in possession of something to say and capable of saying it. They wish

to draw Catholic readers to their periodicals and invariably succeed in doing so. The proof exists in the fact that no sooner is the article in hand than "literary notes" are sent Catholic journals throughout the country, journals heretofore ignored, even in the matter of requested exchange, and urgent solicitation made that readers' attention be drawn to the forthcoming paper by Archbishop This, or Famous Writer That. By the time the article appears it is splendidly advertised indeed, and at once a mass of Catholic people rush off and purchase thousands of copies of that particular issue of the "International Salmagundi," while many more subscribe to it for a year in expectation of other good things. Thus both Catholic weekly and monthly are deprived of support.

Furthermore, whenever an article by an eminent publicist appears in a leading secular monthly, the inevitable effect is dishonor upon our ablest Catholic periodicals. Catholic people, who rush to buy the latest North American Review, or latest Harpers, Atlantic or Century, because some Archbishop, or Bishop or high dignitary, or Ferdinand Brunetiere, or other distinguished writer, has an article therein, invariably wonder at the lack of enterprise displayed by the editors and publishers of Catholic magazines. Unaware how painfully most Catholic monthlies are hampered in the matter of capital, they at once attribute the non-appearance to lack of intelligence, business snap, literary culture, all things except the truth. Only a few weeks ago a Catholic lawyer, supposed to possess millions, solemnly assured me that he did not know of a single Catholic monthly in the country that deserved to live. When urged to donate a half million toward the betterment of two and mark the results, he became very grave. Yet ample capital is precisely that which is needed, and that which must be obtained, before we can expect our publications to rival the great secular monthlies, and lead public opinion. Our men of wealth can make America Catholic within a quarter of a century, by giving us a strong Catholic press. Positively the day has gone by when a great wholesale house can be established with an amount barely sufficient to set up a cross-roads grocery. We cannot expect, and we ought not to expect, a magazine backed by merely $10,000, or $20,000 or $25,000 capital, to present from month to month contributions produced by the greatest living Catholic thinkers, theologians, poets, essayists, travelers, artists, fictionists and such like. Give the editors of those struggling publications ample means, ye men of wealth, and soon they will take away every reproach. Here in America the press is the most potent factor in directing public thought. Give us a press strong enough to make America Catholic, and then schools, colleges, great cathedrals and mighty universities will have to be erected. If the press is to perform its part in converting America it should have means to enable it to shape public opinion, instead of being taunted with its own inadequacy by the cultured among its own people.

Consider for a moment what the effect on American opinion would be could one of our magazines present from month to month characteristic contributions from such thinkers as Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons,

Mgr. Martinelli, Bishop McFaul of Trenton, Ferdinand Brunetiere, Dom Aidan Gasquet, W. S. Lilly, Fathers Clarke and Thurston, Alice Meynell, Francis Thompson, the Mulhollands, Mgr. Pechenard, Ludovic Pastor, Marion Crawford, and many more. Such periodicals would attract national attention within a few months, and draw intelligent Protestant subscribers by thousands.

V.

While the good that an earnest, upright, reasonably conservative Catholic publication can do—whether the same be daily, weekly or monthly—is incomputable, it is a matter for regret that often the very people who ought to sympathize most deeply with the editor's trials frequently constitute themselves his severest critics. No one better than the editor of a Catholic journal is able to state the torture which the so-called Liberal Catholic layman is capable of inflicting. There are those (and they are not few) who remonstrate against any arraignment of Protestantism, even in defense of Catholic truth. There are others perpetually irritated because the journal occasionally protests against injustice done the Church by this or that anti-Catholic commission sent out, to deal with the affairs of Catholic people, by the Washington authorities. Incredible as it may seem, there are others who deliberately assert that their property ought to be taken from the religious orders in Porto Rico, the Philippines, France, Italy, Spain, and elsewhere. Strangest of all statements, there are others, moreover, who resent any utterance against Masonry here or abroad. There are others, again, who assert that our parochial schools are unnecessary and a burden; many who intimate that our academies and colleges are wofully inadequate, and—well, a number during the course of the year who solemnly assure a layman editor that really there is no need for the existence of any Catholic journal. Catholics holding such opinions—and these are not so few as one would like to believe—make a Catholic editor's position one of much pain and agony. There is no editor on the face of earth so criticised; none so continually challenged, arraigned, misinterpreted, misunderstood. Add to this the labor of being alternately editor-in-chief, managing editor, literary critic, always proof-reader, frequently reporter, occasionally business manager, and all at a pittance compared to wages paid by secular journals of similar pretensions, and it can be seen that his position is not an enviable one in all cases. His versatility is, and must be, something marvelous. Unreflecting people often compare the Catholic weekly to the great Sunday daily, usually to the disparagement of the former. Yet what would they have? The Sunday journal invariably is the work of many hands, the Catholic weekly is most frequently the work of one man. There are inadequate men on the Catholic press, of course; but of several editors I could mention it can be stated that they each do more work in a week than any three men engaged in secular journalism. One in particular has until lately been in the habit of producing seven pages of original work each week, besides reading his own proof and revises, helping with the make-up of the paper, and arguing with irate subscribers now and then. It is a pity there are others like him.

The scholarship of the men editing our journals, moreover, is a subject frequently referred to—generally in dispraise, by a certain kind of Catholic and by men editing sectarian papers. As a rule, however, the Catholic editor has a better education and a broader culture than his brethren of the much admired secular press. It is almost imperative that he shall be fairly familiar with three or four languages. It is imperative, also, that he possess considerable knowledge of philosophy and theology. These aside, he must know much of political economy, have a good grasp on general literature, as well as that of his own faith, have history at his fingers' ends ready for instant use, know a good deal about art, and something about music. It is unnecessary to state that he must be a good logician; also, that he shall possess that which Mr. Watterson aptly has called "a nose for news." The great dailies have few men of such culture on their staff, anywhere, and it is time our people became aware of this fact. It is true we may have several who do not possess the scholarship outlined, but our best journals unquestionably show that capable men are in charge. It is notable that the Catholic editor, with rare exceptions, usually worsts his secular antagonist in every controversy that arises.

From time to time one sees much criticism of the attitude alleged to be assumed by our clergy toward journals professing to defend the faith. Over and over it is asserted that priests do not help the Catholic press as Protestant ministers aid journals of their faith. No doubt this is true of some clergymen, yet I am inclined to believe that a majority of our priests are fully awake to the need of having strong Catholic journals circulated in their parishes. I know this is true of very, very many in Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama, and think the fact ought to be stated to their credit. For my part, I find that the warmest encouragement a Catholic editor receives comes from priests—unselfish men, who do not hesitate to urge their people to support the Catholic press. I have known a number of clergymen to solicit subscriptions from their people, and send in the same at their own cost. I remember, too, an unselfish offer once made by a young German priest of Illinois to pay, out of his own slender income, the sum of fifty dollars a year for several years, to a paper that he admired and which he wished read by fifty families in his parish. I remember, also, the unselfish act of a young Irish priest who once upon a time went out of his way to get several paying advertisements for a journal that could not get them for itself. It is nonsense to assert that such men do not wish to help the Catholic press. It is regretable, however, that the journals they strive to assist do not always rest on a secure foundation, financially. I have heard of one priest who, not long ago, advised his people from the pulpit to subscribe to a certain journal. Thirty-five did so, and soon afterwards the paper suspended. The priest refunded the money, or a goodly amount of it, to his parishioners, out of his own pocket. Can we blame such men for being a trifle cautious after such experience?

Far more responsible for the "inadequacy of the Catholic press," it

seems to me, is the attitude perpetually assumed by that large body of worldly Catholics who seem prone to believe that whatever is Catholic "isn't much." These are the people—usually of the nouveau riche order, desirous of shining in fashionable society—who pretend to believe that "we have no Catholic literature worth mentioning," who live in palatial homes and take no Catholic publications of any sort, yet wonder why the few that now and then come in their way always seem "narrow, cross and bigoted." These are the people who blight endeavor; yet how they may be reached is a problem still unsolved. Although they attend Mass (perhaps for business reasons), they shun the society of Catholics, "for the children's sake," and are essentially Protestant in thought. The lethargy of this class is more hurtful to the Catholic journal, the Catholic monthly, to Catholic literature in general, than any other drawback yet outlined. As a matter of fact it is easier for a Catholic publication to find subscribers among declared Protestants than among these people. They do not care to be connected with Catholic affairs of any kind, resent any admonition of the priesthood as a case of "clerical interference," belong to a number of non-Catholic secret societies, and are anxious their children shall have Protestant fashionable associates. No class stands in such urgent need of Catholic books and journals, yet precisely because this class can not be reached it were better, perhaps, left severely alone. It could help wonderfully, yet since it will not help at all why irritate it and cause its members to shake off even the semblance of faith? It cannot be denied, however, that its stolid indifference hurts a cause that ought to advance, and hurts deeply. The only way to reclaim these butterflies is to make it more respectable to be a Catholic than a Protestant. When this is done, as it will be, we shall hear of many "ancient Catholic families" now unknown to us by the activity of the present members.

## VI.

Byron once declared an ending difficult. Here this survey may conclude in few words. It can be seen that the profession of Catholic journalist is not altogether a bed of roses. To some extent, in fact, it is a Via Crucis, perhaps as God means it shall be. If I had seventy sons and desired their worldly success merely, I would advise every one of them to keep out of it as it exists today. Whenever one is fairly launched in it, however, he must go on, or choose a trade or profession of another sort. He cannot turn back and resume his trade of editor, in the secular field, no matter how brilliant his work may have been considered in days gone by. And yet, notwithstanding this fact, notwithstanding a dozen other mournful facts here unmentioned, anyone who has ever guided a Catholic journal knows there are moments of deep, heart-healing compensation, so full, so rapturous, that they counterbalance all the pain. An earnest man, a man willing to put self behind, must feel that surely God honored him in putting it into his hands to aid in giving that Perpetual Mission of which our Holy Father speaks. However his after life may run, to the end he must feel that once his life was consecrated to highest pur-

pose, and this thought alone will sweeten all lesser things that taste of bitterness.

And these bitternesses — indeed what are they but a part of the throes and agonies which indicate that a great Catholic Church is daily being born in America? A little patience and the hour of travail will be past. Much of the criticism advanced is but a restatement of that Protestant thought by which we are environed. With the passing of the present generation of objectors our hope is great that the arrival of a Catholic thought-atmosphere will result in fullest, most generous appreciation. Now we can but bear patiently, and hope and pray.

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## FINOLA.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

Among the reeds round waters blue
White wings are spread
And she is seen, who should have been
For ages dead;
She, who ice-pierced on perilous coasts
To land and sky,
Lifted the swan-song of her grief
Yet could not die.

Enchantment fell and powerful spell
Of envious hate
Had robbed her of her maiden robes,
Her royal state—
And she in halls of kindred kind
Could walk no more,
But floated far a phantom pale
From shore to shore.

And yet the spell of hatred fell
Through ages long,
Touched not the everlasting soul
Or power of song,
And we, who mourn for bleeding breast
And broken wing,
Shall see her rise in beauty yet,
The child of the king.

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FINOLA, the Lir's lonely daughter of Moore's song, is in her sorrows and final transfiguration an emblem of sorrowful Ireland, for whose redemption by God's help we look hopefully into the coming age.

# BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. MARTINS' APPEAL TO PRESTON.

He sat for another hour before his desk, and during its passage he planned his future course of conduct, carefully, omitting not the slightest detail, considering every obstacle and possible contingency. With this man, the powers of the mind and the sentiments of the heart were never pitched against each other in conflict. Both were strong, but in his nature they were well-balanced, and, except on one occasion,—that had proven the Nemesis of his after life,—mind and heart acted in accord. There was a peaceful smile on his countenance when, at length, he unfolded his arms, and with reverent touch returned to their places in the drawer those relics of his past. Slipping the key into his pocket he went out into the night, the outriders of whose starry battalions had already appeared on the purple upper field.

By the glance exchanged between Teresa and St. John Worthington across the narrow aisle that morning, Preston Martins found his position with her subtly altered. He was as perplexed by the intangibility of the change, as he was startled at finding himself admitting its existence; and when he returned from Lexington that evening, after escorting her home, he wandered out to the little graveyard, and leaning against the low stone wall, he began to review, calmly at first, passionately afterwards, the circumstances that had marked the past twenty-four hours. There had been a faint, tender hope in his heart that the interest she had manifested in his spiritual affairs had been seconded, at least, by a more human feeling than that of the zealous evangelist —the hope that the love filling his heart had begun to awaken a responsive feeling in her maiden soul. Here last night he had declared to her that the rose at dawn was dearest to him, and in his innermost thoughts he called her his rose, with the dew of youth and innocence still bathing it; and even as he thus was dreaming of her, lo! another hand was reached out to gather and wear his heart's flower. He flung out his arms in protest at the thought, then sank on the stone steps, and buried his face in his hands.

In the eyes of the world Preston Martins was a young man to be envied. But the eyes of the world never see past the surface, and Preston Martins knew himself to be one meriting pity. The place into which he was born, and which he was expected to fill, was not, he felt, the place for which his soul was fitted. There was a consciousness of the incongruity that existed between him and what the son of George Martins necessarily ought to be; and this consciousness had grown with his growth. He had tried to accommodate himself to his position, but the effort had been fruitless; and then he realized that his soul was not to be shaped and moulded after a pattern the human approved of. After that, he had begun to live, and

each day widened the gulf, which, from the first dawn of reason, he had recognized as existing between himself and his father. This separation was felt, never seen. The unthinking many said "They are of such different temperaments"; the few of keen insight knew that that subtle, intuitive faculty, for which there is no expressive name, set those two farther apart than the antipodes. Alienation from one parent naturally made him yearn for closer sympathy and connection with the other; but whether she felt that there was hidden in this apartness the thought of a reproach against her wifely choice, or whether because dread of something intangible, unknown, of which that son's intuition was the prophesy, Mrs. Martins only clung the closer to her husband. Her love for him had been first in her heart; it should remain first through all time. Thus thrown back upon himself, Preston Martins had learned to know what is meant by loneliness of soul, and he had indulged in none of that sentimentality, to which young men are prone, when he said that he envied the tenant of the little grave her dreamless slumber. But with the coming of Teresa into his life, its cloud had somewhat lifted. Her beauty, the melancholy that shadowed her eyes and thoughts, the well-cultivated mind and richly-adorned soul had appealed to him and the affection thus awakened had roused him into a fuller realization of all life may come to mean. He had felt his heart gathering up its unused weapons of ambition, earnestness, and from the society-seeker and aimless dreamer he was developing into the man, lofty-souled, true and strong. He had laid down the plans of his future. They were along lines worthy of his effort and her inspiration, and even in that bitter moment, as he sat alone in the moonlight on the stone steps, he felt a sudden glow of satisfaction because his dream of that future had been so high. If she were lost to him must the future be lost also? He thought then that it would, for he had not the courage and the strength to follow that way to the grave alone; its struggles would be too many, its conflicts too great. His thoughts then went to his rival, the man whom he knew was hated, he believed dreaded, by his father—St. John Worthington, who was inseparably associated with his earliest recollections of his native town. He remembered him as a man who had ever attracted his boyish fancy, inspiring him with sentiments of respect, if not admiration; nor could he now, though feeling bitterly against him, as the loser always feels against the winner, divest himself of that old clinging sentiment.

"He is good,—but O Teresa! must I lose you?" he cried to himself. Lose her? Lose her! What did that mean? The wreck of his life. This love, though he was young, was, he knew, the mainspring of his existence. His was not the nature that could readjust itself to conditions following the removal of such motive for action, nor find in other interests enjoyment and relief. Was it not then his duty, that primal duty a man owes to himself, to seek by every means in his power to secure this woman's love? to thrust aside, or break down, regardless of consequences, every obstacle that stood between him and that desired object? The advantages from the world's point of view were all on his side. He had youth; the beauty of

his face was not touched by the hand of time and sorrow; he had greater wealth; his prospects, were he to enter the political field, were limitless; while the blood that ran in the veins of a descendant of the Kentucky Prestons and Irish Martins, was as good and the honor of his ancestry as clear, as were those of the Virginian Worthingtons. And if all these advantages counted for nothing in the eyes of this girl, when her love could not go with their acceptance, he would throw the redemption of his soul into the scale. Let him make that appeal to her and he knew that she could not resist him. He had read upon her face last night what the saving of one soul, however lowly, meant to her, what sacrifice she could offer. He would make her happy, and she would love him, and then —and then? His eyes went from the dark dimpled earth to the clear moonlit sky, as he thought of St. John Worthington. "Fair fight and an open field—that is what the Kentuckian accords to, and expects from, his rival." Where had he heard those words? Then his surroundings faded, and he was standing on the stage of the University Hall. It was the evening of the Commencement exercises. Before him were the great men of the young state, and the fair women of the beautiful young town; but as he, the valedictorian of his class, rose to speak his farewell words, he saw in that great assembly only one face, the face of St. John Worthington; and as he uttered that sentence, he paused, and involuntarily turned toward that one man for approval. And it had been given him in the rare smile that for the moment illumined the proud, pale face. "Fair fight and an open field," was this what he now proposed to give his rival? A wave of shame surged over his heart. It made his face burn and his ears tingle. Great God! He had dared to call his love holy, when its first promptings were to sully his stainless honor!

"A fair fight and an open field, St. John Worthington, I promised to give my rivals on that day when I stepped from the school into this wider life. You, my first and greatest rival, take both, and in addition, whatever advantages a gentleman can accept." He turned, with the unuttered promise, toward the house, and in doing so, his eyes fell upon the child's grave, with its covering of dark green leaves. "Amy!" the cry broke from his lips, the old cry of the boy to the dead girl, and he pulled his hat over his eyes and walked away.

(To be continued.)

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## AFTER CALVARY.

BY C. B. M.

After your work on earth is done,
After life's battle has been won,
Then you will rest.
Carry your cross to the topmost height,
And when you stand in God's pure light,
Then you will rest.

## EASTER BELLES.

BY JOSEPH B. LOUGHRY.

Millicent and dainty Prue,
Maiden dark and maiden fair,
Eyes of jet and eyes of blue,
Tresses raven, tresses fair.

Gay in Easter's raiment bright,
Come they forth on Easter morn;
Love and gladness beaming bright,
Lenten sorrows all forsworn.

A HAPPY APRIL DAY.

## IRISH LULLABY.

I'd rock my own sweet childie to
rest in a cradle of gold on
a bough of the willow,
To the shoheen ho of the wind of
the west and the lullalo of
the soft sea billow.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here at your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to
sleep in a silver boat on the
beautiful river,
Where a shoheen whisper the
white cascades, and a lullalo
the green flags shiver.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here with you for ever.

Shoheen ho! to the rise and fall
of mother's bosom 'tis sleep
has bound you,
And, O my child, what cosier
nest for rosier rest could
love have found you?
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother's two arms are clasped
around you.

—From "Songs and Ballads," by Alfred Perceval Graves.

VERY REV P. E. GENDREAU, O. M. I.

# PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

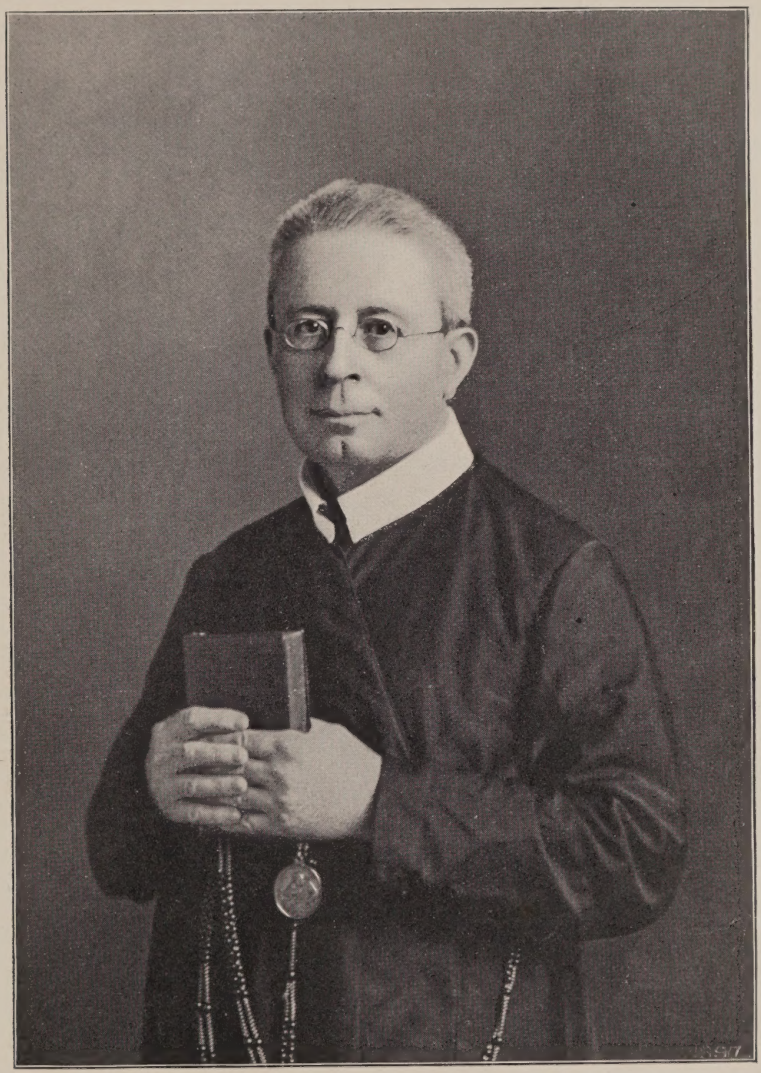
The growth of the Church in the famous Yukon gold region has kept pace with the expanding population of the territory itself. The prosperity of Catholicity in the Klondike country is largely due to the zeal and energy of good Father Gendreau of the Oblate order. Besides being pastor of the Dawson church, Father Gendreau is vicar general to Rev. Mgr. Giroard, Vicar Apostolic to the District of McKenzie.

The Yukon Territory is included in the Vicariate Apostolic of Athebaska-McKenzie, which was erected by Pope Pius IX, the 8th of April, 1862. The territory comprises that portion of Canada lying west of the Rocky Mountains, north of British Columbia, east of

Alaska, and south of the Arctic ocean. The district is about 600 miles from north to south, by more than 50 miles from east to west.

Father Gendreau arrived on the last day of June, 1898, to take the direction of the Mission in the place of Father Judge, who, being an American priest, was to return to Alaska as soon as a Canadian priest could come.

The church was placed under the patronage of St. Mary of the Immaculate Conception, patron of the Oblate Fathers, who were taking charge of the parish. Upon the invitation of Very Rev. Father Gendreau, superior of the mission, Rev. Father Judge performed the ceremony of the dedication of the new church, on the 21st day of August, 1898.



VERY REV. FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. SS. R.

Speaking of the reported stampede of

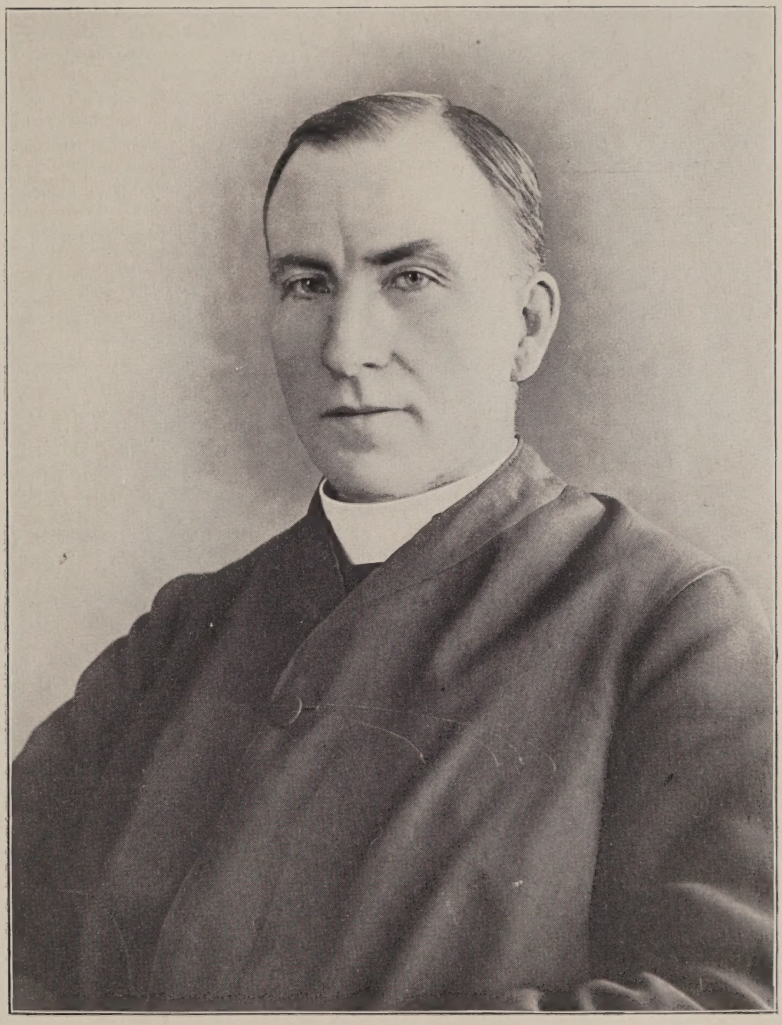
miners to Cape Nome, Father Gendreau says it is not nearly so great as the American papers claim it to be. It is not the business people, nor the solid men of Dawson, who are going to Cape Nome. Those who have started for the new gold fields are chiefly adventurers.

The output of gold in the Klondike last year, Father Gendreau says, will likely exceed that of all previous seasons, and there is no likelihood of the supply giving out. Priests at present in Yukon Territory are: Very Rev. P. E. Gendreau, O. M. I., V. G., St. Mary's, Dawson; Rev. A. Lebert, O. M. I., assistant, Dawson; Rev. A. Desmarais, St. Joseph's, Bonanza; Rev. Fr. Corbeil, Holy Family, Dominion; Rev. J. Lefebvre, O. M. I., Sacred Heart, White Horse; Rev. A. Dumas, O. M. I., White Horse.

There are very many homes indebted to Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R., rector of the Redemptorists at Kansas City, Mo., for a series of books specially prepared to instruct Catholics on the duties of their state in life, particular attention being given to parental direction

REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

and sound home training for children. So active has Father Girardey been in this field of labor that it might be supposed to engross all his time. But a sketch of his life shows that his literary work is only one of numerous activities in the service of the Church.



REV. MICHAEL MAHER, S. J.

Father Girardey was born in France, April 21, 1839, and in May, 1840, was brought to the United States. He studied for a year in St. Charles College, Md., entered the Redemptorist Novitiate in 1855, and was professed May 27, 1856. After completing his course of philosophy and theology at Cumberland, Md., he was ordained priest by Archbishop Kenrick, June 11, 1862. From this time until the close of the war the young priest attended the sick and dying soldiers in the U. S. hospitals at Annapolis and also discharged the onerous duties of teacher of philosophy and the natural sciences to the students at Annapolis. For twelve years

PRINCE MAX OF SAXONY.

Father Girardey taught at Annapolis, Ilchester, Md., and Kansas City, Mo., and also found time for missionary work, giving missions in English and French.

The energetic priest next entered on parish work and for twenty-one years labored assiduously in St. Louis, New York, New Orleans, and Grand Rapids, Mich. From 1894 to 1898 he was Provincial of the St. Louis Province, and was Prefect of students for nine years.

Father Girardey wrote much for various Catholic publications and published a number of books of which the following are the most widely known, The New Mission Book, The Boys' and Girls' Mission Book, Mission Book for the Married, Mission Book for the Single, Popular Instructions on Marriage, on Prayer, to Parents, and on the Bringing up of Children.

Few men among the Catholic clergymen of America are better known in the literary world than is Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, for he has taken such an active part in the development of Reading Circles and the Catholic Summer School. He was the first President of the latter, and is at present the Chairman of the Directory of the Reading Circle Union. He has lectured for the Academy of Science, at the Champlain Summer School, and at the first session of the Catholic Winter School in New Orelans. Besides being the author of "Christian Unity," and of a work dealing with the labor question, entitled "Social Problems," Father Sheedy is also a regular contributor to various periodicals. Articles from his pen, on labor and education, appear frequently in the magazines.

He is still a young man, being only in his forty-sixth year. He is a graduate of Maynooth College, and made his studies there during the closing years of the presidency of Dr. Russell, the uncle of Chief Justice Russell of England, and the friend of Cardinal Newman. Father Sheedy was ordained in the Pittsburg Cathedral by the late Bishop Tuigg, September 23d, 1876. He was immediately assigned as Professor of Theology and History in Saint Michael's Seminary, where he continued until the closing of that institution. As a successful pastor he became widely known through his work on educational lines with young men. In Pittsburg, the school, hall and free library that he established were centres of the very best influence felt in the whole community. He was the founder of the Pittsburg Polytechnic Society, and is a member of the Writer's Club, the Academy of Science, the Western Pennsylvania Historical Society, and other literary bodies. He has always been one of the leaders in the Temperance Movement, and for four years was the Vice President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

Father Sheedy is now permanent rector of St. John's church, Altoona, Pa., but with all the weighty cares and pressing duties of a large parish he still finds time for much valuable literary work.

On a recent occasion, fully 2,000 people assembled at the Montauk theatre, Brooklyn, to hear Father Sheedy's lecture in aid of the Monastery of the Precious Blood. His subject was "The Religious Outlook," and for nearly two hours he held the close attention of the audience, while he reviewed the work of the church in saving society from the ravages of immorality, vicious politics, dishonest business methods, divorce, socialism and infidelity.

Speaking of the marked and significant happenings of the past century, and the outlook for the future, Father Sheedy said:

"Three things we are likely to see during the century: A Christian Democracy, the independence of the Holy See, and

Christian unity. The teaching of the Catholic church and her tender sympathy with the masses will effect the first. The lesson of history and the justice of the cause will bring about the second. As for Christian unity a strong drift has set in that direction; science has united the material world; why not religion, better understood, unite the moral world?

"Our prayer is that of Leo XIII.,
The minds of kings and peoples mould;
Thy word may all obey with awe,
Be there one shepherd and one fold,
One faith, one law."

On its Presentation Day this month the University of London confers on Father Michael Maher, S.J., Professor of Mental Philosophy at Stonyhurst College in the North of England, the very rare and highly esteemed distinction of its Diploma for the Doctorate of Literature, awarded to him in the Branch of Mental and Moral Science, by vote of the Senate of that University, last December. The unexpectedness of a Jesuit winning such an honor for a work in defence of Scholastic Philosophy from the University, founded through the influence of George Grote and the Mills early last century and ever since viewed almost as the special "organ" of the Sensist School in England, has attracted so much attention in the press that a brief account of the author and his work will be of interest. Father Maher was born in the early sixties at a village in Ireland called Leighlinbridge. The staple commodity of Leighlin, like so many other Irish parishes, is its richness in ruins. It possesses its bridge, its old castle, its monastic remains, its St. Patrick's Well—with of course the stone upon which he stood when he expelled the snakes—and its rath. But Leighlin also claims as its specialty the production of distinguished men. And certainly considering the smallness of the population of the parish and the intellectual starvation to which Ireland has been subjected, Leighlinites have some justification for their pride in the after careers of so many of the boys of their little town during the past fifty years.

At the head of the list stands the late Professor Tyndall, whose father lies buried in the Old Leighlin church-yard, under a tomb bearing the simple epitaph: "Here lies John Tyndall, father of John Tyndall, F. R. S." Contemporary with Tyndall during his youth in Leighlin was another lad since become eminent, though in a very different sphere. This is Cardinal Moran, who in addition to being a prince of the Church and head of the Australian Hierarchy is one of the most distinguished living authorities on Celtic history and antiquities. A few years later comes the Rev. W. Delany, S.J. LL.D., President of University College, Dublin, and for many years past one of the leading educationalists in Ireland. Another personality in whom Leighlin justly takes pride is a man whose name is familiar to American Catholics as prominent in so many forms of good public work—Mr. Onahan of Chicago—born there some sixty years ago. In a later generation come the Rt. Rev. Dr. Foley, the youngest of the venerable body of men who at present constitute the Irish Hierarchy, along with his brother, Dr. John Foley, President of Carlow College, and reputed to be one of the best-read theologians in Ireland. Young Maher and the two brothers Foley were school-mates in their early days.

In addition to the bridge, the castle, the rath and the well, for many years Leighlin boasted the possession of another institution—a truly remarkable school-master, John Conwill, now dead about a decade. The art of teaching seems to have been hereditary in his family during centuries when the profession was not smiled upon by the government of the country; for Conwill's father was a "hedge schoolmaster," when the Catholic teacher was adjudged to be a criminal by enlightened English statesmanship. Notwithstanding the hostile influences of such an environment, by his innate ability Conwill acquired or rather evolved the art of teaching within his limited field to a degree of perfection not often surpassed. At all events the fact, that in surroundings as unpropitious as the village of Leighlin, he should have grounded so many scholars destined to earn a reputation in so many different branches of knowledge is a performance which few schoolmasters have excelled. All these alumni, from Professor Tyndall to Father Maher, came, we believe, at one time or another under his hands, and not infrequently under his rod—for adhering to the older theories of pedagogy, though a kindly little man, Conwill was very generous in his use of the ferula.

Michael Maher, after a good grounding by Conwill in elementary mathematics and the other primary subjects, went to St. Stanislaus College, S.J., Tu-

labeg, at the age of eleven. This was probably the most successful school just then in Ireland, but it has since been amalgamated with Clongowes Wood College. The late Lord Chancellor Naish, Lord Chief Justice O'Brien, and Chief Baron Palles had all begun their studies there; and at a still earlier date it had included amongst its alumni a greater name than any of these, the one man of the British Empire whose prophetic military instinct and statesman's genius will ever shine with much lustre through the sombre history of the present miserable war in South Africa—General Sir William Butler. Young Maher spent some nine or ten years at Tullabeg, and during the last three, passed the various examinations leading up to the degree of B.A. in the London University, to which Tullabeg was affiliated as the only University open to Catholics at that time, and not disapproved of by the Bishops. In 1880 he entered the Jesuit Order in England, and after his noviceship was sent to study philosophy at Stonyhurst College from 1882 to 1885. As soon as he had completed the usual three years' course of studies, he was appointed professor there and retained the chair in this subject for six years. During this period he passed the M.A. examination of the London University in Mental and Moral Science, obtaining second place on the list. As the philosophy of Mill and Bain was in practical possession of the University at that time, this was no easy task for a student whose chief studies had been in the Scholastic Philosophy, and who adhered to the teaching of Aristotle and Aquinas. Although he had not yet begun his theological studies, the young Jesuit, immediately after this examination, was appointed by his superiors to write the volume on Psychology for the Stonyhurst Philosophical Series, then in preparation. The writing of this work, together with his ordinary lectures, was the labor of the next three years. It was completed in 1890, and soon attained a wide popularity very rare with philosophical works, especially when written from a Catholic standpoint. A second edition was called for in 1892 and a third in 1895.

Meantime the young Jesuit had been sent to prepare for the priesthood by a course of four years study of Theology. After his ordination, Father Maher returned in 1896 to resume his former work of professing Philosophy at Stonyhurst College. All the spare time of the next three years was devoted to the task of re-writing his Psychology in the light of the wider and deeper knowledge both of modern psychological literature and of Scholastic Philosophy and Theology acquired by reading and reflection during the ten years that had intervened since the first edition of the book. The new book was completed in 1900. It is published under the title, "Psychology, Empirical and Rational," and has gained for its author, the highly prized distinction of the Doctorate of Literature in the Branch of Moral and Mental Science, from the University of London. The value of this degree may be gauged from the fact that altogether in all branches combined, it has been conferred only ten times since the University was founded, and only once in the last seven years. In the present case there is the further distinction that the examiners in consideration of the high estimate they formed of the worth of Father Maher's Psychology, adopted the unusual course of dispensing the author from the additional examination for this, their highest degree, which is wont to be of great severity, and recommended the Senate to confer the degree on the ground that the work "is of such special excellence as to justify exemption of the author from further test."

Prince Max, nephew of the King of Saxony, began life, as all young Germans do, with a period of service in the army, his rank being that of a lieutenant of the Saxon Guards. But the pomp and glory of a military career were not in harmony with his mind. He threw up his commission in the army and began the study of theology, his first instructor being the venerable Bishop von Leonard of Bavaria. The prince's first field of work after ordination was in the slums of London. He was encouraged in this sphere of duty by Queen Victoria herself, who gave him his priestly regalia set with diamonds. Recently "Father Max," as he is called, has been chosen for a higher field of labor, being appointed to a chair in the University at Freyburg, Switzerland. He is said to have inherited his religious tendencies from his mother, the Archduchess Louise Antoinette of Tuscany.

# THE LATE PATRICK DONAHOE.

On March 18th, the sad news of the death of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, founder of The Pilot and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, was announced to the community, of which he had been so long an active and honored member, respected and beloved for his sterling character, his patriotism, his kindliness of heart and his broad human charity.

Patrick Donahoe was born March 17, 1811, in the little town of Mun nery, in the parish of Kilmore, county Cavan, Ireland. When a lad of 10, in 1821, he came to Boston with his parents. His family was among the first of the Irish families to settle down in Boston. Young Donahoe was sent to the Adams School to further his education, but a year later he left school to begin work in a printing office.

As a boy in school he was a champion of his race, and one can readily imagine that in those days the little Irish lad had much to endure.

"When I attended school in this city, as a little emigrant boy, eighty years ago, I was the only boy of Irish birth in the school, and the only boy I daresay of alien birth," said Mr. Donahoe, quite recently. "There was no business or profession in the city in which a man of Irish birth had a conspicuous place, or, I believe, any place at all. I look back upon that period and compare it with the present time, and I am overwhelmed by the contrast."

Of the part he himself had in establishing this contrast, he did not speak, but actions are more eloquent than words, and the good deeds of this representative Irishman earned for him many honors, among them the high distinction of receiving the Lætare medal. This medal was conferred on Mr. Donahoe March 17, 1893, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, and the eloquent words of Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., who made the presentation, may well be recalled now, so truthfully do they set forth his character and achievements.

"The University of Notre Dame, Ind., some years ago invented the happy device of a medal of honor to be conferred annually on some layman who had done signal service in the cause of religion and country. It has the merit of being more generally appropriate than an honorary degree. This year, in Lætare Sunday, you, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, were selected as worthy of this medal. This award is based on many sound titles. You were almost the first Catholic Irishman who rose to distinction in Boston, where so many of the sons of Erin have since won for themselves, by sheer talent and industry, honorable names. You are the oldest living witness of the growth and vicissitudes of the Catholic Church in Boston. Now, entering on your 79th year, you have been for over half a century a potent factor in the marvellous advance of your race and religion in this country. In the "Massachusetts of Today," you are recognized as a fine type of a Roman Catholic Irishman.

"1836, you founded The Pilot, which is still conducted with that intuition of the best aspirations of fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens for which it has been noted from the beginning.

"Your charity is proverbial. One can hardly name a Catholic church, orphan asylum or hospital in that city that did not profit by your bounty when you were counted among the wealthy men of Boston, and even in your days of meagre resources, brought about by our destructive conflagrations, your mite was as cheerfully given to any worthy charity or patriotic cause as your thousands were given in better times. In the care of destitute children your heart and purse were always concerned.

"Your private deeds of charity are known to God, and for the most part forgotten by yourself. With these facts in mind I need hardly say that this honor from one of our most flourishing and progressive seats of learning is right well bestowed. . . . I hope and pray that you will live to carry this honor proudly, as you visit the Irish parliament about to be established once more in College Green, Dublin, and that modestly wearing this badge of the esteem of your fellow-citizens—a token we hope of the favor of God—you will outlive this nineteenth century."

Father Zahm's hope, so fervently expressed, has been realized. Mr. Donahoe lived to see the close of the century in the active work of which he had nobly taken part.

Few, very few, of the citizens of Boston, who walked the streets as boys with the venerable man who has gone are living today. With him the Boston that once was passes out. A new civilization, new inventions, new manners and new men have taken the place of the old. Yet upon no brow could the green laurel wreath of honorable civic fame sit with better grace, of all the generations who have passed on, than upon that of Patrick Donahoe. Ever green will remain his memory. May he rest in peace.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

In a substantial volume of almost five hundred pages, Alfred Wesley Wishart, sometime Fellow in Church History in the University of Chicago, discusses the interesting history of the monastic institution under the title, "A Short History of Monks and Monasteries." The volume exhibits much painstaking research; and the main facts with regard to the origin and foundation of the principal religious orders of the Catholic Church, with striking delineations of the chief personages of the monastic life, are, as a rule, faithfully given. The author possesses a graceful style and he makes of the facts of history a brilliant and wonderfully interesting narrative. But when we have said so much, we have said all that can be truthfully said in praise of his work. Despite his protestation in the preface that he has tried to write this history with a mind free from temperamental and religious prejudice, the tone and temper of his work is distinctly anti-Catholic. He is out of sympathy with his subject. Here and there he feels constrained to pass a glowing eulogy on individual monks and on many features of monastic life; but immediately his deep-rooted prejudices and antagonism to the monastic ideal lead him to give utterance to sentiments utterly contradictory to what he has just written—a mode of procedure which can hardly fail to confuse and bewilder the ordinary reader. He blesses the monks in one paragraph, only to curse them in the next. His method, too, of writing history and the use which he makes of the authorities which he quotes, is thoroughly unscientific. The conclusions of a writer who has little or no standing in historical studies, are placed side by side with the well-reasoned and careful deductions of an historian, who has a right to be considered a competent judge in historical matters, with no intimation of the sharp line of difference which separates one from the other in accordance with the varying historical value which can be reasonably claimed by each. An imposing bibliography with a formidable array of historical writers, which the author displays in the beginning of his work, gives his volume an appearance of erudition; but no candid critic will be disposed to admit that even-handed justice is meted out to the different historical writers whose words he quotes in the course of his discussions. Catholic historians are quoted, it is true: but it requires little power of perception to see that their testimony is suspected on the very ground that they are Catholic, while generous credence is given to others, who show no greater grasp of historical facts, but whose opinions of the monastic ideal and whose appreciation of the principles of religious life coincide with the very modern and sociological conceptions of the author. From the very outset he makes the unfortunate blunder of considering the monastic life, which is founded on supernatural principles, from the standpoint of the natural. Indeed, it may be said he gives little evidence throughout the course of his work, of having any idea of the supernatural. He is a member of that class of thinkers, common enough in these days, who seem to imagine that the gospel of Christ has been superseded by the principle of a science to which the high-sounding name of sociology has been given, whose cardinal principle is service to others. This principle is exploited as a new discovery due to the advance of this science, whereas, the self-same principle was much more vividly and forcefully put by Christ when He declared, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Following out his theory of judging all things from a merely natural point of view, the author intimates that the Christian monk is an evolution of the Oriental or Buddhist type. Such an idea to one who has an apprehension of the supernatural religion of Christ is simply preposterous. With just as much reason it might be said that Christianity is an evolution of the natural religious instinct which is rooted in man's being—a principle which, understood in its strict sense, would reduce all religion to a merely natural footing. It is not, therefore, surprising that the author from his point of view gives a history of monasticism with an almost total disregard of its supernatural elements. Its three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, are to him simply "rigid rules." Apparently, he is unable to understand the high and lofty spirit behind the vows which give them their real value. Clerical celibacy, in his view, is simply a denial to man's appetites of their proper satisfaction. What a pity the author, who, undoubtedly, possesses great grace of style, did not choose

a subject wholly in the domain of the natural! For the discussion of such a subject he is prepared by his education and training; for the treatment of a supernatural theme he lacks the necesary qualifications. The supernatural is beyond his mental horizon. He has the old, vulgar, Protestant fear of the Jesuit. He is good enough to concede that in theory the Jesuit disapproves of the maxim, "the end justifies the means"; but he is confident that in practice the members of the Order make use of it, and he does not hesitate to put upon them the harrowing and shocking crimes which overwrought imaginations have conjured up and which unscrupulous partisans have used for many years to discredit the work of the Order. The ordinary reader will be perplexed in reading this work. The author seems to come to a definite conclusion in one page in regard to some historic fact and to adopt an entirely different tone shortly afterwards. From a literary point of view the work is faultless, but we fear that as a history it will possess but little value for many readers.

Newark: Albert Brandt Co. $3.50.

We have read with a great deal of interest "The Dhamma of Gotama, the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ," by Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S.T.D. of the Catholic University of America. This book, the outcome of a series of lectures delivered in the University on the alleged relations of Buddhism with Primitive Christianity, was published on the occasion of the taking of the Doctorate of Theology by the reverend author, being submitted to the examining board as a specimen of the candidate's original researches. The first half of the work is historical and expository, and in this the author gives a clear account of the origin and development of Brahmanism and Buddhism, setting forth the cardinal doctrines of each by copious citations from their sacred books. The last half is critical and analytic and reveals much skill in detecting and exposing the alleged relations which Christianity is said to bear to the religions of India. The untenableness of the position of the pro-Buddhist writers is fully demonstrated by an examination of their principles and an exposition of the weakness of their reasoning. It certainly is surprising at what straws the enemies of Christianity will grasp to disprove the divinity of its origin. They push the principle of resemblance so far that they seem to make no distinction between resemblance and actual identity. This is simply and effectively shown in the pages of this very valuable manual. A surprising amount of research is shown in every page of the author's treatise, and he has pressed into a small compass a wealth of valuable information. One may find in this modest volume all that is necessary for a proper understanding of the religions of India and of the problem which pro-Buddhists have brought before the modern world in the hope of discrediting Christianity. A valuable, rich bibliography is appended in which one may see at the glance the literature which has grown up around this interesting subject, and which may guide him to a further and deeper study of the issues involved, if he be so inclined. Dr. Aiken has done a real service to the cause of the truth by these decisions, and under his critical touch the huge fiction that Christianity owes to Buddhism its central truth crumbles to pieces.

Boston: Marlier & Co. $1.50.

A well reasoned and striking treatise is "The Protestant Rule of Faith and the Roman Catholic Church," by Rev. G. M. Godts, C.H.R. His mode of treatment is most happy. He is direct and clear. He begins at once with fundamentals, and from an examination of principles makes abundantly evident the unreasonableness and untenableness of the Protestant position. The numerous citations from writers to illustrate the point in discussion, show a wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject. The first part of the work is fundamental. The author examines the Protestant principle of the Bible only, shows its weakness and incompetency and establishes the Catholic position of an infallible living teaching authority. He establishes his positions with singular force and power. There is a directness and strength in reasoning which founds conviction. The founding of a church by Christ and its manifestation by means of its marks and the showing forth of its essential qualities are considered in detail.

In the second part of the work the author gives some of the reasons or obstacles which prevent many from acknowledging the true Church, and tests the value of the Protestant and Catholic rule of faith by showing forth the conse-

quences which are directly derivable from each.

A good book to put in the hand of all earnest searchers for the truth.

Brandon, Manitoba: E. L. Chritie.

"An American Anthology," edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman, though not designed as a treasury of imperishable verse, collects within its limits many of the choicest and most typical examples of the work of American poets. Humble bits, low in color, serve to throw into relief the more striking selections, and to bear out the compiler's purpose—"To afford a view of the successful lyrical motives and results of our first hundred years of song, from which the critic or historian may derive conclusions and possibly extend his lines into the future."

In the introduction, Mr. Stedman gives this word of encouragement to poetical aspirants:

"While verse of late has decreased its vogue as compared with that of imaginative prose, yet never has so much of it, good and bad, been issued here as within the present decade; never before were there so many rhythmical aspirants whose volumes have found publishers willing to bring them out attractively, and never have these tasteful ventures had more assurance of a certain, if limited, distribution."

All through this "Anthology," the editor gives ample proof of his desire to do justice to the poets whose work comes under his notice. Here and there are included verses by persons who are not professional writers, also hymns, patriotic lyrics, etc. The Eastern song belt, the middle West, the Pacific coast, and the New South find representation, and the achievements of women poets are duly acknowledged. "Much of their song has been exquisite, some of it strong as sweet; indeed, a notable portion of our treasure trove would be missing if their space in the present volume were otherwise filled," says Mr. Stedman, paying grateful tribute to their worth.

Some of the poets who have passed away are gracefully eulogized in words that it would be a pleasure to quote, as when he speaks of "O'Reilly, so zealously remembered, both the poet and the man."

Among the selections from the works of this beloved poet are found "A White Rose," "A Savage," "An Art Master," "Mayflower" and "At Best."

Selections from Catholic poets are numerous, several of them being generously represented, as Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, whose beautiful poem, "Silence," is one of seven or more quoted in full: Father Tabb, Maurice Francis Egan, John James Piatt, Sarah Morgan Piatt, James Jeffrey Roche, Louise Imogen Guiney, George Parsons Lathrop, and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Other Catholic names familiar to readers are Mary Elizabeth Blake, Mary Ange De Vere, Katherine E. Conway, Father Edmund Hill, John Jerome Rooney, Father Ryan, Charles Warren Stoddard, and many more whose contributions add much to the charm of the volume, and enhance its value.

Biographical notes, an index of the poets' names, the titles of the poems, and of the first lines are useful features, reducing to a minimum the work of reference.

In printing, binding, and generally excellent make-up, this Anthology is what the public has learned to expect from the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass. $3.00.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Platinotype prints 8 x 10 from the original negative of the photograph "The Farm Boy" on page 378, can be bought of N. Brock, Asheville, N. C., at $1.00.

VERY CHEAP RATES TO CALIFORNIA.

Every Tuesday until and including April 30, the Burlington Route will sell one-way excursion tickets to California at the lowest rates offered for years. Only $30.00 from Chicago, and $27.50 from St. Louis.

The most attractive and interesting way to go is via Denver and Salt Lake City, through Colorado by daylight and past all the magnificent mountain scenery by daylight. We run Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars through to the Coast that way. They are very comfortable and inexpensive. A sleeping berth holding two, only $6.00. Please write for particulars and send six cents for our beautifully illustrated book on California. Address P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., 209 Adams Street, Chicago.

# QUESTION BOX.

Q. How is the Pope elected, and by whom? I have heard Catholics remark that it is customary for the Pope to name or suggest some one for his successor. And as the electors always respect this wish, the election is a mere matter of form.

A. Ten days having expired after the death of the Pope, on the morning of the eleventh day, the Cardinals gather together for Mass. On the evening of that day they enter into secret conclave. The safeguards for secrecy and for separation from all influence of the outside world are most extraordinary, and unparalleled in any other election in the world. The voting is generally by ballot. Any man may be eligible to the Papacy. But as a matter of fact, for many centuries only Cardinals have been chosen. The candidate who receives two-thirds of the votes is elected.

There is in church history but one instance of a Pope appointing his successor. Pope Boniface II., in 529, did this. At the time of his own election, the Ostrogoth king had appointed an antipope to the great scandal and confusion of the people. To guard against such an event following his death, Boniface appointed the deacon Vigilins for successor. But at a council held the next year in Rome he declared his decree null and void. The Pope can determine the method of choosing his successor, but there is great diversity of views as to his power to choose his successor. Some concede to him this power. Others as absolutely deny it. While some who deny it under all ordinary circumstances concede it in great and urgent need or utility of the Church.

Pope Celestine III. wished to resign in favor of one of the Cardinals, but because this was an action unknown in the Church, he would not introduce the innovation. Paul III. having been asked to choose his own successor, refused absolutely to do so. Paul IV. agreed with the majority of the Cardinals in consistory, that the Pope cannot choose his own successor.

The Pope does not appoint or name his successor, nor is there any ground for supposing that he even expresses a wish in the matter. The history of the Papacy is all to the contrary. Men who are engaged in the conditions and the little human meannesses of caucus politics readily imagine there is no honor in the choosing of candidates, even in the most sacred matter of the Holy Father. But the Holy Father is more inclined to leave the decision to the Cardinals, and to entrust their guidance to the Holy Ghost, than to his little wisdom. Even if for argument it be admitted as a supposition that he should suggest, the Cardinals would be in no way bound by his wish. They would vote according to the dictates of conscience, and if human nature were to assert itself, according to general laws, they would vote against and not for the candidate proposed by one no longer living.

Some Catholics are too apt to express crude and unfounded views for facts, and so they do a great harm to those outside the Church, who, in hearing Catholics speak of an election to the Papacy, as they would of local politics, must naturally conclude that the material and not the spiritual interests dominate the Church.

Q. Can a man be a good Catholic who accepts all the Catholic faith except prayers to St. Joseph and to St. Anthony? I ask because I have heard that the interest in St. Anthony does not seem to be endorsed by all Catholics. That is, I believe, the rock which wrecks many non-Catholics, who would gladly become converts but for "prayers to the saints."

A. A good Catholic believes in the communion of saints, as he says expressly in the Apostles' Creed. Appended is the teaching of the catechism as used almost universally in the United States, and expressing the same doctrine that is given to all the children of the Catholic church in all the world. And when children are grown to manhood and womanhood, they as good Catholics still hold to their early religious teaching. The Protestants who object to the Catholics' practice of praying to the saints, lack information as to the teaching of the Church herself. Wrong ideas they

may sometimes have from exaggerated methods of some children of the Church. But first to the simple teaching, taken from the Catechism prescribed for the children:

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT—ON THE HONOR AND INVOCATION OF SAINTS.

Q. Does the first Commandment forbid the honoring of the saints?

A. The first Commandment does not forbid the honoring of the saints, but rather approves of it; because by honoring the saints, who are the chosen friends of God, we honor God Himself.

Q. Does the first Commandment forbid us to pray to the saints?

A. The first Commandment does not forbid us to pray to the saints.

Q. What do we mean by praying to the saints?

A. By praying to the saints we mean the asking of their help and prayers.

Q. How do we know that the saints hear us?

A. We know that the saints hear us, because they are with God, who makes our prayers known to them.

Q. Why do we believe that the saints will help us?

A. We believe that the saints will help us because both they and we are members of the same Church, and they love us as their brethren.

Q. How are the saints and we members of the same Church?

A. The saints and we are members of the same Church, because the Church in heaven and the Church on earth are one and the same Church, and all its members are in communion with one another.

Q. What is the communion of the members of the Church called?

A. The communion of the members of the Church is called the Communion of Saints.

Q. What does the communion of saints mean?

A. The communion of saints means the union which exists between the members of the Church on earth with one another, and with the blessed in Heaven and with the suffering souls in Purgatory.

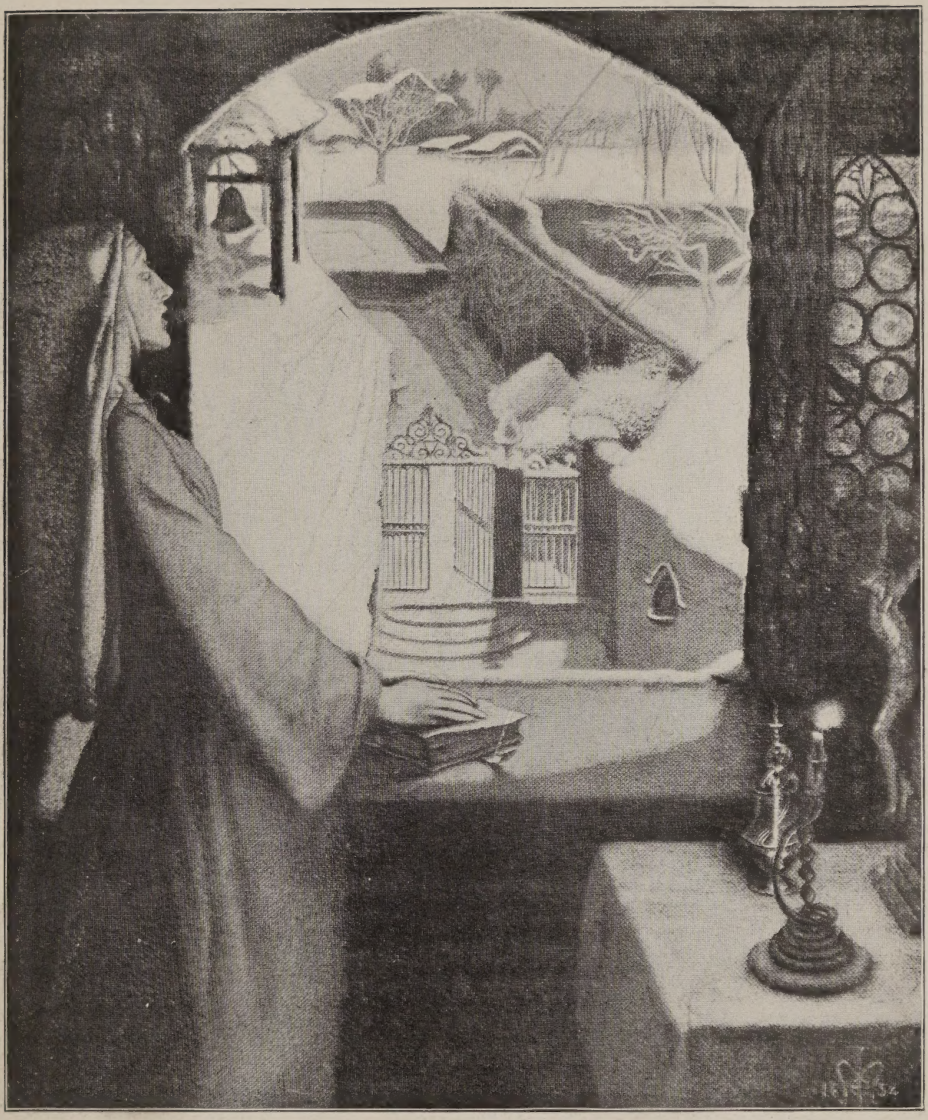
Q. What benefits are derived from the communion of saints?

A. The following benefits are derived from the communion of saints:—the faithful on earth assist one another by their prayers and good works, and they are aided by the intercession of the saints in Heaven, while both the saints in Heaven and the faithful on earth help the souls in Purgatory.

Those who understand the sweet, consoling and reasonable doctrine set forth in the teachings of the Church regarding the invocation of the saints and their intercession for their clients, will not find prayers to the saints an obstacle, but rather an incentive to becoming Catholics.

Besides prayers to the saints in general, most Catholics have particular devotions to particular saints. Naturally, St. Joseph, because of his relations with the Lord Jesus Christ here on earth, holds a unique claim on the Son of God who is Mediator between men and the Eternal Father, and so the faithful feel that his intercession will be powerful. The client of Joseph prays to the saint, the saint to Christ. Christ gives; the saint only asks. And, believing at all in prayer to the saints, next to a prayer to Mary, the Mother of Christ, the most ready and natural invocation is of St. Joseph, who with Jesus and Mary formed the Holy Family.

St. Anthony has on multitudes of occasions proved himself a gracious benefactor of his clients. And those who have experienced his help would be ungrateful indeed, were they not to acknowledge it. The "interest," as our correspondent words it, in St. Anthony, does not seem to be endorsed by all Catholics. That is true. Some persons have gone beyond all limits of reason and religion in the practice of this devotion, and have made the judicious grieve. And it is this exaggeration of a good devotion that the thoughtful Catholic deplores. He knows that the meaning of the pious friends of such devotion is good, while the expression of it startles. Moderation and common sense are nowhere so essential as in religion. And reason, not merely sentiment or emotion, accompanies faith in all pure acts of religion. Yet, it is not well to exaggerate in the other direction, and to blame too vehemently those whom emotion or enthusiasm leads into apparent excess. Reasoned with, they will nearly always discover in themselves right and just estimates of relative values. St. Anthony himself would deplore all devotions not consonant with truth. Mary and Joseph remain always the great intercessors among the saints; other saints in due proportion deserve honor and clientage. God alone remains ever the Giver of every good gift.



"Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
May my soul follow soon! —
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping like the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord;
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies."

*From Tennyson's "St. Agnes Eve"*

"It is in the month of Mary
When all the world is fair,
When Mary's praise fills the livelong days,
That God grants many a prayer."

# Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLV. MAY, 1901. No. 5

## MARY'S MONTH: A SONG.

It is in the month of Mary
That the hawthorn boughs are white,
That the violets frail scent wood and vale,
And the buttercups are bright.

It is in the month of Mary
The lark sings loud and clear
A rapturous strain, 'tis almost pain
For the heart of man to hear.

It is in the month of Mary
The long day comes and goes
In cloudless light of amber bright,
And of jasper, pearl, and rose.

It is in the month of Mary
The chestnut cressets glow,
That a laughing rune in the sunbright noon
The brooks sing as they flow.

It is in the month of Mary
When all the world is fair,
When Mary's praise fills the livelong days,
That God grants many a prayer.

It is in the month of Mary,
When all the world is gay,
Earth's sorrows seem but a passing dream,
And Heaven not far away.

— *From the "Irish Monthly."*

(See page 456.)

COMTE ALBERT DE MUN.

# POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

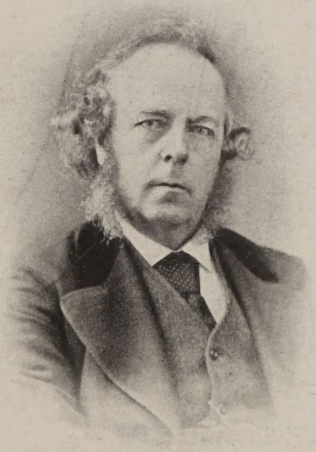
## I.

## DENIS FLORENCE MacCARTHY: HIS LETTERS AND HIS LYRICS.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

I do not know whether this faculty is shared by many, but I have often wondered at the vividness of my recollection of the first moment of my acquaintance with many people, big and little. For instance, I remember the moment, the place, the tone of voice, the dress of the persons concerned, when on a certain day, perhaps twice "twenty golden years ago," Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth, showing me and some less familiar visitors through the College Library, said, "Oh! here is a young man whom I must introduce to you. We hope to have him amongst ourselves." The youthful-looking Dunboyne student, whose hand I then shook for the first time, became soon after a very distinguished Professor of Theology in his Alma Mater, succeeded Dr. Russell as President, and is now the successor of Cardinal McCabe as Archbishop of Dublin. Quem Deus diu sospitet.

In the same way I remember vividly all the circumstances and impressions of my first introduction to Denis Florence MacCarthy as he stood at his hall-door in Blessington Street, Dublin, one Sunday towards the end of June in one of the last of the fifties. I was then what I am still (thank God!), a good deal of a hero-worshipper; and it was with awe as well as with pleasure that I shook the hand of a poet whom I had long admired. I knew him first as "Desmond" of The Nation, not as that famous journal came out week by week, but while burrowing delightedly in a lumber-room of my Newry home wherein many years of The Nation were heaped together. Then at Castleknock the holy and refined Vincentian, who trained us in English composition, Father Michael Burke, had a great taste for poetry and amongst other readings introduced us to MacCarthy's "Bell-Founder" when it appeared in his first volume. I have no doubt that it was to Father Burke's personal choice that we owed the premium which I was lucky enough to win at the Midsummer Examinations — the exquisite quarto which had only just been published, "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics,



DENIS FLORENCE MacCARTHY.

SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN, WHERE MacCARTHY WAS BORN, ON RIGHT HAND AS YOU LOOK FROM O'CONNELL BRIDGE TO NELSON'S PILLAR.

GLENGARIFF.

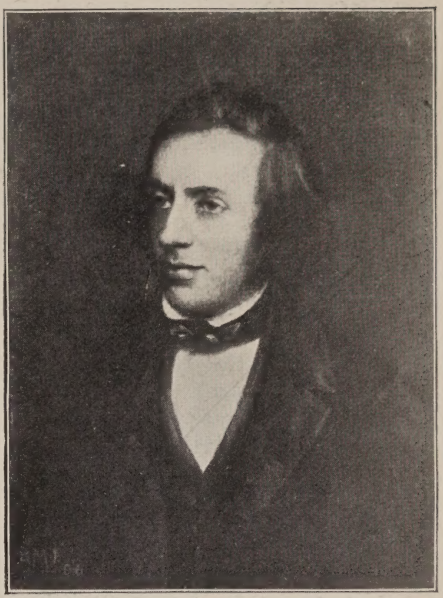
Original and Translated, by Denis Florence MacCarthy." No more elegant volume was ever issued from the Dublin press before or since. Poring over these dainty pages in the summer holidays of that mid-year of the century in the Antrim Glenariffe—very beautiful, though not as beautiful and certainly not as famous as Glengariff of the south—I came to feel towards the poet an affectionate admiration that soon after found expression in that momentous achievement, my first sonnet! It began:

"O sweet-tongued Poet, Erin's latest born!
Young gentle lyrist, blessings on thy name,
And may the noontide of thy growing fame
Fulfil the glorious promise of thy morn!"

Then, after a line which is as irrecoverable as one of the lost decades of Livy, I prayed:

"Then may world-honor with home-happiness,
*That* thy aspirings crown, *this* thy fireside bless,
And peace and love thy happy hearth adorn!"

The rest of the fourteen lines I quite forget; and these after half a century are printed to show that I then felt towards Denis Florence MacCarthy somewhat as he describes himself as feeling towards Thomas Moore at a corresponding period of his life. This first sample of his genial letters may be given almost in full. His communication to Notes and Queries referred to a paper in The Irish Monthly, which showed that among the poems of Jean Reboul, the baker-poet of Nimes, was one which must have been either the original or a translation of Moore's "This world is all a fleeting show." MacCarthy proved that Moore could not have taken it from the French. We



CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

may illustrate what is said about a different arrangement of the long lines of a poem by applying to a passage of "The Bell Founder," the method of division which Mr. MacCarthy says he himself tried and found wanting, but which suits the page of a magazine better. This extract figures in the Sixth Reading Book of the Irish National Schools under the title of "The Blessedness of Labour":—

Ah! little they know of true happiness,
They whom satiety fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury,
Eat of the rankness that kills.
Ah! little they know of the blessedness
Toil-purchased slumber enjoys,
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence,
Taste of the sleep that destroys;
Nothing to hope for, or labor for;
Nothing to sigh for, or gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness,
Lightning-like, bosom and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony,
Rippling it o'er with its breath:
Nothing but dulness and lethargy,
Weariness, sorrow and death!

But blessed that child of humanity,
  Happiest man among men,
Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pencil,
  With rudder, or ploughshare, or pen,
Laboreth ever and ever
  With hope through the morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities—
  Love-worshipped children and wife.
Round swings the hammer of industry,
  Quickly the sharp chisel rings,
  And the heart of the toiler has throbbings
  That stir not the bosom of kings;
He the true ruler and conqueror,
  He the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat,
  And looks the strong world in the face.

21 Notting Hill Terrace,
London, S. W., 18th June, 1878.

My dear Father Russell,

I am in your debt for two kind and valuable letters, but feel so deplorably bankrupt in the way of reply that I almost wish I could plead the statute of limitations. In truth "no effects" must be my sad response to your usual rich and liberal drafts. You ask me did I ever see Thomas Moore? Yes, several times during one of his rare visits to Dublin. On one occasion I pursued him for several hours as if I were a detective, and he a fugitive delinquent. I was then very young and

SHANDON CHURCH, CORK.

nimble, so that it cost me little effort to run down one street and up another, repeating this stratagem over and over again, so as to have repeated peeps at the great little poet. One day he even spoke to me in Hodges and Smith's shop, then in College Green. I went in to enquire for some book and found Moore speaking to George Smith about a then recently printed edition of his "Captain Rock." On his passing out of the shop, I raised my hat, a salute which he cordially returned with his cheery "How do y' do?" He then asked me the way to Henry Street; and so ended my first and last conversation with the Bard of Erin.

I regret that I never saw Gerald Griffin or John Banim; but Michael Banim I met frequently—first in Kilkenny when he acted as cicerone to C. G. Duffy, J. O'Hagan and myself to Jerpoint Abbey, and in his latter years both at Dalkey and Booterstown. I remember with pleasure a visit that he and his daughter paid to us at Summerfield.

Father Hughes' favorable opinion of my paraphrase of the Irish poem, "The Lay of the Sacred Heart," I can only attribute to his own liberal kindness and the intrinsic worth of the original, which I am happy to find I have not wholly obscured. I have not the slightest objection to the lines being printed as he suggests. Indeed I am rather curious to see the poem in that shape, although I remember having made the same experiment in breaking up and dividing the long lines of "The Bell-Founder"; but, seeing the result in type, I cancelled the sheets and restored the old arrangement. I also agree with Father Hughes as to his construction of the last couplet. The word, I think, should be "that" instead of "and," though I dare say, owing to some confusion my selection of the latter word was not a mere oversight.

Your suggestion that I should transfer my affection from this deplorably disappointing June to July, as I did previously from May to June, is excellent. I would do so if I did not fear that a still more unfortunate mistake of criticism might occur to the new effusion. When my address "To June" appeared in The Dublin University Magazine, a newspaper in noticing the general contents of the number, said, "we should not omit to notice some charmingly coquettish lines 'To Jane'." I fear if I wrote a new address "To July," the same journal would not fail to notice my charmingly coquettish lines "To Judy." My note or reply on Moore was written chiefly for the sake of The Irish Monthly. I thought the Editor detected my motive as he held the paper over for several weeks. I am glad you think I have done no harm. I wrote another note yesterday in reference to Moore, partly to annoy the conceited cliques of critics, who affect to despise and attempt to depreciate that brilliant lyrist. A wiseacre asked last week where the well known lines on the Whigs—"As bees on flowers alighting," etc.—occurred and who was the author? On this subject I have written a somewhat lengthy note which in dearth of copy may fill a corner four or five weeks hence in Notes and Queries. I have another Moorish note brewing, but whether it will boil over or not I cannot say. A ghost story about Shelley is also in manipulation. I am glad to hear of the hearty welcome "Emmanuel" has received. I read the articles in The Nation and Irishman with great pleas-

ure. I have not yet seen the Golden Book of the O'Connell Centenary.

Ever, my dear Father Russell,

Sincerely yours,

D. F. MacCarthy.

I have given this letter long before its time in order to emphasize my intention of not attempting here anything like a systematic study of the life and works of the first poet I have known. Those who are not already familiar with MacCarthy's poems cannot do better than try to procure the volume edited by his eldest son, John MacCarthy, immediately after his father's death, to which volume he prefixed a brief but admirable memoir. Of the details there set down very few need now be reproduced though we may begin with the date and place of the poet's birth.

Denis Florence MacCarthy was born in Dublin, May 26th, 1817, at No. 24, Lower Sackville Street, which is now called by many O'Connell Street in spite of the judicial decision of Vice Chancellor Chatterton. This house was pulled down many years ago, and the Imperial Hotel stands upon its site, nearly opposite the General Post Office. MacCarthy alludes to the date of his birth in writing to me on the 28th of May, 1878, which he expressly calls in dating his letter "Moore's Birthday." In the little book that he refers to I had placed side by side poems by MacCarthy himself and his daughter, Sister Mary Stanislaus, revealing their kinship in a note by an allusion to the parallel case of "Barry Cornwall' and Adelaide Proctor.

"Some kind, inscrutable, but altogether satisfactory instinct must have prompted you to send me your exquisite little Eucharistic Book on the very eve of my birthday. It came by the same post and was deposited at the same moment in my letter-box with a charmingly illustrated and poeticised letter of congratulation from my "Adelaide," as you so kindly call her, and for the use of which name I have taken out a special '*Proctor's* license.' I was born on the 26th of May and have thus the satisfaction of having chronologically beaten Tom Moore by two days. Another combination of dates has often interested me, though, I dare say, on equally futile grounds. Considering my craze about Calderon, I may be excused for noticing, as one of his most enthusiastic translators and admirers, that my favorite poet died on the day of the same month (25th May) preceding that on which I was born."

The pious atmosphere of the MacCarthy household and the blamelessness of the boy's character and conduct may be partly conjectured from the fact that he at first seemed to be marked out for the priesthood. He even entered the great ecclesiastical college of Maynooth, as the poet Callanan had done a little earlier; but, like the author of "Gougane Barra," he soon found that such was not his vocation and ad vota saecularia transiit. It might have seemed desirable that "Father Prout" had made a similar discovery when he departed finally from Clongowes, still a layman. I am reminded of him by noticing that the first of the "Prout Papers" appeared in Frazer's Magazine in 1834, the same year in which young MacCarthy's first poem was printed in The Dublin Satirist; but Francis Sylvester Mahony was then thirty years old, while Denis Florence Mac-

Carthy was only in his seventeenth year and looked up to Father Prout with the feelings that he expressed in the metre of "The Bells of Shandon," and to which he refers in writing to me on the 11th of March, 1874. "I was much gratified at seeing in the Boston Pilot the lines which I dashed off in half an hour on hearing of Father Prout's death." There was something touching in the simplicity of the gentle poet. He once mentioned to me with pleasure that he had just received a letter from Australia that bore no other address than this: To Denis Florence MacCarthy, Poet, Ireland. I may hand to the printer the identical Boston copy that so gratified the author of these lines "To the Memory of Father Prout":

In deep dejection, but with affection,
I often think of those pleasant times,
In the days of Fraser, ere I touched a razor,
How I read and revell'd in thy racy rhymes;
When in wine and wassail we to thee were vassal,
Of Watergrass-hill, O renowned P. P.—
May the bells of Shandon
Toll blithe and bland on
The pleasant waters of thy memory!

Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,
In this social city have I heard since then—
(With the glass before me, how the dream comes o'er me
Of those Attic suppers and those vanished men)!
But no song hath woken, whether sung or spoken,
Or hath left a token of such joy in me,
As "The Bells of Shandon"
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

The songs melodious, which—a new Harmodius—
"Young Ireland" wreathed round its rebel sword,
With their deep vibrations and aspirations,
Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive board.
But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre
Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee—
Of the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a grave that rises on thy sward, Devizes,
Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar;
And a white stone flashes o'er Goldsmith's ashes
In the quiet cloister by Temple Bar.
So, where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest,
Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee,
While the bells of Shandon
Shall sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

The "Attic suppers" referred to in the second of these pleasantly improvised stanzas were the social meetings chiefly of the contributors of The Nation in the heyday of Young Irelandism. The last stanza was written when Father Prout had just died in Paris and seemed likely to be buried there; but his remains were brought home to Cork, and the Bells of Shandon tolled the knell of their poet.

The earliest of MacCarthy's letters which has fallen into my hands dates from this period; it is addressed to John O'Hagan, then keeping one of his Law Terms in London. The pen-name that Thomas Davis chose for the young author of "Ourselves Alone" and "Dear Land!"—Slieve Gullion—is here given in the orthodox Irish spelling, Sliab Cuilin. Of the summer ramble through the South of Ireland to which MacCarthy alludes—made by him in company with John O'Hagan and Gavan Duffy—each of the two younger men kept a diary, as they did also of another ramble, in the following summer, through Donegal. O'Hagan's notes are in my keeping at

present; I wonder have MacCarthy's survived? The "Robespierre Reilly" of MacCarthy's letter is of course Thomas Devin Reilly, one of the most brilliant writers of Young Ireland, who after the collapse of that movement did some vigorous journalism in the United States (Democratic Review, etc.) five years before dying in 1854, only thirty years old.

38 Upper Baggot Street,
February 4th, 1846.

My dear Sliab,

Many thanks for your kindness, punctuality, and all other Christian virtues in attending to my troublesome commission. You are progressing amazingly. Who could imagine that the oblivious treasurer of "the dauntless Three," whose unconscious liberality electrified Kerry waiters and crazed Cork chambermaids, could become such a master of figures? Why, Michael Cassio was nothing to thee, thou Arithmetician of the first magnitude! Ah! Sliab Cuilin, Sliab Cuilin! I tremble for thy poesy and thy entusymusy—I fear that, like Isabella's brothers, to you at present

"red lined accounts
Are richer than the songs of Grecian years!"

So you have heard of our Sunday prayers and peripatetics—here is a change with a vengeance! Getting pious and constitutional at the one moment! But thou only lookest at the surface, O Sliab—thou forgettest that, according to his Grace, Duke Madden, all great men must practise a little "inevitable exotericism"—and that, while in the Haddington Road Chapel we are exoterically saying our prayers, we are esoterically appealing to the masses! When wilt thou come back to us, thou absentee; and pitching Sugden, Vesey, and Bingham to Old Nick for one day in the week at least, join our devotions and our debating, our (word torn off), our poetry and our porter? For dost thou not know that we conclude the day with a symposium, with XX for our nectar and biscuits for ambrosia? And art thou still ignorant of the (word torn off) figure of Thomas Robespiere Reilly? Hast thou not heard that he wears a moustache, a wooden leg, and one eye? That he scorns civilization and culottes—goes about in a red cap in honor of Libertè, is six feet high, and swears by the La Lanterne and Charlotte Corday? If thou hast any doubt that this description is incorrect, tell me so, and I shall be prepared either to explain or retract. I hope to hear from you soon again.

Ever yours,
D. F. MacCarthy.

A lucky chance has just placed in our hands the letter to which the foregoing is an answer:

January 31st, 1846,
12 South Crescent, Store St.,
London.

My dear Desmond,

Pardon my tardiness. I delayed till I got your tin from the confounded Saxon Stamp Officers at Somerset House. You will find it lying for you at the Bank of Ireland. Go thither and get yourself identified as the McCaura and no other and demand the sum of £24:7:0, which I, John O'Hagan, deposited at Coutts and Co.'s for transmission thither to you:

| | |
|---|---|
| | £24:7:0 |
| Coutts' premium, | " " 6 |
| Grays Inn Certificate, | " 5:0 |
| Discount deducted at Somerset House, | " 7:6 |
| | £25:0:0 |

There now! Not for nothing was I treasurer during our memorable Munster Tour. As to leaving pound notes behind me and small peccadilloes of that nature, who cares about them?

You heard of me, you say, notwithstanding I had allowed the statute to run so long. I also am not without occasional information in your regard. For example, I have heard of Young Ireland having monopolized a seat in the Haddington Road Chapel and regularly proceeding to the country after Mass to concoct Lord knows what treason. And you have seduced that sober federalist of a brother of mine into your plots. I shall write to my friend, Father Abraham, your new Solicitor-General, to have an eye kept upon you.

What about this new tower of strength that is added to your cause—Reilly—he of the Three Days? I thought his writings wonderfully clever. Does not he join your Sunday coterie? What manner of man is he, I beseech you? Is he a joker like you or a serious man like me? Is he tall or small or round or square? Does he, in fine, wear his hair long or short?

I pity you, poor devil, groaning under the weight of business, harassed by the multiplicity of cases and the turmoil of the Four Courts. For me my life glides along in a state of beautiful serene monotony. Do you remember when we were on our travels how we used to think a week like half a year? It is the other end of the telescope now with a vengeance. The months seem like a few days, there being nothing to distinguish one 24 hours from another.

That my life, like the life of a Spaniard might be,
Du logis à mes chambres, de mes chambres au logis!

Some little things of course fret one occasionally; for instance, I would be perfectly happy now if I could satisfy myself whether a purchaser, having signed a most absurd condition of sale, is bound to accept a rather rotten title. I have threshed Sugden and plunged into Vesey and Bingham all day to no purpose, so the purchaser may finally go be d——d. The only other thing that is a desideratum to me at present is my small daily allowance of beefsteak, which I feel a decided craving for.

So wishing you all jollity and some business,

I remain,
Ever yours faithfully,
J. O'Hagan.

The friendship between these gifted men was kept up with the same close intimacy till MacCarthy died in 1882, eight years before the Judge. Among the letters preserved by O'Hagan, I find one of as late a date as November 26, 1878, which ends with a pathetic echo of the remote past: "I am, my dear Sliabh, yours—Desmond," his signature in the Poet's Corner of The Nation.

Of that brilliant little band Denis Florence MacCarthy was by far the most purely literary. He was a poet, not a politician at all, and certainly

not a lawyer, though he "ate his dinners" and was duly called to the Bar in 1846. Nor was this intended as a mere external qualification, as in the case of Gavan Duffy and many others. He haunted the Four Courts conscientiously for years. I remember him telling me that John Cornelius O'Callaghan, the quaint and learned author of "The Green Book" and historian of the Irish Brigade, seeing him once in his wig and gown, clapped him approvingly on the back and exclaimed: "That's right, my boy—stick to it like Hell!" Even as late as the year 1860 he paid me a visit at the Crescent, Limerick, while going circuit for some special reason. I am not sure, however, that he then or at any time (except probably at the very beginning) actually held a brief. He was too decidedly a poet and man of letters.

Besides the fact that "the curse of Swift was upon him—he was an Irishman," Denis Florence MacCarthy suffered from more than one injustice or untoward chance in his literary career. His most musical and characteristic lyric, "Waiting for the May"—which excited the enthusiastic admiration of the poet-astronomer, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, as a manuscript preserved in Trinity College Library testifies—is in Lover's "Lyrics of Ireland" and in Bell's "Modern Elocutionist" attributed through shameful and cruel negligence to James Clarence Mangan. I myself wrote once to complain of this to the publishers, Ward and Lock; but the injustice has not been set right in any subsequent edition.

Another offender was a so-called Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. In his volume of "Reminiscences and Opinions" he dwells with considerable complacency on the lectures which he delivered as the very unworthy successor of Matthew Arnold; but he confesses that he attracted extremely scanty audiences. His son Everard accompanied him to his second lecture. "We found ourselves in the midst of a stream of people, all moving steadily onward in the proper path, and we both of us in our simplicity believed that these were zealous admirers, hurrying to hear more of the eloquence that had enchanted them a month or two before—when lo! and behold, about fifty yards from our goal, they one and all swept down a turning to the left, and I discovered on enquiry that young Mrs. Siddons, about to recite Shakespeare, was the attraction, instead of the Professor of Poetry. I took the place at my desk, I must acknowledge, somewhat crestfallen for a moment. On one occasion, indeed, the hall where I spoke was crammed thoroughly full; there was not even standing room; but then I accepted the compliment as it was meant, a compliment not to me, but to one far greater—the subject I had chosen being 'The Dream of Gerontius'."

The reason why we quote this garrulous old gentleman at such length is to emphasize our denunciation of his treatment of Denis Florence MacCarthy. On that very occasion, the only one when many gathered to hear him, Sir Francis Doyle had a volume in his hand from which he read copious extracts in prose and verse. This was Mr. MacCarthy's translation of Calderon, "Mysteries of Corpus Christi," to which was prefixed an introduction from the German of Lorinser. The

Oxford Professor knew nothing of the subject except through that book. He used Calderon as translated by MacCarthy from the Spanish; he used Lorinser as translated by MacCarthy from the German. He worked up his papers for publication, he corrected the proofsheets no doubt many times; and there the book is, without the slightest acknowledgment to Denis Florence MacCarthy whose brains he picked but whose name he forgot to mention, nay whose existence he ignores, for he does not imply that he is using another man's work at all! I called attention to this shameful omission, in reviewing the second series of Sir Francis Doyle's Lectures, in The Irish Monthly, June 1877; and it is satisfactory to know that the strictures were brought under the notice of the Baronet, who acknowledged his guiltiness and had no excuse to offer.

Nay, MacCarthy was treated unjustly even by his friend, that most readable and most pleasing, if not most profound and poetical of poets, Longfellow. Longfellow came into this world ten years before MacCarthy (1807 and 1817), but he left it only a fortnight before him, in 1882. They had frequent intercourse by letter, and they met in Rome in 1868, as the Irish poet recalls in dedicating one of his translated Plays of Calderon to his American brother, whose own dramas were even greater failures than Tennyson's.

Pensive within the Colosseum's walls,
I stood with thee, O Poet of the West!—
The day when each had been a welcome guest
In San Clemente's venerable halls:—

With what delight my memory now recalls
That hour of hours, that flower of all the rest.

When, with thy white beard falling on thy breast,
That noble head, that well might serve as Paul's.

In some divinest vision of the saint
By Raphael dreamed, I heard thee mourn the dead,
The martyred host who fearless there, though faint,
Walked the rough road that up to heaven's gate led:
These were the pictures Calderon loved to paint
In golden hues that here perchance have fled.

The last item in the long list of Longfellow's writings is "Poems of Places." Probably the collecting of the examples was done for the venerable poet by others; but, when he came to Ireland, he ought surely to have drawn upon Denis Florence MacCarthy, whose poems are full of glowing pictures of Irish scenes, north and south, and east and west. I remember well the delight with which I read his lines, "To the Bay of Dublin," on a left-hand page in a certain number of The Dublin University Magazine nearly half a century ago. I hope some youthful reader will draw the same pleasure from them now; but before quoting them I will give the poet's gentle complaint on the subject. Writing to me on the 22nd of May, 1877, he refers to a very beautiful poem in The Irish Monthly, by Mrs. La Touche, on Glengariff—"one of the sweetest spots, I think, on the face of the earth." He then continues: "Longfellow in his 'Poems of Places—Ireland' gives four poems on Glengariff, viz.:—two sonnets of Sir Aubrey de Vere (our friend's father), the beginning of Gerald Griffin's "Come to Glengariff, come!' and three stanzas by Robert Dwyer Joyce. What bad taste not to have quoted 'Alice and

Una!' This is nearly as bad as that stubborn old donkey, Sir Francis Doyle. In Longfellow's compilation, 'Dublin' is represented by 'The Music of Saint Patrick's Cathedral' by Mrs. Hemans!—'Limerick' is represented by 'The Lapful of Nuts' of S. Ferguson, and two ballads by Robert Dwyer Joyce, deservedly a great favorite with the grand old American poet. He seems to have taken his specimens chiefly from books printed or reprinted in America, viz., Mitchel's Mangan, D'Arcy McGee's Poems, Aubrey de Vere's Odes, R. D. Joyce's Poems, William Allingham's 'Day and Night Songs,' etc.; but Moore, Callanan, Furlong, Ferguson, Rev. Dr. Murray, Denny Lane, Davis, and others are fairly represented. I get in by benefit of clergy, being introduced by Don Pedro Calderon from the 'Purgatory of Saint Patrick,' his name being given instead of mine in the contents—the only foreign name so given, though most of the pieces are translations from various Irish authors known or unknown."

I have just turned to "Alice and Una," with its musical multitudinous rhymes, expecting to find more definite descriptions of Glengariff than stanzas like the following, which we break up into short lines:

Still some scenes are yet enchanted
By the charms that Nature granted,
Still are peopled, still are haunted,
  By a graceful spirit band.
Peace and beauty have their dwelling
Where the infant streams are welling,
Where the mournful waves are knelling
  On Glengariff's coral strand;
Or where, on Killarney's mountains,
  Grace and Terror smiling stand,
  Like sisters, hand in hand!

But MacCarthy's pages might have been rifled to better purpose on behalf of other Irish places. For instance, the Bay of Dublin, to which we have just referred, inspired one of his juvenile poems and this lyric of his maturity.

My native Bay, for many a year
I've lov'd thee with a trembling fear,
Lest thou, though dear and very dear,
  And beauteous as a vision,
Shouldst have some rival far away,
Some matchless wonder of a bay,
Whose sparkling waters ever play
  'Neath azure skies elysian.

'Tis Love, methought, blind Love that pours
The rippling magic round these shores,
For whatsoever Love adores
  Becomes what Love desireth:
'Tis ignorance of aught beside
That throws enchantment o'er the tide,
And makes my heart respond with pride
  To what mine eye admireth.

And thus, unto our mutual loss,
Whene'er I paced the sloping moss
Of green Killiney, or across
  The intervening waters,
Up Howth's brown sides my feet would wend,
To see thy sinuous bosom bend,
Or view thine outstretch'd arms extend
  To clasp thine islet daughters;

Then would this spectre of my fear
Beside me stand—when calm and clear
Slept, underneath, the green waves near
  The tide-worn rocks' recesses;
Or when they woke, and leapt from land,
Like startled sea-nymphs, hand in hand
Seeking the southern silver strand
  With floating emerald tresses:

It lay o'er all, a moral mist,
Even on the hills, when evening kissed
The granite peaks to amethyst,
  I felt its fatal shadow;
It darkened o'er the brightest rills,
It loured upon the sunniest hills,
And hid the wingèd song that fills
  The moorland and the meadow.

But now that I have been to view
All even Nature's self can do,
And from Gaeta's arch of blue
  Borne many a fond memento;
And from each fair and famous scene,
Where Beauty is, and Power hath been,
Along the golden shores between
  Misenum and Sorrento:

I can look proudly in thy face,
Fair daughter of a hardier race,
And feel thy winning, well-known grace,
Without my old misgiving;
And as I kneel upon thy strand,
And kiss thy once unvalued hand,
Proclaim earth holds no lovelier land,
Where life is worth the living.

The sub-title of this paper binds us to deal with our Poet's "Letters and Lyrics." The latter have been treated unfairly: our poetical quotations have been quite too scanty. Space has on principle been allotted to letters that no one has ever seen except the sender and receiver, in preference to poems which must be familiar to some at least of our readers. Those who do not know "Waiting for the May" and "The Bridal of the Year" and "The Spirit of the Snow," etc., are earnestly exhorted to procure the full and judicious selection published by M. H. Gill and Son of Dublin and edited by the poet's eldest son, John MacCarthy, who (as we have already said) has prefixed an admirable Introduction both biographical and bibliographical.

There are still many letters from which I should like to quote—letters full of kindly allusions to names that Ireland ought to hold in affectionate remembrance. He writes on the 10th October, 1878:

"I was rejoiced to hear both from yourself and his sister, as well as from the announcement in last Saturday's 'Athenæum' and 'Academy,' that Gilbert's second part of the exquisite Irish Facsimiles was about being issued. It will give me the greatest pleasure if I shall be able adequately to express not only my admiration for this work in particular, but my high appreciation of his long, unwearied, and indeed invaluable devotion to Irish Historical Literature. I was dining on Sunday last with Lord O'Hagan at Combe Hurst, and he took the opportunity of speaking to me in the highest terms of Gilbert. He stated that it was his intention to have brought his case before the House of Lords if my Lords of the Treasury had not considered second thoughts best, and wisely, though insufficiently, corrected their first mistake."

This letter ends with a reference to the lady who was afterwards to become Sir John Gilbert's wife. "I am glad to perceive that Miss Mulholland is adding a new charm to the 'bonnie green woods of Killeevy'—if it be the same place." But the "Wild Birds of Killeevy" do not belong to the same locality as the scene of Carleton's fine ballad. Three years later, in acknowledging a little book of Irish and Catholic verses called Erin, he wrote: "I am much pleased with your dedication to Miss Mulholland, and am glad you took this opportunity of expressing publicly your admiration of her fine and varied genius."

MacCarthy, like his friend Gilbert, was a most agreeable conversationalist, although both of them excelled in that form of wit which Dr. Johnson denounced so vehemently, perhaps because he did not excel in it—they were indefatigable punsters. The Poet was always welcome at the Historian's beautiful home, Villa Nova, near Booterstown; Dr. Gilbert (as he then was) would have travestied Davis' song for him as he himself did for me, ending his letter of July 27th, 1866: "Again trusting that you may have time to come to us before you leave town—

Come in the evening or come in the
morning,

Come by appointment or come without warning—

come in anyway and at any time and oblige us all." One Friday evening he "came without warning" over from England; his host gave him a hearty welcome, but apologised for the scanty supply of fish. "Oh, I don't care, as long as you have a *place* for me."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has condescended to chronicle a pun which introduces the name of a worthy and accomplished Irishman who ought not to be forgotten—J. J. MacCarthy, the designer of a great many beautiful churches in Ireland, the last being the noble Collegiate Church of Maynooth. The architect was known to his many friends as "Jim." One day a mutual friend was talking about him with his poet-namesake. "By-the-by, are you and he relatives?" "Oh! yes, Jem and I (Gemini) are twins." On the 23rd November, 1878, writing from London to Judge O'Hagan, MacCarthy uses this affectionate abbreviation without any surname and makes a promise which seems not to have been fulfilled. "It will be a great enjoyment for me to translate some of these Spanish ballads about the Battle of Roncesvalles for your most interesting and much wanted work, though I fear the baldness of my verses will contrast very unfavorably with the spirited and sonorous versification which delighted me so much that pleasant evening which I spent with you and Jim." Here is in full the last letter which the author of "Waiting for the May" and the translator of Calderon addressed to the author of "Dear Land" and the translator of the "Chanson de Roland." This was the last of "Jim."

4 Herbert Terrace,
Blackrock,
7th February, 1882.

My dear O'Hagan,

I received Brendan's note at Cathcart's today and gladly accept a seat in your carriage at the funeral of poor J. J. tomorrow morning. I hope to get to town by half-past eight or nine.

Ever yours,
D. F. MacCarthy.

In exactly two months after the date of this letter Denis Florence MacCarthy died on Good Friday, April 7th, 1882, in the house to which he had come six months before for the express purpose of being near his beloved daughter of kindred genius, Sister Mary Stanislaus, O. S. D. Her beautiful convent-home, Sion Hill—from which her sacred poems, collected after her death in 1897, take their name of "Songs of Sion"—nestles amongst its trees on the other side of the road, looking down on the exquisite Bay which her father had loved so dearly and sung so well. Of his nine children six had gone before him, with their sweet and holy mother—

"First loved, last loved, best loved of all I've loved!
Ethna, my boyhood's dream, my manhood's light."

Sister Manuscript (as MacCarthy in one of his letters misreads the initials of his daughter's religious name, S. M. S.) imagines the happy meeting of the family circle above in a pathetic parody of the most popular of his lyrics.

All his patient life he waited,
Waited for the May:—
When the airy heights he builded,
When the golden beams that gilded,
Fading from his path belated,
Left it cold and gray—
Still with trustful heart he waited,
Waited for the May.

Now at last his eyes elated
Gaze on heaven's own May,
All his long-sought hopes have found him
With his darling treasures round him;
All his weary longings sated,
There he dwells for aye.
Ah! he sees 'twas well he waited—
Waited for the May!

We must leave many things unsaid; but, as Denis Florence MacCarthy devoted many years to the task of translating Calderon—his fifteen complete plays being, it is said, the largest amount of translated verse by any one author that has ever appeared in English—it is well to give the opinions of the most competent authorities on the transcendent merits of this portion of his work. Longfellow wrote to him in 1857: "You are doing this work admirably and seem to gain new strength and sweetness as you go on." And in 1862: "Your new work in the vast and flowery fields of Calderon is, I think, admirable and presents the old Spanish dramatist before the English reader in a very attractive light." Another American, Mr. Ticknor, author of a standard "History of Spanish Literature," after describing what is necessary in a translation of Calderon in order to give a faithful idea of all that is grandest and most distinctive in his genius, adds: "Mr. MacCarthy has done this to a degree which I had previously supposed impossible."

The personal character of Denis Florence MacCarthy was of the highest and noblest. He was a man of virtue and honor. His life-long friend, Judge O'Hagan, has written: "It is no exaggeration to say that no more genial or delightful companion has existed in our time. He was the very soul of brightness and gaiety, and his wit was as unfailing as it was natural and unforced. It was absolutely free from the slightest taint of ill-nature. His early friends and the friends he made through life remained his friends to their last hour, or his; and he never had an enemy that we heard of." Cardinal MacCabe, who had been his comrade at school and college, wrote after his death: "To his high literary character he added the still higher title of Christian gentleman. I believe I am quite safe in saying, that, during his chequered career, no word escaped his pen that could wound the most sensitive modesty. No act of his public or domestic life weakened his hold on the affectionate esteem of those who knew him from earliest manhood. The memory of such a man should be cherished."

Mr. John MacCarthy, in his very interesting Introduction to the popular edition of his father's Poems, restrains himself to a single sentence regarding his private character, but it is a remarkable one. "His nature was most sensitive; but, though it was his lot to suffer many sorrows, I never heard a complaint or an unkind word from his lips."

To these testimonies no word of mine need be added, but I will only crave from my readers a prayer for the soul, and a kindly feeling for the memory, of the gentlest and best of the poets I have known—Denis Florence MacCarthy.

# THE COUNT DE MUN.

BY REV. WILLIAM DOLLARD.

The Count de Mun is the latest addition to the ranks of those who are specially called by God to the defence of His Church. It can never be insisted upon too strenuously, indeed it is the burden of all prayer and preaching, that the Catholic laity has its own distinct divine mission. Noblesse oblige. But this is particularly true of the Catholic layman in public life. If he becomes a mere politician, a weak-kneed, backboneless trimmer, a selfish place hunter, a purchasable quantity, there should be

> ". . . Put in every honest hand
> a whip
> To lash the rascal naked through
> the world."

Verily, he is pre-eminently the man of the Gospel: "It were better for that man that he had never been born; better that a milestone were tied round his neck and he was drowned in the depths of the sea." If he is a man of honor and principle his name will be held in veneration through the ages, for the good that he shall do is incalculable. In the Catholic world today the names of Lucas, O'Connell, Brownson, Ozanam, Windthorst, de Mun, are household words.

The Count de Mun is the foremost Catholic layman of the hour. In spite of the tremendously absorbing occurrences in the East and South Africa, the proceedings of the French Government are followed with universal and intense interest. The Waldeck-Rousseau administration has undertaken to suppress the religious orders in France, and confiscate their property to the State, on the ground that all such associations are illegal, that they are economically an evil, and that in coalition with the Monarchists they are seeking the overthrow of the Republic.

"It is beyond doubt," the despatches say, "that the Government possesses evidence of a Clerical plot against the State, of gigantic proportions, in which Cardinal Richard, and practically the entire hierarchy with nine-tenths of the parish priests and the aristocracy are implicated." What a cunning familiar sound this has! I was puzzled for a moment until I recalled the exercises of Holy Week, and the iterated charges brought against Christ. He was a seducer of the people, a disturber of the peace, an enemy of the Roman government, a teacher of evil influence, a danger to the State.

The inspiration in both cases and in all the charges is identical. It is directly diabolic. It comes straight from the devil. Nobody believes those charges; not the framers themselves any more than they believe in the purity of the Scribes and Pharisees, and the conscientious scruples of Henry the Eighth. The Supreme Pontiff, in his letter to the Archbishop of Paris, says:

"The religious orders, as every one knows, have their origin and reason for existence in those sublime evangelical counsels which our Divine

Redeemer gave to those who in every succeeding age would attain to Christian perfection, to those brave and generous souls who by prayer and contemplation, by pious austerities and the observance of certain rules endeavor to climb to the highest summits of the spiritual life, they form a chosen portion of the flock of Jesus Christ. . . . Their vows made freely and spontaneously have ever been regarded and respected by people in every age as sacred things and the sources of the rarest virtue. . . . Living under rules which have nothing in contradiction of any form of civil government, the religious congregations co-operate on a large scale with the mission of the Church which consists essentially in the sanctification of souls and in doing good to men."

De Mun, the great Clerical leader in the French Chamber, in a most eloquent speech, March 22, declared clause 14 of the Associations Bill, which practically aims at preventing education by religious bodies, a violation of liberty of conscience, an endeavor to impose on Catholics the doctrines of the National Convention of 1792-96, Rousseau's theory of State education and Danton's idea that children belong to the State before they belong to their parents.

"Where Napoleon and the Convention failed," he said, "you will not succeed. Suppress these Congregations, they will live in spite of your legislation. Have you not seen them in all the fury of the Reign of Terror rise again from the dead and stand with their feet in the blood that was pouring from the scaffold two steps away? . . . . Why, after all, do you want to suppress them? All your nonsense about mortmain and their millions, their unlawful vows and their alienation of their natural rights, is but a play to the galleries—it is a show to attract and to keep the crowd. Behind all these words and all this hubbub we see plainly your eternal desire to direct men's thoughts, to impose your own teachings and to control human souls. You want the education of youth."

It is hard for us in America to understand how a handful of Jews, Atheists and Freemasons have come to control the destinies of the thirty-five million Catholics of France. When all is said and done, it will be impossible for the French clergy to escape a very heavy share of the odium. But not for the reasons alleged by their enemies. It is beyond question that as a body they have been out of sympathy with the Republic since the days of the first Napoleon. Even the Holy Father has failed to convince or convert them. But, and this is the point of the matter, lack of sympathy is not necessarily hostility. And that the French clergy have been as a body active enemies of the Republic at any time is false. With every show of reason, however, the Government can urge "he that is not with us is against us." And it must be that so far, at least, it commands the votes of the French people.

How can the French clergy pursue so impolitic and unpatriotic a course? The reason is simple and natural enough. From the days of Clovis the Church has been identified with the glory and growth of Monarchical France. Not even that unnamable horror, the Revolution, could drown the life out of a sentiment slowly and

steadily developed during thirteen centuries. Since the Revolution they have had to fight without pause for their very existence, even as they are doing today. In one direction or another the leaders of the people have sought to injure them, and their resistence has been exploited to the world as treason to the Republic. When the Holy Father the other day wrote to the Archbishop of Paris, deploring the blind policy of the Government and hinting his fears that he might find himself obliged to transfer the protection of the Church in the East, to some other Power, it being well known how eager the Emperor of Germany was to accept the office, the cry was raised at once, "the Pope an enemy of the Republic!"

If we would realize the lasting impression made by the Revolution alone on the Catholic mind, we have only to listen to a priest or layman of Quebec Province, three thousand miles away from Paris. So unimaginable was the horror it created that we may safely say the priests and people of Quebec set their faces steadily during the nineteenth century against everything savoring of Liberalism, or in the remotest way suggesting the principles of the Revolution. This is no exaggeration. In the final analysis it may be said that it lost Canada to the United States. Nor is it unreasonable. We have a perfectly analagous sentiment amongst Irish-American Democrats, and Irish-Canadian Liberals to this day, and the politicians wrestle with it fiercely and seldom take a fall out of it. You may talk to Doomsday and prove black is white and this Democrat will not vote a Republican ticket. Neither money nor office will buy him. You may as well argue with the Indian outside a tobacconist's shop, about the benefits of Conservative rule, as with the Irish-Canadian, who sees only that his deadly, declared and persistent enemy, the Orangeman, sits there at the head of the Conservative table. The man of Irish blood and Catholic faith has the tradition and memory of as many bloody and unbloody horrors as would make half a dozen French Revolutions, and the party, the historic heir of, connected ever in name with his persecutors, he will visit with lasting distrust and hate to the day of his death.

This is the only ground on which the clergy of France can ever hope to be acquitted of responsibility for the evils which their attitude towards the Republic has brought upon the Church. Their fault is natural and human enough. But Leo XIII believes while he judges them kindly and urges them solicitously, that they can and ought to rise superior to it.

As has always been the case, they are not now plotting the destruction of the Republic. They are fighting for the existence of the Church in France.

The Count de Mun is the able and eloquent leader of their party and on his efforts depends their present success or failure. With a record of thirty years' steady championship of the French artisan, and now the brilliant defender of Mother Church, this Catholic Republican-Aristocrat symbolises perfectly the great mission of the laity in public life. He teaches us that in the corrupt mazes of present day politics, there is no truer friend, no safer guide for the people than the high principled Catholic layman. And his life and work should be an inspiration

to every man of the Faith whose call is to the turmoil and the striving of political life.

This struggle in the French Chamber will probably be long and bitter. It will inevitably weaken France at home and abroad. And it can have but one ending. The issues involved cannot be exaggerated. Every lover of "la Grande Nation" must deplore it. Her Republican rulers are all the time giving proof that they are not a cut above the despised Bourbons. They can learn nothing and forget nothing.

These are pregnant times. Any one who gives a serious thought to the subject will be convinced that our whole civilization, such as it is, occupies as unequivocal a position as that pointer of morals, the navvy, pipe in mouth sitting on a keg of blasting powder. We who credit our great and holy Pontiff—"Lumen in Coelo"—with more than human foresight can understand the sublimity of his sorrow, when in the light of braggart speeches and unending self-glorification all around him, he pitifully surveys the failures of the nineteenth century and gazes with much misgiving into the coming years of the twentieth.

Who will may sing
The glories of the faded years—
I, rather, backward glancing, mourn
The deeds ill done, the wrongs, the tears
Of the Age outworn.
. . . . . .

Woe for a time of Godless laws!
What Faith, what Loyalty abides?
Torn from the shrines the ancient cause
To ruin glides.

Listen, how Science wildly raves
Around the Altars overthrown.
Brute Nature with the World for slaves
Is God alone.

O blinded Pride on chaos hurled!
O Night proclaimed where Light should be!
Obey thou Him who rules the World,
Man, and be free!

Look at the condition of Europe. An armed camp. Consider the stupendous show called the Hague Conference. See the fate of South Africa and the Philippines, the fields of the free and the God-fearing drenched with the blood of peaceful peoples. Behold the great grab game in China. And not a single hand raised to protest in all Christendom. When the spark falls into the gunpowder we wonder where the pieces of European and American civilization will be picked up. Honestly we hope none of them will fall in Ireland.

Mark Twain does not leave us in any doubt about the true inwardness of this fetish set up in his day for the adoration of man.

"Behold her (the XIXth Century) her hands dabbled with blood from her abominations in Africa and the East, her mouth full of lies and hypocrisies. Give her plenty of soap and towels, but leave her no mirror."

# THE SLOPE ABOVE THE RIVER.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

When the moaning of the weary winter wind is passed away,
And the river sounds his thunder down the dells;
When the hill-sides gleam and glisten in the dews at break of day,
And the blue-bird's song is soft upon the fells;
When the flowers uplift their tender buds and bells,
And with odors new and strange the breeze upswells;
Then how sweet to seek the wildwood and to watch the children play,
As they greet and gather flowerets in the dells;
In the greening ferny dells
Where the light of beauty dwells;
There the birds are singing songs of love and joy from spray to spray;
There the lambkins skip and play
Over mossy bank and brae,
And the flowers are breathing odors from the dells.
And I leave the madding city with its wilderness of street,
Wtih its marvelous marts and rush of ruthless throngs;
And the slope above the river where the morning sunlight beats
Stays my step, and there I listen to the songs,—
Out of field and fell and grove come soothing songs;
And I know that more of love to life belongs
Than is found amid the bustle of the city's stony streets
And the roaring and the rushing of its throngs.
O, the city with its throngs
Full of sorrows, full of wrongs!
And the slope above the river where the morning sunlight beats!
O ye souls whom sorrow greets
In the city's heartless streets,
Come and listen, come and listen to the songs!
On the hills the lambs are feeding, in the pastures graze the kine,
And the children run about upon the green;
While with music birds are wooing in the orchards; and no sign
Comes of grief to mar the beauty of the scene.
O, the wondrous resurrection! How serene
Earth is lifted up in gladness! While between
Heaven's azure and the valley, there's no voice to moan or pine,
And the children shout in joy upon the green.
O, the fresh and fragrant green,
Where the happy hearts are seen,
Where the children gather flowerets, free from care as lambs or kine;
And their songs, in every line,
Voicing love and joy divine
Sound as glad as birds that hymn amid the green.

# THE WIND ANEMONE.

(Anemone Nemorosa.)

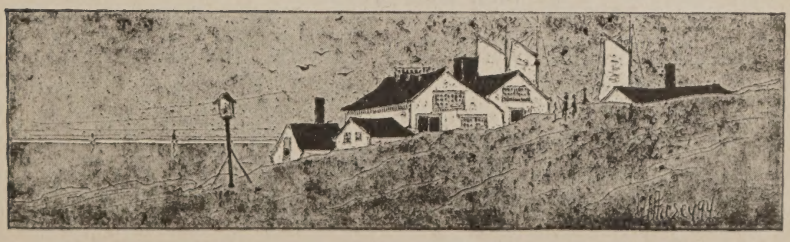
BY MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

Nothing sweeter is to me
Than the wind anemone,
Lifting up her fair, pink face,
In some lonely, wildwood place.

Children, in the April days,
When you search the hillside ways,
Search the valleys through and through
For buttercups and violets blue.

Here and there you'll surely see
Pretty wind anemone,
In her ample, pale-green gown,
And her dear eyes looking down.

Then with me I pray you say:
Sweetest flower I've found today,
Type of grace and purity,
Lovely wind anemone!



## YOU.

BY AMADEUS.

Through winding paths of upland
I wandered far today;
The birds trilled notes of welcome,
The sun smiled o'er my way;
The sweet, elusive perfume
Of Maybloom filled the air,
But something, dear, was wanting,
Because *you* were not there.

What cared I for the glad song
That bade the woods rejoice?
Far more to me the music
That lies in your dear voice!
Small matter that the sunshine
Lent beauty to the place;
My joy is from the love-light
That glorifies your face.

The flow'r that blooms the fairest
Just lives to fade away,
But fragrance of your kindness
Will never know decay.
Thus, ev'ry charm of Nature
Is aid to wake anew
The mem'ry of your virtues
And make me long for *you*.

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## FAMOUS TAPESTRIES IN AMERICA.

BY LIDA ROSE MCCABE.

In the crypt of St. John the Divine, the first Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of America now in process of erection at Morningside Heights, hang three tapestries of rare artistic and historic value. Every Sunday after service, the verger, like the beadles of the churches of the Old World, is followed by crowds of worshippers and sightseers intent on hearing his story of how these tapestries fashioned early in the seven-

teenth century, under the patronage of a Pope, for the palace of a Prince of the Church, are found in the year of Our Lord, 1901, in the crypt of an embryo Protestant Cathedral. It is a story of more than passing interest, covering as it does, a picturesque and vital period in the Church's history, and emphasizing her fostering love of Art as the handmaid of Religion in inculcating Divine Truth. The subjects of the tapestries are "The Visit of the Wise Men," "The Resurrection," and "The Last Supper."

They belong to a series of twelve which depict scenes in the Life of Christ. The remainder of the series are stored to await the completion of the Cathedral, for whose walls they were purchased at a cost of $75,000, and bequeathed to the authorities as a memorial by the late Mrs. Elizabeth U. Coles, whose art bequest, under the caption "Coles Gallery" is familiar to visitors to the Metropolitan Museum. "Scenes from the Life of Christ" are not Goblein tapestries as erroneously stated by the New World beadle, but are among the finest specimens extant of the fabrics woven at the Papal Manufactory, established at Rome, 1633, under the patronage of Urban VIII. They were made for Cardinal Francois Barberini, a nephew of Pope Urban VIII, and for centuries covered the walls of the Throne Room of the Cardinal's palace at Rome.

So important is their artistic merit and historic value that no history of tapestry is complete, that does not include a description of their design and execution. For more than two hundred years the existence of the Papal Manufactory of Tapestries was unknown to the modern world. Documents relating to its origin and productions were buried and forgotten in the mass of manuscript in the famous Barberini Library, until a very recent date, when they were unearthed by Eugene Muntz, Director of the National Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris. In the popular mind all tapestries are associated with the Goblein factories of France. Curious to relate, not a yard of tapestry was ever woven by a member of the Goblein family. Immortality came to them from the fact, that in the middle of the 15th century, the founder of the family established a dye house, which became famous and brought the proprietors fortune. Descendants shrewdly transported skilled tapestry weavers from Flanders, whose work they directed and marketed, until tapestry and Goblein became then as now, synonomous terms throughout the world. The Goblein factories were in their zenith, when there arrived at the Court of Louis XIII, in 1625, the Cardinal Legate, Francois Barberini, and a brilliant suite of savants and literati charged with an important mission. Despite the splendor of the tapestries of the Pontifical Court, the Cardinal, a man of cultured taste, was much impressed by the beauty and the great number of tapestries met on every side—in the churches, the Louvre, the Chateau of the King at Fontainbleau, and public buildings, all of which proclaimed the flourishing condition of the Royal factories.

Before quitting France, he resolved to found a similar industry at Rome, which should open up to the artists of the Pontifical Court, opportunity to translate the cartoons, for which they were famous, into tapestries. To that end, three years were spent in industrial inquiry. The factories of

Blauvais and Flanders were visited; much time was given to testing and experimenting with dyes and wools, and when the best had been gleaned from all tried processes, the Papal manufactory was established in the Eternal City, under the patronage of the reigning Pontiff. It flourished fifty years. The Pontifical Court of Urban was particularly distinguished for the genius of its cartoonists. The celebrated artist, Jean Francois Romanelli was commissioned purveyor of cartoons for the Papal manufactory, while the director of weavers and dyes was the equally well known Jacques-de-la-Rivière.

Romanelli was a native of Viterbo, Italy. So remarkable was his aptitude for drawing, that his parents sent him, at the age of ten years, to his uncle at Rome, where he had not only a home, but opportunities for instruction, which were beyond their humble means. The death of his uncle forced him, four years later, to return to Viterbo, where he entered the schools of the Jesuit Fathers. So rapid was his progress in art studies, that the Fathers commissioned him to paint, as early as his fourteenth year, an altar piece for their church, the Congregatione-degli-Scolari. The subject was the visit of the Virgin Mary to St. Elizabeth. To this day, the picture is regarded a chef d' œuvre. The genius evinced so delighted the Fathers, that they encouraged the boy to return to Rome and study with the great masters. His struggle with poverty soon ceased. One day while Romanelli was painting in the halls of the Vatican, Cardinal Magolotti of the household of Pope Urban VIII, peeped over his shoulder and critically examined his work. So great was his pleasure in the talent displayed, that his interest in the lad quickened. Subsequently he presented him to the all-powerful Cardinal Barberini, who, captivated by the boy, took him into his household, treated him as a gentleman of his suite, and encouraged him to apply himself diligently to his art, assuring him that if successful in his studies a brilliant career awaited him. Romanelli became the pupil of the famous Cortona, whose decoration of the ceiling of the Throne Room of the Barberini palace remains one of the masterpieces of art, and an object of pilgrimage to art students at Rome. When Romanelli reached manhood, Cardinal Barberini commissioned him to paint two immense pictures, designed as presents to the King of England. Before they were finished, however, the revolution of the Protestants of England against the Catholic sovereign broke out. The pictures never crossed the Channel, and they are today in the Barberini palace, together with a "Pieta" Romanelli painted for the Pope.

His fame spread throughout Europe; his work was known in every court, so munificently did his patron employ him in designing gifts for the reigning sovereigns. Pope Urban commissioned him to paint the frescoes in the Salon Clementina in the Vatican, and there he opened a school of painting, to which pupils came from all parts of Italy. The school was only abandoned when Romanelli was summoned to Paris by the King of France, where he remained several years in the royal service. Ripe in the best traditions of the schools of Paris, he returned to Rome and began his career as Director of the Papal Tapestry manufactory.

Scarcely less gifted than Romanelli was Rivière, the Superintendent of dyes and weavers. Of French birth was this master weaver, whose fame was earned in Italy. The first work executed at the Papal manufactory by Rivière, of which there is authentic account, was a "Nativity" destined for the high altar in the chapel of the Apostolic Palace. More important were the six tapestries, woven in gold, silver and silk, one for the top, four for the sides, and an altar screen, all for the ornamentation of the Sistine Chapel. The subjects were the "Nativity of Christ," "His Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem," "His Glorious Resurrection," etc. No trace of these Sistine tapestries can now be found. In the Sciarra Palace at Rome there are two tapestries by Rivière representing events in the life of Pope Urban VIII. They are framed like pictures and form part of a rich collection of paintings, so highly are they prized as works of art. No less

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BARBERINI PALACE.

than one hundred and twenty-five tapestries comprise the collection of the Barberini family, the greater part of which are signed by Rivière and bear the princely crown and family coat of arms.

The master weavers of that day did not servilely copy the cartoons of the painters. While adhering to design and subject, they wove according to their individual interpretation of the subject, changing the colors and altering background and accessories, where their skill and experience in textile decoration and knowledge and in textile art suggested. The cartoon was the creation of one artist, the tapestry the combined labor of artist and master weaver. The difference between tapestry and embroidery is radical. The pictures produced in tapestry are an integral part of the texture, while in embroidery the design is laid on a tissue already existing. Tapestry, as is well known, is always the work of the hand. Mechanical reproduction of the same design is impossible in its fabrication. Each piece turned from the loom is distinctly original. Tapestries are as old as the Book of Proverbs, where we read: "I have woven my bed with cords; I have covered it with painted tapestry brought from Egypt." In the convents of the Middle Ages, especially in Belgium, and Germany, many nuns became celebrated as tapestry designers and weavers. Their subjects were always Biblical.

The Papal manufactory flourishing during the beginning of art decadence, mythological themes vied with the Old Testament in the subjects of its cartoonists. Of all the tapestries of the Papal manufactory, which bear the signature of Romanelli and Rivière, none perhaps surpass "Scenes from the Life of Christ," which vicissitude of fortune has brought to our shores. Romanelli is said to have painted the cartoons in one year, while it took Rivière and his assistants sixteen years to translate them into tapestry. Each piece varies in size from fifteen feet in height to twelve by seventeen feet in width. In the four corners of each tapestry are the armorial bearings of Urban VIII. This emblazonry is a field of azure with three golden bees encircled by a wreath. In the centre of the top borders shines a sun, which the Barberini adopted as a crest to their escutcheon. It symbolizes the luster shed upon the family name by the elevation of Urban to the Papacy. In the centre of the top border of several of the tapestries there is an old Roman plough to which are harnessed two bees, while a third bee acts as ploughman. The harnessed bees are emblematic of the increasing activity of the great papal statesman in the advancement of the affairs of Church and State. In the centre of the sides and bottom borders of most of the pieces there is in the right a figure of Faith, holding a cross; on the left, Hope clasps her hand; below is Charity suckling a

child. Woven in each tapestry is the signature of the cartoonist, Romanelli, and the superintendent of the weavers, de la Rivière. Frequently the signatures are accompanied by the date

rated with two winged cherubs, one crowned by a circlet of flowers, the other supporting a medallion wreath. In "The Flight into Egypt," the wreath encircles the words Aegyptus

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

of manufacture. Variation in design adds interest to the borders. In "The Flight into Egypt" and the "Map of the Holy Land" (dated 1652), the middle of the top borders is deco-

Sanctificata (Blessed Egypt). In "The Map of the Holy Land," it frames Terra Sancta (Holy Ground). Palm trees, alligators and the Pyramids of Egypt sustain the interest of

this lower border, while in panels on the sides are reproduced the picturesque wayside chapels to be met today along the roadways of Southern Italy. Each picture of the tapestry is framed, as it were, by richly decorated interior and exterior borders. The interior encloses the scene, and the exterior the border proper.

So indelibly are the scenes in the Life of Christ impressed upon the eye and in the heart of every Christian, that it is needless to reproduce here the subject matter of these wonderful Barberini tapestries. Aside from skilled draughtsmanship and exquisite harmony of coloring, they reflect vividly, despite the ages, the reverential faith, fervor and devotion of that Christian art, which under the fostering love of the Church continues to preserve the Word. Only pure, simple, fervent faith could have guided the brush of Romanelli and the broche of Rivière in depicting these events in the life of our Saviour. How could the humility and submission of Mary in the presence of the angel; the earnest and profound homage of the Shepherds and the Magi, and the reverential awe and holy joy of Mary in the Adoration; the unflinching faith and trust in the repose before the flight into Egypt; the religious fervor of John and the abnegation of the Saviour in the Baptism; the bewildering astonishment of the Disciples and the glory of Christ in the Transfiguration; the intense solemnity and anxiety of the Disciples, and the loving sadness of our Saviour in the Last Supper; the temptation and suffering of Christ and the beauty of the ministering Angels in the Passion; the agony and resignation of our Saviour and the pitiful sorrow and devotion of the Marys in the Crucifixion; the glorious effulgence and heavenly triumph of the Resurrection—appeal to us so powerfully through the warp and woof of these time-worn tapestries, had not cartoonist and weaver painted and woven into them the inmost feelings of their souls?

Before the completion of "Scenes from the Life of Christ," Rivière passed away. Then came the death of Pope Urban VIII, the elevation of Innocent X, and the flight of the Barberini family into France. But the Cardinal remained true to his protege, and to Cardinal Mazarin so warmly did he bespeak the merit of Romanelli, that the latter was summoned to the Court of Louis XIV, where he remained reaping new laurels until the difficulties between the Barberini and Innocent X being settled, he returned with his patron to Rome. With the passing of Urban and Rivière, the Papal manufactory began to decline, and its very existence, as has been said, was buried in the manuscripts of the Barberini library until less than a quarter of a century ago.

Since 1660 until 1854, "Scenes from the life of Christ," hung in the Throne Room of the Barberini Palace, for which they were originally designed. Built of white marble from the ruins of the Coliseum, the Barberini is probably the most enormous in size and beautiful in decoration of all the private palaces of the Eternal City. The smallest apartment has forty rooms. The family inhabit the right wing, for so carefully did Pope Urban frame his will to the perpetuation of his family name, that the palace remains to this day the home of his kindred. In the left wing is the huge apartment of the late Cardinal Bar-

berini, in which died not long ago, Cardinal Pecci, the brother of Pope Leo XIII. One room of the palace is filled with curious relics of the family grandeur. More than any other Roman palace, it retains the splendor of the old days. Then when a Prince of the Barberini died, not only the palace, but the streets leading to the neighboring church were hung with splendid tapestries. Since 1854, when "Scenes from the Life of Christ" were exhibited in St. Marié in Trastevère, the church of which Cardinal Barberini was titular head, they have been stored in the palace, until some ten years ago, in great cedar chests. The present generation, the daughters of the Princess Barberini, never saw the tapestries until the visit of an enterprising American antiquarian, Mr. O. L. Sypher, to whom St. John the Divine is indebted for their importation to this country. The family was

THE CRUCIFIXION.

forced to part with these precious heirlooms, it is said, to make a dowry for a daughter of the house, now the wife of an eminent Italian statesman, whose palace at Florence is well known to Americans abroad.

Unlike most tapestries brought to this country, "Scenes from the Life of Christ" have not suffered tampering at the hands of European antiquarian dealers. With the exception of slight ravages of time, which were restored after the manner of the original tapestry weaving, in the looms of Florence, they are at present exactly as they were when they came from the ateliers of Romanelli and Rivière. In decorating the walls of an alien cathedral, let us hope that the story of the love and faith that inspired and fostered "Scenes from the Life of Christ" may not be lost upon the generations of worshippers for whose edification they were purchased and bequeathed by so generous a lover of the beautiful.

THE RESURRECTION.

"THE GENTLE MUSIC OF A BY-GONE DAY."

THE RENUNCIATION OF ST. ELIZABETH.

# THOMAS, JR.

BY JAMES WILLIAM FITZPATRICK.

Thomas McNamee, Jr., aged seven, sat on the steps of the parental porch one Saturday afternoon in summer eating a slice of bread and molasses. He was a picture of contentment and a living proof of the joys of a good conscience, if a boy of seven can be said to be burdened with such a thing as a conscience. The fact that Thomas' hair was of a sun-burned hue, that his face and hands were painfully dirty, and that his sturdy little legs showed signs of a recent ride in a coal-cart seemed in no wise to affect his appetite. Thomas had two weaknesses, one for bread and molasses; the other for sticking chewing-gum in other boys' hair. That he yielded to each was evident from his present occupation, and the peculiar-looking bald spots on the heads of several boys playing in the alley. There was a sticky spot on either side of his mouth, where the projecting points of the crescent bites touched his cheeks. After each bite he held the slice of bread some distance from him, eyeing it in a contemplative way, as if to ascertain whether it was suffering any diminution in size. He bit off all the uneven places, with a mathematical precision born of long practice, and having fashioned the piece of bread to suit his artistic eye, he again bit into the centre, and the mathematical process continued.

Thomas was enjoying his little heart to its full content; the ecstatic look on his face was proof positive of that. His attention was distracted several times. Once it was a horse-fly that alighted on his shin, and refused to move, until the other foot was rubbed vigorously up and down it. Then it was the sudden appearance in the alley, of a hoky-poky man, ringing a bell, and pushing his little hand-cart before him. The sight of the wet brown cloth bag being removed from the rusty can, the cover of the can lifted off, and the long handled spoon plunged into the mysterious depths, to be removed a second later laden with golden ice-cream, had a terrible fascination for Thomas. In an instant the battle between hoky-poky and bread and molasses was on. Short was the strife and sharp, bread and molasses aided by habit finally winning the day. Thomas was not alone in his gastronomic rapture. Mary Josephine, his sister, and the twins, John Joseph and William Henry, were also in evidence, each with a slice of bread proportionate to age and appetite. Mary Josephine was so-called in honor of a certain Sister of Mercy of the same name, who was one of the kindest and gentlest of the sisters who visited the sick in the alley. Her kindness and good works were rewarded by having half the girls in the alley named after her.

McNamee, Sr., previous to his untimely taking-off by a falling derrick, had endeavored to give his children a respectable "bringing up." He was assisted in the bringing up process by Mary Ann, his wife, a short, fat little woman, who was now doing her best

to follow out the ideas of her departed spouse.

She found it a hard task, however, to keep her four fed, clothed, and respectable. Money was scarce, and the washings she did during the week were scarcely numerous enough to keep the wolf from the door. Widows were so many and washings so few that had it not been for McNamee's thoughtfulness in having himself insured Mary Ann and her little ones would have gone hungry and cold many times.

Mary Josephine was a good girl, and was a great help to her mother. She was one of the brightest girls in the sisters' school and had received several premiums for excellence in catechism. The twins, except for their unwonted and unnatural desire to quarrel, gave the widow little trouble. Thomas was the thorn in her side. In vain did she try to keep him clean. Day after day he was sent to school in a clean waist and an immaculate bow tie, which almost covered his chest, only to return at night, the waist torn and scarcely recognizable, the bow tie a soiled and shapeless rag. Many were the complaints she was forced to hear of him; the windows he broke, the fights he had; the trouble he gave the sisters. He was even caught stealing green apples from Father Kelly's garden. Church nor State had any terrors for him. At each successive misdeed the widow's heart failed her. Deep down in her soul she had the hope, that comes to every Catholic mother, that she might one day see Thomas a priest of God, might hear his voice uttering the sacred words of the Mass, and might receive from his hands the Bread of Life. In times when Thomas had been unusually good, this picture would come before her, only to be destroyed by some fresh complaint. She did not know what was to become of him, priest or man, if God did not change his heart. Today had brought the climax. Thomas was preparing to make his first Holy Communion, and to get him to study his catechism was labor untold. Excuses were on his tongue's end. His book was lost, his eyes were sore, and he didn't know where the lesson was. This very morning she had sent him to instructions under the care of Mary Josephine. She was hoping for the best, when Mary Josephine burst into the kitchen where she was ironing, with the awful news. Thomas had disgraced the family and blasted forever Mary Josephine's theological reputation! He had been asked three questions, and had not only failed, but given vent to rank heresy in addition.

"What were the questions," asked the mother huskily.

"Now Sister Euphrasia asked him who the visible head of the Church was, an' he said 'Father Kelly' was. An' she asked him who was the third person of the Blessed Trinity an' he said the Blessed Virgin was."

There was a long pause. Mary Josephine certainly understood dramatic effect.

"Well an' the third one?" said the widow.

"Who was the only person that ever came into the world without the stain of original sin?" recited Mary Josephine.

"Shure he knew that anny way. What did he say?"

"He said George Washington!"

"Oh the heretic! the infidel!" the

widow cried, "wait till I lay hands on him!"

The heretic was present at dinner, but received no sign of recognition from his mother. Mary Josephine made gestures across the table suggestive of the judgment to be visited upon him later. Thomas did not seem greatly affected, however, with remorse of conscience, and appeared at his accustomed hour for the usual slice of bread and molasses,—and received it. This time he seemed to feel his mother's silence and stood in the kitchen doorway watching her at the ironing board, seeking to find some sign of relenting. Receiving no encouragement he finally withdrew to the front of the house.

It went to the widow's heart to treat him so, but it was time for stringent measures. The kitchen was hot to suffocation and a clothes rack in the corner, laden with freshly-ironed pieces, showed for a long day's work. The last piece was on the board, a white waist that Thomas was to wear to Mass in the morning. She looked sad and tired as she bent over her iron. It had indeed been a long and troublesome day. A large drop of perspiration formed on her forehead, and rolling slowly down her nose, dropped softly on the clean collar of the waist, making a large damp spot. With an exclamation of impatience she put the flat-iron back on the stove, and then walked to the front door for a breath of air, and to see a sight that almost made her weep.

The twins, having eaten their respective slices of bread, were now engaged in trying to pull each other's hair out at the roots, and screaming alternately. Mary Josephine, her pride, had stolen her mother's best black bonnet from the closet, and was now walking up and down the street, her dress uplifted in a most distinguished way, to the great admiration and envy of the surrounding children. Before the widow could master her emotions at the sight of her beloved bonnet in such philistine hands, her eye was distracted to Thomas, who was engaged in conversation with a strange boy about his own age and size. The new-comer had a peaked pale face, very different, as she noticed with pardonable pride, from the healthy if dirty countenance of her own son. He was gazing hungrily at a piece of bread which Thomas held in his hand, and which was to be eaten when the conversation was done. "Wot's yer name?" asked Thomas. "Jimmie," was the reply. "Wher'd you live?" "Nowheres." "Wot, ain't you got no home nur nuthin'?" "Nope." "Ain't you got to go to catechism?" "Cathechism? Naw." "Say," persisted Thomas, "ain't you got no mother?" "Shure," said Jimmie, "but she gets drunk an' then I ain't got no home."

The widow muttered, "God help ye,' ye poor child."

"An' don't you never get no bread an' m'lasses when yer hungry?" inquired Thomas after a pause. Jimmie hung his head, and said nothing. Here was a puzzle for Thomas. A boy who didn't have to go to catechism was certainly to be envied, but a boy who didn't get bread and molasses from his mother, when he was hungry, was certainly to be pitied. Perhaps he was hungry now. He turned his head to see if he was observed. No one was in sight. He never dreamed of his mother. He slowly stretched out the piece of bread until it was within reach

of the other, and then turned away. Jimmie looked at the bread as if to refuse it, but the temptation was too strong. He took it with a muttered thanks and scampered down the street. Thomas, looking after him, heard a step behind him, and turned to find his mother's gaze full on him. He hung his head guiltily for a moment, and then raised it defiantly. "Well," he whispered, "he wuz hungry, an' his mother's drunk."

She caught him to her breast and kissed him through her tears. "God bless ye, child," she murmured. "God bless ye."

She left him there on the porch and went back to the ironing. Mary Josephine, the hat, the fighting twins, the hot kitchen, the spotted collar, and the catechism lesson were all forgotten. She was happy for she remembered Thomas, Jr.

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## "AGNUS DEI."

BY CECILE JOYCE.

Lamb of God, Who died for me,
Take me, scarlet tho' I be.
Let me wash my sin and shame
In the glory of Thy Name.

Saviour, Saviour, on my brow,
Plaited thorns are bruising now,
In my side the thrusted spear,
In my soul the blackest fear.

All the height of Calv'ry's steep
I have climbed with bleeding feet,
Just to hide my stain and loss
In the shadow of Thy Cross.

Torn with doubt and smirched with wrong,
Heart and lips shook bare of song,
Soiled with life and dark with sin—
Lord, I dare not enter in!

Out upon the mountain high,
Frantic, helpless, lost, I cry
Lamb of God Who died for me
Take me, scarlet tho' I be!

# A SHORT TALK ON CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

BY REV. F. RYAN.

I am going to give you a brief desultory talk. I do not like desultory talks, especially when they are supposed to be short. The talker should then think, have his points in order, and if it is to be a talk, or a sermon of five minutes, it should not be fifty. I would first compliment you on DONAHOE'S for April. Perhaps you do not care for compliments, perhaps you get too many, and it may be you are getting old! A busy, highly-esteemed friend of mine, now deceased, a profound scholar, and a most original and popular preacher, was once complimented by a literary friend on his sermon. "Oh," he said, "don't talk such things to me, it all runs off as water off a duck's back." "Yes," put in his fair friend, "but you know, Father, the ducks like it."

I especially tender through you my very sincere thanks to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons for his splendid article, so characteristic of him, and to Mr. O'Malley. It was Mr. O'Malley's article that set me thinking and talking. With nearly all he says I cordially agree. But while giving to the Catholic clergy a full meed of merit in supporting the Catholic press, he says they might do more. Perhaps they might. But my first point is this—the Catholic laity should do more, too. I do not care to touch on the financial question much. But look over our papers, periodicals, Summer Schools, etc. Who are in the majority? I get twenty-seven Catholic publications, and pay for them, and I can give you the number of clerical contributors—which of course you know. Where are our college graduates—our educated laity, men and women? Priests are a very busy class of men. Their parochial work gives them very little time to prepare their Sunday sermons, which our educated and critical Catholics, who only talk, expect to be up-to-date.

Many things have been said about the coming or present century—the possibilities, hopes, danger and the rest of it. One thing I know is certain. There is a hunger for religious truth in the minds and hearts of those outside the Church and outside Christianity, which is now practically the same thing. I have met the most cultured minds in Canada in the Senate of the University of Toronto, and I have been most graciously received in some occasional addresses to the extreme wing of the socialistic labor party, so I really know what I am talking about. But again to my first point. Why cannot our college graduates, like Count De Mun, do work like this? They really could do it better than the priest for many reasons, if only in the matter of having more time. Our great Pope Leo XIII has been continually preaching the apostolate of the laity and the apostolate of the Press, both so well emphasized and effected in that grand organization—The League of the Sacred Heart, and its world-wide and excellent literature. But even that or-

ganization looks to the work of the priest. I have been much taken by Mr. Mallock's books. Now, why should not some of our college graduates attempt something similar from a Christian standpoint? Mallock is an agnostic. I hope and pray he will die a good Catholic.

This Talk was to be short, two points only instead of the stereotyped three. My second point is financial. Priests do subscribe most liberally to Catholic publications, and priests are not rich men. I've been in the business, I took stock in two Catholic papers. I did not expect any return. In a few months, partly by abusing each other, both went under. The priest is really pestered by this so-called support of Catholics in trade. Your Catholic butcher gives you bad meat, your baker bad bread, your tailor a pair of trousers that won't fit, and an overcoat that makes a fool of you. And when you gently complain, the answer is "Well, Father, I didn't expect this from the priest, considering what my forefathers and myself have done for the Church." The poor priest has nothing to say. Of course he knows that his business friend is the descendant of kings, saints and martyrs, and that no people on God's earth have done such noble and generous things for the Church, even in modern times. But he knows, too, that the Church as such has nothing to do with beef, bread or trousers. So is it often with incompetent and unreasonable editors of so-called Catholic papers. I pay about fifty dollars a year towards the Catholic press. I have not time to read half the papers, but I pay most willingly for the cause. But where editors ask me to be a canvasser, and use strong language when I don't accept the unpaid situation, I really feel bound to protest. And I am quite sure many priests are pestered in the same way. All priests tell their people of the power and need and good of a Catholic paper in the home. But every priest has his financial troubles—church debts, school debts, collections, etc., and to ask any priest to become an agent of a paper or periodical is an outrage that should be stopped. It may be said that the priest has the remedy in his own hands by not minding. But the editors or their agents who so insist are just the people who will accuse the priest of a lack of proper interest in Catholic literature, etc., of which number is not the able editor of DONAHOE'S excellent magazine.

# THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF VICTOR LAFONTAINE.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

## CHAPTER I.

For many years the very worst farm in all St. Polycarpe was that belonging to Victor Lafontaine. Victor himself used often to admit this fact when, on summer evenings, he leaned forlornly upon the top rail of his ragged fence, and contemplated with pensive gaze the melancholy details of his meagre estate. The stretch of level fields upon which stood his yearly crop, showed with startling distinctness their meagre patches of oats and barley, their straggling rows of corn and tobacco. The old barn, with sagging roof and crumbling under-pinnings, seemed protesting mutely against further tax upon its strength and capacity. Even the little pointed-roofed house, half hidden as it was beneath its big silver poplar, could not conceal the fact that whitewash was dropping in great patches from its walls, that the shutters hung from broken fastenings, and that the gallerie railing lacked half its slats.

The view, indeed, along his entire horizon, was one calculated to discourage the stoutest heart, and it was small wonder that after a few moments' study of the prospect Victor's shoulders were accustomed to take on an added droop, and his countenance an increased hopelessness of expression. Luck, he would tell himself on these occasions, was against him, and with this comfortless solution of his case he was accustomed to light his pipe and obscure in clouds of tobacco smoke the humble elements of his discomfort.

There seemed to be a foundation of truth in Victor's accusations against Fate. The little farm upon which he lived had come to him unencumbered on the death of his parents, which occurred when he was yet barely a man in years. Emboldened by this assurance of future prosperity, he had married at once a dowerless neighbor of equal youthfulness, and started to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors as a modestly successful farmer.

At this point, however, that ill-fortune, which despite his name it was destined should follow Victor so persistently in his after career, began to make its baleful influence felt. Failure to make his inheritance yield its customary profit had been the first difficulty he encountered; and he was forced to watch with aching heart fair harvests of hay ruined by weeks of rain, crops of young grain destroyed by late frosts, and valuable flocks and herds decimated by disease.

In the wake of these crushing pecuniary losses, had come also a corresponding series of domestic trials. Angélina, his wife, had done the best she could, but a family of eight children, including a deformed boy incapable of self-assistance, left her but little time for the manufacture of those helpful accessories to his Friday market-load common to his neighbors, well-filled charrettes; and scarcely had the ninth clamorous mouth been

added to the flock when poor Angélina suddenly died, leaving the burden of the humble ménage to be borne by the not too steady shoulders of the fifteen-year-old Adèle.

Could anyone prosper in the face of such adversity? No, it was not possible. Yet the nine mouths must be fed, the nine backs covered; and if the farm could not produce materials for these necessities in the usual manner, there was no alternative but to force it to do so in the only other possible way—the way involving visits to the notaire, conversations regarding rates of interest, the signing of imposing looking documents, and other solemn and mystifying details.

It is needless to say, however, that this comparatively simple manner of procuring funds could not go on forever, even with as lenient money lenders as followed that business in St. Polycarpe, and before long Victor awoke to the fact that not only could he obtain no more money on house or lands, but that if he did not at once produce the sum of eight hundred dollars these possessions would pass irrevocably out of his keeping.

The day on which he was made acquainted with this crisis in his affairs would have been a dismal one even if associated with more enlivening circumstances than the tidings of impending bankruptcy and disgrace.

The month was April, but spring as yet had sent but few messages to the Canadian world. Upon the area of fields comprising the township of St. Polycarpe the winter snows still lingered with jealous persistency, and in the sunless air was the breath of many frozen rivers and ice-capped mountains. The wind blew bleak and biting from the leaden north, and Victor, stumbling blindly out of the office of the notaire, and setting his face hopelessly toward home, was conscious of a chill that seemed to penetrate his very being. His coat was thin and shabby, and his fur cap the worse for many seasons' ill-usage; but it was not owing to the insufficiency of his garments that his heart was numb and sore, and his blood stagnant in his veins: disaster such as he had sometimes vaguely imagined, but never contemplated as an actual reality, was upon him, and the thought of it dazed and stunned him.

Over and over in his aching brain hummed the brief words of his dreadful sentence, resolving themselves at last into a sort of doleful refrain to which the tread of his lagging feet made a fitting accompaniment—

"Eight hundred dollars or homeless; eight hundred dollars of the charity of the parish; eight hundred dollars or exile."

It was a bitter thought that he, Victor Lafontaine the son of respectable parents, should be obliged to cast his children upon the mercy of his neighbors, yet that was the fate in store for him unless he could in some way wipe out that terrible mortgage.

But eight hundred dollars! It might as well been eight thousand, or eight million as far as his ability to obtain the amount was concerned. Earn it he could not, borrow it he might not, since the only security he now possessed was the persons of himself and his nine.

What was to become of him? Clearly there was nothing left for him but to put the children upon the parish and go away himself to the States, where perhaps he could get work and

in time make another little home. And yet how could he leave St. Polycarpe—he who had never spent a night away from it in his life? How could he close the door of the old house where he had been born, and his father before him? How could he say good-by to Octave, the baby, and Joseph, the lame boy, and Adèle, the little mother? Oh, he could not! It was too hard!

Tears rushed to Victor's eyes—tears of bitter yearning and despair. Was there no hope for him? Was there no one who would hold out a helping hand in the hour of his necessity? With the frenzy of the lost his mind cast wildly about for some stupendous plan which even at this eleventh hour might avert his impending doom. He tried to recall similar crises in the affairs of his neighbors, and to gain from their course of conduct some hint as to his own action. But the instances of heavy debt were few in the village, and he found no example to follow.

For a space he trudged on dully unconscious of place or time, and feeling only that every step brought him nearer his little brood to whom he must break as best he could the heart-rending news. Then, suddenly he paused in his dismal march, and raising his drooping head regarded the gray sky with a look of mingled uncertainty and hope.

His inner vision seemed to find there some satisfactory settlement of his doubts, for immediately, with an air of greater decision, he unbuttoned his overcoat, and after fumbling in a number of inner pockets, brought forth a scrap of paper and a fragment of lead pencil. Dropping on one knee, he improvised of the other a temporary table, and laying the bit of paper upon it, proceeded with infinite pains and difficulty to write a few lines upon its wrinkled surface. This done, he arose, and turning swiftly retraced his steps along the road he had just traversed.

In a few minutes he had reached once more the half score tiny stores and offices which, clustered in the shadow of the gray stone church, formed the quietly-beating heart of his native town. At the church he paused, and producing the note which he had thrust into his overcoat pocket, read it slowly and carefully. Then he mounted the flight of steps leading to the silent edifice, and pushing open the heavy door, disappeared from view.

## CHAPTER II.

It is strange to note how frequently Nature accommodates her moods to ours, weeping when we weep, and smiling again when some ray of happiness has dispelled our gloom.

To Victor Lafontaine this fact seemed particularly noticeable when, on the morning following the events just narrated, he threw open his cottage door and looked out upon the surrounding country. Yesterday, when his spirit had been plunged in blackest despair, the world had worn a corresponding cheerlessness of aspect. Today, with the wonderful change which had taken place in his own feelings, had been wrought a corresponding metamorphosis in the atmosphere, and it seemed that spring had already arrived.

To be sure there was still plenty of snow upon the ground, but the wind was blowing warm and comforting from the south, and the sun, shining clear and spring-like in the cloudless sky, had already melted the few re-

maining icicles about the eaves, and set dozens of tiny rivulets gurgling merrily down the hollows of the road. It may have been the melody in his own heart which deceived him, but Victor was sure as he stood there that he heard a bluebird singing somewhere in the distance.

Yet to something more tangible than this happy belief was evidently due his air of undisguised jubilation. A gleam of uncontrollable animation showed in his usually mournful countenance, a sparkle of wondering delight in his sombre eyes. Whatever his secret, it was undoubtedly of no slight importance since it had effected in a single night such a stupendous change in his manner and appearance.

But the contemplation of the beauties of earth and sky was evidently not to be the business of Victor's day, for after a few moments' enjoyment of the scene before him, he retreated into the house, reappearing shortly, dressed in cap and overcoat and carrying in one hand a large white cotton bag resembling a pillow-case, in the end of which was knotted something that clinked as he moved. Close about his knees crowded several of the smaller children who tugged at his garments, and demanded vociferously to be shown the contents of the unfamiliar receptacle. Victor, however, smilingly but firmly waved them aside, and with commands for their good behavior during his absence set forth for the third time on the way to town.

His pace was rapid and bouyant, like that of a man bound upon some pleasing errand, but as soon as he was well out of view of his house he stopped, untied the bag with great caution, and after glancing once or twice half fearfully over his shoulder, opened its capacious mouth and peered long and eagerly into the depths within. What he saw there seemed to fill him with astonishment and awe, for at the close of his inspection his eyes turned devoutly heavenward, while murmured ejaculations of wonder and thanksgiving fell brokenly from his lips. Having thus assured himself of the reality of his treasure, he reknotted the sack and resumed his former gait to the village.

It was not the church, however, which formed the objective point of his journey today. He passed that edifice with only his customary respectful salutation, and with hurried steps made his way to the comfortable red brick cottage beyond, wherein Monsieur Trudeau, the notaire, had so recently unravelled the tangled skein of his affairs for him.

His vigorous attack upon the bell brought to the door that gentleman himself who, with some show of surprise, invited him cordially to enter.

Victor accepted the invitation with the alacrity which had marked his movements during the morning, and stepping into the hall he preceded the notaire briskly into the little office, where he seated himself with obvious cheerfulness, placing his burden on the floor at his feet. The notaire regarded him with an expression of increasing incredulity and amazement.

"Well, well, Victor," he said as he took his usual place at the table and began toying with his pen. "You seem to be bearing your trouble better than I thought you would. To tell the truth, I felt sorry enough for you yesterday, and if I had been a rich man I would have given you that eight hundred dollars myself. But you look as happy today as if you had never

heard of mortgages or any of the bad things that go with them."

Victor laughed. "Ah, M'sieu'," he said cheerily, "I have not forgotten about the mortgage. How could I? That was a bad fix I was in yesterday sure enough; I never want to see Victor Lafontaine in a worse one. But a great many things may happen in twenty-four hours, and today, strange as it may seem, I am able to laugh, and I fear no more that great debt which threatened to ruin me.

Monsieur Trudeau opened his eyes in astonishment.

"You no longer fear the mortgage!" he cried. "What do you mean by that, my friend? Surely you are not going to tell me that you have found someone generous enough, or I might say foolish enough, to lend you the sum you require without security! I know St. Polycarpe pretty well, and I cannot name a man who is able to do such a thing."

Victor gazed placidly at his companion's perturbed countenance for a little space; then his own smile faded slowly and an expression of deep seriousness and perplexity overspread his honest features. He drew his chair nearer to that of the notaire and lowered his voice mysteriously.

"You are right, M'sieu', right again. There is not a man in all St. Polycarpe, or in the wide world for that matter, who would lend me one cent this minute. And yet, M'sieu', notwithstanding this fact, there are in this cotton bag at my feet no less than eight hundred good dollars with which I propose this very day to wipe out all claims upon my house and lands."

Monsieur Trudeau uttered a gasp of incredulity. Then a certain suspicion crossed his mind. He spoke more sharply.

"Either you are trying to play a joke on me, Monsieur Lafontaine, or you do not know what you are saying. Which ever the case may be I must tell you that I have no time today for anything except business."

For answer Victor arose, and picking up the sack, dropped it heavily upon the table where it fell with a sharp, unmistakable jangle.

"Judge for yourself, M'sieu'", he said simply, beginning to fumble at the knot; "if these are not good dollars then I do not know what money is."

He loosened the fastening as he spoke, and with a turn of his hand sent a stream of silver coins rattling upon the table. Bright, shining, impalpably real, they continued to mass themselves in luxuriant mounds and hillocks until hardly an inch of its dull surface remained exposed to the distended eyes of the astounded notaire.

When the supply was finally exhausted, Victor returned to his chair and waited for his companion to speak. It was some time before the notaire was able to do so. At last he found voice to say sternly:

"Victor Lafontaine, where did you get this sum of money that seems to fit so well your needs. Tell me instantly, or as well as I know you, I shall think that in your despair you have been driven to some dishonest deed." He fixed a piercing eye on his client, but Victor neither winced nor hesitated.

"Ah, M'sieu'," he said humbly, "I do not wonder that you are surprised —suspicious. How, indeed, could I procure so much money in one short night—I who am so stupid, so ignor-

ant? No, I could not do it; I have not done it. This money that you see before you was sent to me from Heaven, or at least if it was not, then I do not know where it came from."

Monsieur Trudeau frowned. Picking up a handful of the coins, he examined them closely.

"This money that you say came from Heaven," he said with sarcasm, "bears the impress of the mint of the United States. How do you account for that, my friend?"

"I cannot account for it, M'sieu'. I can account for nothing. But wait—I will tell you the strange thing that has happened to me, and you shall judge for yourself.

"Yesterday, as you know, I hear from your lips that the mortgage can run no longer, and that if I cannot redeem my place with eight hundred dollars I must lose it. I tell you that it will be impossible for me to do this, and that I am, therefore, a ruined man. So much you know to be true, M'sieu'. Well, now, what happens after that? Something most strange as you shall hear.

"I go out from your office heart-broken, seeing only shame and misery in store for myself and my children. I dread to go home, so I walk slowly, trying all the time to think of some means to escape from my difficulty. But I am not clever and I think of nothing. I tell myself I would better be dead—that God has forsaken me—that I have no friend on earth or in Heaven; and then, suddenly, as I say that I think of someone—not on earth, to be sure—but someone who I have heard loves much the poor, and helps them often, if they but promise a little gift of bread in his name. I mean that beautiful saint, M'sieu' in the brown robe and with the little Infant in his arms who stands near the big altar in the church.

"Well, it is he—St. Antoine, that I remember like a flash, and I resolve to ask him to save me for the sake of my children. How shall I do this? I know very well for I have often seen those little letters lying at his feet in the church. It is in this way that I too shall make my petition. I do not wait until I have reached my home to do this; no, there is no need, for I am in a hurry, and I have moreover in my pocket a bit of pencil and enough paper to answer my purpose. I kneel, then, in the sidewalk, and write. It is not easy for I do not like that work, and it is long since I have been to school. But anyhow I make my request like this, M'sieu':"

Victor drew a sheet of paper toward him, and with Monsieur Trudeau's own pen proceeded once more to inscribe his brief appeal: "Grand Saint Antoine, Vellez m'acorder la grace que je vous demand, et je vous promet des pains pour les pauvres."

"There M'sieu'," said he, putting the paper into his companion's hand. "There is the letter, just as I wrote it. As for the bad spelling I do not care. I know the good St. Antoine is not going to mind the mistakes as long as I have promised him bread for his poor.

"Well, when I have finished my note, I go back quickly to the village and into the church. I approach that sweet saint. I lay my petition at his feet, and then I kneel and tell him all my trouble—all my despair. I speak about my old home, and my little motherless children. I weep—yes, M'sieu', I am not ashamed to say it—I weep and sob there before that

brown-robed saint, and after a while it seems to me that he hears my cry, that he looks with compassion upon me, and bids me take courage. At any rate when I leave the church I feel much comforted and refreshed.

"As it is late, and I have been long away, I decide to take a short cut home across the fields by the winter roadway that leads straight to my house. And now listen well, M'sieu', for if what I have to tell you be not a miracle, then I do not know what such things are.

"I cross the first field quickly and without adventure. I enter the second and presently I come to the brook, which cuts it about midway. The ice is beginning to thaw so that I hunt out a narrow point and leap to the other side as lightly as I can, considering my big boots and coat. I slip, however, on the opposite bank, and my foot strikes something very hard half buried in the snow and mud. I examine the place and find the hard object to be a cotton bag or pillow-case filled with something heavy. I am much surprised because few people use this path except myself and my children, so I pick up the bag and open it, and I find—what M'sieu', but the very money you see before you. And now, if it was not sent to me by that great saint, in answer to my petition, tell me where it did come from."

Victor ceased speaking, and the notaire sat very still buried in deep thought.

"I hardly know what to say to you, Victor," he said at last. "Here is something which I can explain no better than yourself. The spot you speak of is a lonely one, remote from travel, and yet I feel sure, notwithstanding my faith in the power of prayer, that human hands placed this treasure where you found it. Do not despair, St. Antoine may yet help you out of your difficulty, but for the present at least, you have no claim upon this money and I could not use it for the purpose you wish. These dollars are American, and we know that the United States sends us many fugitives from justice. Let me write, then, to the police authorities at Montreal, and if the money is as I suspect, the plunder of some criminal, the information will no doubt lead to his capture.

"There will perhaps be also a reward given for the recovery of the funds or the arrest of the thieves, and if so it will of course belong to you. At any rate I will arrange that no further proceedings in regard to the mortgage be taken until search has been made for the owner of the funds and that is something gained for you already. Come and see me within a week's time and I shall surely have news for you."

Victor's face had fallen dolefully during this speech. It was a dull ending to his bright dream, but he never thought of objecting.

"Very well, M'sieu'," he said meekly, "you know best. Keep the money and do what you please with it. I shall come again in a week to hear what you may have to tell me."

But Victor did not have to wait a week to learn the history of his wonderful discovery. In three days' time not he alone, but all St. Polycarpe was thrilling with a rush of events that wrought it to a pitch of excitement never before experienced in its century or so of existence.

The first thrill was caused by the appearance of a trio of impressive-looking guardians of the peace, who

stepped one morning from the Montreal train, and made their way with expedition to the house of Monsieur Trudeau.

Hardly had this fact become known to such citizens as were within easy reach of the news, when the same gentlemen reappeared, and under the captaincy of the notaire, proceeded in solemn procession across the fields to the brook that made itself faintly visible amid the drifted snow. Arrived here, the entire party began what seemed to the on-lookers as a most incomprehensible examination of the muddy edges of the stream and the adjacent soggy ground. The meaning of their search became clear, however, when after about half an hour's labor a leather case was discovered much stained and water-soaked, but which upon opening disclosed a yet undamaged mass of papers, bank notes, and gold of value only to be guessed at by the uninitiated.

It was then St. Polycarpe heard with a shudder a dreadful tale of murder and robbery committed in the banking establishment of a far-away New England town. It was then it learned that the malefactor, fleeing from his crime, had in terror or for safe-keeping deposited his spoils in this isolated spot before continuing his way to the city. And it was then it discovered, most wonderful of all, that a reward of one thousand dollars had been offered by the directors of the bank for the recovery of the stolen property and the tracing of the murderer, and that as both these ends had been accomplished through the agency of their own humble townsman, Victor Lafontaine, it was to him and to no other that the munificent bounty belonged.

It was not easy for St. Polycarpe to grasp at once all the confusing details of the case, but one point at least remained distinct and tangible in the mind of every individual—Victor Lafontaine now possessed enough money to clear his farm and to start him once more well equipped on the road to prosperity.

As for Victor himself—well he had his own explanation of recent events which he was not ashamed to voice to all who cared to listen.

"Who was it, Monsieur," he would say solemnly as he reached the conclusion of his marvellous tale, "who was it that bade me go home across the fields and directed my steps without mistake to that particular part of the brook for a crossing? Ah, my friends, it was not chance that made me do those things, it was that good St. Antoine who guided me because he had heard my prayer.

"I confess that I was disappointed, that I lost my faith for a while when, having found this great gift, I was obliged to yield it up and remain as poor as ever. But you see it is not for everybody to understand the methods of those great saints. St. Antoine took his own way to help me, and now instead of eight hundred dollars I have a thousand. Yes, it is most strange this good fortune that has come to me; but it shows, my friends, that one does not go to that good saint for nothing. At any rate he saved me, and that you may all see for yourselves."

And there is not a cynic in St. Polycarpe who has been able to produce an argument with which to confute his belief.

# IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

When a small child I remember hearing my father, who had visited all the capitals of Europe, say that Washington was destined to be the most beautiful city in the world. The statement was received by his friends with much skepticism, but that was before Governor Shepard's cyclone of improvement had swept over us, calling down the wrath of the property owners of his time and earning the eternal gratitude of the present inhabitants. We owe much to the indomitable energy of Shepard, but the marvelous beauty of our city is due to the wisdom of General Washington in selecting such an artist as Pierre Charles l' Enfant to lay out our broad streets and avenues. In this, as in all else concerning our government, Washington proved himself not alone the man of his time, but the man of the future. The chosen leader of a poor and struggling Republic he planned the Capital of a vast nation. When on March fourth Pennsylvania avenue presented to the world one of the grandest spectacular scenes in our history, it was to Washington and l' Enfant that we owed its success. Watching the procession from a high balcony, the magnificent sweep of the avenue from the Treasury to the Capitol filled us with patriotic pride. Thousands of spectators lined the sidewalks, yet nowhere did it seem overcrowded. Our city, so admirably laid out under the guidance of Washington, lent beauty and dignity to the greatest inaugural which has yet taken place. Marion Crawford rightly called Washington a spectacular city. It is a vast stage, wonderfully adapted to the dramatic scenes which are yearly enacted upon it. Actors and audience come and go with the change of each administration. We who call it home watch with interest the changing pageant.

No society is more cosmopolitan nor more easy of access than the political circle in Washington. No broader democracy exists than that to be found at the public receptions of President, Cabinet Ministers, Senators and high officials. In spite of the heartlessness attributed to political society charity for the stranger reigns supreme. All its members have once known the pangs of homesickness, the utter forlornness of abiding in a strange land and they endeavor to make this time of abject misery as short as possible for the new-comer. Once launched in the gay whirl the attractions are endless. From the first of January until Lent mercifully lightens the burden, teas, receptions, dinners and balls jostle each other in the mad race for supremacy. James Lane Allen, after spending one winter here, fled to New York in search of quiet, declaring that he had been dined and wined and tea'd and lionized until he had no ideas left—that he must leave Washington or give up writing. This has been the experience of many literary people. No place is more delightful to visit nor more difficult to work in. As other cities are musical or artistic centres so Washington is a society centre. That is the one absorbing attraction for all who visit the Capital. Those who live here

often tire of the ceaseless whirl and seek the more serious pleasures which are to be found in the quiet gatherings of the scientists or the exclusive circles of our "Old Washingtonians." The former possess a delightful little corner of their own and the latter have lived through so many administrations that they are scarcely conscious of the changes in political life. To the foreigner society is composed of cabinet ministers, diplomats and congressmen, but to the residents these people come and go unheeded. If the talents or personality of a dignitary are such as to command attention he is singled out from amongst his brethren and invited to the homes of our best people. The rank and file of Washingtonians are employes of the Government. Well educated, often belonging to the finest families in our land, the fact that they are clerks does not debar them from the charming social life to be found in the sanctum sanctorum of our conservative "Old Residents." Indeed Southerners seem to think a certain standing in society one of the necessary acquirements of a Government clerk. A young woman in search of a position brought testimonials from men high in Southern official life declaring her to be eminently fitted for office "by birth, social position, and education!" All the Departments close at four and the clerks shake off even the memory of work with their office coats. Few have responsibilities beyond the discharge of their daily duties, and eagerly watch the clock for the hour of emancipation. The monotony of their work and the enervating climate would make longer hours impossible; even the present time of confinement would become intolerable had the clerks no social pleasures to vary the unending sameness of their days. Many of the men drop in at the pleasant afternoon teas on their way home; the women, less fortunate, must hasten to change their gowns before mingling in the gay throng.

These afternoon receptions are among the pleasantest social events of our city. Here one meets stately senators, diplomats, grey-haired officers and foreigners from every clime. When Mrs. Hodgson Burnett occupied her hospitable home on Massachusetts avenue her afternoons were famous for the interesting people one met and could really talk with—the hostess setting the fashion of unconventional conversation, possessing the rare faculty of absolute absorption in any subject which interested her, regardless of time or place. Not far from Mrs. Burnett's home is that of Grace Denio Litchfield, one of our most charming writers. Here you are sure to meet people "truly worth while," for in spite of much ill-health, Miss Litchfield has the delightful capacity of making her home an intellectual centre. Another attractive writer is Molly Elliot Seawell. Her three thousand dollar prize story, "The Spritely Romance of Marsac," has recently been dramatized and was brought out in Washington, our city adding to its many distinctions that of standing God-father to all plays produced in America. Miss Seawell's great grandfather was the father of President Tyler and the first governor of Virginia. Born in the South, she has inherited the ideals and traditions of her courtly ancestors. She laughingly declares that she has nothing in common with the "new woman"—that no one could induce her to belong to a club

A ROOM IN MR. WAGGAMAN'S GALLERY.

and that she cares but little for woman's rights so long as she posseses all woman's privileges! Miss Seawell is a devoted Catholic, as are many of our best known people, the Diplomatic Corps being almost exclusively Catholic. The art gallery of Thomas E. Waggaman, a member of St. Mathew's Congregation, has won for him an enviable reputation, not only in Washington, but over the whole country. He has done much to encourage a love of art among our people by permitting them to visit his magnificent collection. His evening receptions are among the events of the season as they are attended by the highest dignitaries. The Riggs house has been for many years a centre of Catholic thought. Mr. Riggs was the partner of W. W. Corcoran and shared his financial success. His daughter married Sir George Howard, son of the Earl of Norfolk. The old Riggs bank is one of the landmarks of our city. Senator Depew now occupies the residence of Mr. Corcoran and continues the delightful hospitality which made it one of our best known homes.

A noted writer says Washington possesses a cosmopolitanism by the side of which New York seems almost provincial. People of wealth and culture from every state are making it their home—building residences justly famed for their beauty. Among these, Mr. Warder's has attracted much attention. It was designed by Richardson of Boston, the greatest architect America has yet produced. When Mrs. Hearst furnished her residence, she showed her patriotism by using only materials made in America. Each winter she opens this beautiful home to the public for the bene-

fit of some charity. We have so many distinguished people in Washington that one must indeed be a celebrity to attract the least attention, even the President walks unobserved through our streets, while many senators and high officials ride their wheels without fear of becoming conspicuous. To the provincial member and his wife, this absolute indifference is a bitter disappointment. It would be amusing were it not so pathetic, to watch these autocrats of a small town at their first public reception. They have come to the Capital glorying in their new importance. The President has invited them to his home—they will soon be hobnobing with Prince, Marquis and Count from the Legation. What letters they will write home of their triumphs! But the crowd is so great they are pushed hastily past the President; no one introduces them to the other officials, and they soon discover that they are very small fry in the social world. Perhaps no other place in the world furnishes so many heartaches for those who strive to force an entrance into the mystic inner circle, for no sooner has one conquered the official set than height on height of choicer realms appears.

Yet Washington offers the most charming and informal opportunities

THE STAIRWAY IN MR. WARDER'S HOUSE.

*(Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.)*

MRS. HEARST'S DRAWING ROOM.

*(Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.)*

of meeting people. Among these is our market, which has become a rendezvous where you meet the most delightful women. We have a photographer who makes a specialty of "Society Women in Market." Their magnificent equipages form a striking contrast to the queer looking vehicles driven over from Virginia by the old Negroes who proudly assure you that "de wagon I'se a drivin', suh, dun belong to my ole Marse befo de Wah." We take our visitors to market as we take them to the Capitol or White House. It is one of our show places. Not only can you see half the celebrated women of Washington, but you can converse with our old southern darkies who sell their "yarbs and aigs" on the south side of the market. This is a race that is fast passing away. The public school Negro of our day may possess many advantages of learning, but the old Southern Negro has a courtly dignity and refinement that the younger generation has failed to retain. Taking my camera one day, I went down for some snap shots at these picturesque people. I soon found that they objected to being photographed. "We'se ugly nuf, honey, thout bein' made ter luk like monkies in yo'als picters." Deciding that I must proceed with diplomacy I approached a small stand behind which sat an old Mammy warming her hands over a fire, kindled in a tin bucket. "How much are your herbs, Auntie?"

READY FOR CUSTOMERS.

"De sarsaperilli am five an de red oak am six cents." I declared that I must have some red oak. "But what do you use it for?" "Why dat's fer de so' froat, honey—yo jes biles it good an gargles wid it." "Are you sure it will cure a sore throat?" "Ya'as indeed, chile, dat's de bes' stuff in de wurl fer dat dar sickness. I dun hed fo chileen sick wid de checken pox an a white leddy tol me fer ter use dat. Deys all well now, tank de Lord, an' all of 'em was cuored by de red oak bark." As I handed her the change I stepped behind the stand towards the blazing tin bucket. "It's cold down here, Auntie." "Deed dat et es honey—yo jes warm yo'sef good."

Having established this bond of fellowship it was easy to draw her into conversation. She told me that she paid thirty cents a week for the rent of her stand—that sometimes she made two dollars a week and again failed to get back her thirty cents. "Ya'as," chimed in a neighbor, "an ole Aun' Cindy hes fo orphilins fer ter rez. It's hard livin' dese days, harder en when we'al was slaves." "would you rather be a slave, Auntie?" The old woman's eyes flashed fire. "No, honey, not ef I hed ter liv' on one crust o' bread de rez of my natchful life. De Lord nebber did mean none of us fer ter be slaves. He dun mek al His chilun free an ekal." Did you have a kind master?" No, honey, he warnt good to we'al. I'se got a scar dis yar minute on my arm whor he dun cut me wid

AUNT CINDY ON HER WAY HOME.

his whip. You dun no bout dose times, chile,—de white folks dey suttinly was cruel to we'al. When de darkies dey jes stayed out arter hours of a Sunday ebenin de nex day yo cud hyar em a cryin' an a beggin' on der knees. 'Oh, Marse, fer de Lord's sake doan whip me, Marse,' an den de hollerin an de cryin'! No, chile, I'd druther hab my freedom an starve. But I ain't got nothin' agin yo'al white folk, honey, yo'es suttinly good to we'al an' I luv yo in my heart. No, I am got nuthin' agin any pussin' in de hole wurl." "Except the man who cut your poor arm, Auntie." "No, not agin him nuther. He's dead, an' I hope de Lord dun hab marcy on his soul. Yo see when I dies I sholy does want ter fine rest, so I ain't agyin' ter hab no evil feelins in my heart—but honey"—and she leaned towards me, her eyes gleaming, "I dun guess de debil hab got dat man—ya'as I do—ha, ha—de debil hab got him fast an' sho—ha, ha." She fairly shook with laughter in which all her neighbors joined, crying in chorus, "ya'as de debil dun got him sho."

AUNT CINDY SMOKED HER PIPE WHILE SHE WARMED HER HANDS OVER THE FIRE KINDLED IN AN OLD BUCKET.

THE SOUTH SIDE OF WASHINGTON MARKET.

At this moment one of the women spied my camera, "Aun' Cindy—dis young leddy's gyin' fer ter take yo pictur' ef yo doan look sharp. Yo sees dat little black box es wot she's a ca'ryin' in her han'? Well, she's a gyin' fer ter snap yo off." "I doan

keer ef she pays me." "How much do you want' Auntie?"

"I hes dun got es much es a quarter." "Oh, no, you're not worth that much." "Ya'as I es," she triumphantly exclaimed, "kase one leddy dun guv me thet much. How much yo gyin' fer ter guv me?" "Ten cents." "Al right. I'll jes fine my pipe an' then yo ken hab me, honey." As she sat placidly smoking her pipe I told her that she reminded me of the first person I consciously loved, my old black Mammy, who smoked her pipe in my ear when I had the earache. "Dat sholy es good, chile, but de merlasses am good, too. Onct I hed a turrible airache an' I jes dropped in two drops er merlasses. Dat wor mo'in forty years ago, an' I ain't nebber hed de airache sense. Es yo gyin' fer ter guv me one o dem picturs? I does suttinly wan ter see dis hyar old niggah when yo dun mek de picturs." "I'll send you one, Auntie, if you give me your address." "Jes say Cindy Thearung—Anacostiah Post-office." "How do you spell your name?" "Deed, chile, I doan no. How does I spell my name, Marier?" "Doan arsk me, Aun' Cindy. Dar's a white man es lives nar by—arsk him." The market man was appealed to, but knew no better. "Laws honey, I'se dun got a house dar—a two story house es wot hes a bell dat yo ring at de frun do! All de folks dey no ole Aun' Cindy." "Dat dey do," laughed one of the others; "Aun' Cindy she's de smartest ole ooman in de place. No one carn't get nuffin off'n her. Es yo dun hyar de story of dat man es wot try fer ter fool her?"

AN EARLY LUNCH COUNTER OUTSIDE THE WASHINGTON MARKET.

And she told me a story which made

me think that Aunt Cindy was the heroine of one I heard about Hermann the Prestidigitateur. He was very fond of walking through our market and astonishing the simple colored people with his marvelous tricks. One morning he bought half a dozen eggs from an old negro Mammy, for which he paid twelve cents. In a few moments he returned, "Are you sure these eggs are fresh?" "Deed an' dey es dat, suh. Deys jes' gathured no lateah dan des yar mawnin'." "I'm very particular about my eggs and would like to open a couple. Can you give me something to break them in?" "Dems de fraishest eggs whut es, suh," earnestly protested the old woman as she handed him a tin cup. Hermann took one of the eggs out of his bag and broke it. "Why, what's this?" he exclaimed. She leaned over and gazed into the cup. Her mouth opened and her dark skin turned ashy. There, imbedded in the yolk, was a dollar gold-piece. "Fo de Lord!" she gasped. "I dun heah ob de goose wot laid de golden aig, but

THE OLD RIGGS BANK.
A WASHINGTON LANDMARK.

A RACE THAT IS FAST PASSING AWAY.

COUNTING OUT THE CHANGE.

I ain't nebber heahed ob no hen dat dun lay aigs wid sho enuf gold money in 'em." "That is singular," assented Hermann. "Let me try another." As he broke the second, Mammy's eyes never left him. Yes—there in the egg was another gold piece. She made a quick grab for the cup, securing it to Hermann's great surprise. "Here—

those are my eggs. I bought them and paid you twelve cents for them." "Dey woz yo'als, suh, but heahs de dime an' two pennies yo dun guv me. Yo see fo yo'sef I carn't affohd ter sell no aigs like dem fer twenty fo cents ah dozen. I'd be ah losin' money on 'em, so I teks 'em back, suh. Et ain en raison es wot yo shud hev 'em." Hermann, amused by the old woman's keenness, permitted her to keep them.

The Negroes form nearly one-fourth of our population and can not be overlooked by the thoughtful observer of Washington life. Three thousand are employed by the government and hundreds are being educated in the Howard University. To these future generations must look for the solving of our great race problem. But the Negro who lends color and picturesqueness to the kaleidoscopic panorama of our city is the southern Chesterfield, who bows low to young Marse and young Miss as they pass him in hotel corridors; or the old black Mammy half hidden by the laces and embroideries of the tiny being whom she proudly carries, telling you that "dis hyar chile am de son of my young Marse. All ob his chillen was jes' nachfully raised off'n me."

Of the many novels of Washington life none has truly depicted the many types which make of our complex society such a fascinating study.

THE DRAWING ROOM OF MR. W. W. CORCORAN.

*(Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.)*

# BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

## CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Two weeks passed, during which Preston Martins neither sought nor saw Teresa. Then his mother sent him to Mrs. Halpin's with a message to the girl, but that worthy woman informed him, with what pleasure may be surmised, that Miss Martinez was out walking with Mr. Worthington. Preston bowed, retired, and, somewhat to Mrs. Halpin's chagrin, mounted his horse and rode away, apparently unconcerned. His coolness took away her enjoyment of her coup d' etat. That evening, at the supper table, with the same coolness that had shattered Mrs. Halpin's enjoyment, he informed his mother that he had not been able to see Miss Martinez, as she was out walking with Mr. Worthington. A shadow crossed Mrs. Martins' face, but her husband gave a start and glanced keenly at his son. Then he said, slowly:

"Mr. Worthington is growing quite attentive to our little friend. Yesterday I passed them in a superb turnout, which, I hear, Worthington purchased lately. They tell me that he is talking about buying out Major Deering's estate. I wonder what all this, coupled with his sudden devotion to Miss Martinez, means?"

"I certainly cannot say," returned Preston, adding carelessly to the Negro server, "Another piece of chicken, Mose."

A baffled expression passed across the handsome face of the father, and involuntarily he leaned back in his chair. There was something in this expressed weakness that smote the watching wife as unusual in her husband; but not evincing any cognizance of it, she said lightly: "We must not permit Mr. Worthington to monopolize our Teresa. I am sorry," she continued, "that she cannot take a vacation this summer. She is overworked, and is beginning to show indications of the strain that is being made upon her delicate constitution."

A silence followed the words. George Martins had not heard them or if he had, failed to grasp their meaning, for his quick mind was now being worked by thoughts and plans, fears and schemes. Preston must therefore take up the conversation, although his heart was faltering.

"I thought that she was going to Loretto when the school closed. I think—am certain, indeed,—that she said not long ago she hoped to spend her summer there."

"She did intend going home, as the dear girl calls the convent, but so many of the parents objected to the discontinuance of their children's music for that length of time, that she yielded to their wishes and gave up her vacation."

"How cruel! How selfish!" exclaimed Preston Martins, pushing away his unfinished supper, while his eyes were alight with indignation.

"Yes, my dear boy; but we must do what we can to make bright her summer. We can be selfish in a different way toward her and more cruel than are those exacting parents." Mrs.

Martins' eyes were on him with an expression he could not interpret, as he could not quite grasp the meaning of her words. No more was then said on the subject, but as he was walking on the long piazza afterwards, she joined him.

"Your father is busy," she remarked, taking his arm, as he laid aside his pipe. For some time the walk was continued in absolute silence. The young man's step was not as certain and firm as the woman's, and under the moonlight which was pouring its pale glory upon them, his face showed haggard beside hers, calm and holy. Except for these, there was no other indication that the heart beneath was being torn by temptation, that honor was making her life-or-death struggle. What he needed then, what his whole soul cried out for, was the word of assurance that the conflict was worth the winning; that the citadel of his beleagured soul must be guarded by every high and holy and noble motive; and that if all these, at last, fail him, dogged, sullen Will must meet at the gateway, and single-handed fight against those assaulting powers of darkness. And she, his mother, who would have given her life to save him, who would rather see him stretched dead at her feet than know he had yielded, even in thought, to these evil enticers, had come with her sweet, persuasive voice, her gentle chiding remonstrance, to join hands with his foes. He felt his heart weaken to the core, as she said, lifting her eyes from the smooth, moonlighted floor to his face, "You were puzzled by the words I spoke at supper, Preston? I have come to explain their meaning."

"Yes, my mother?" His voice had lost some of its clear fibre, and she felt as if it rather repelled than encouraged her explanation. This made her add, immediately, "That is if you wish me to do so."

An opportunity was here offered him to escape, but it was contrary to his code to admit weakness, as it would have appeared unchivalrous to repulse her words.

"I did not fully comprehend the meaning of your remark, mother. I should like for you to tell me how it is possible for us—her friends—to be unkind or cruel to Miss Martinez."

By a supreme effort he kept his tones even and steady, as he thus deliberately opened up the avenue for the struggle, which he knew must ensue; and voice and words reassured the mother.

"The world, Preston," she began, "wears a curious pair of spectacles. They magnify the insignificant, ignoble things, and diminish the size of the important and holy. An act, a word, a glance may become momentous affairs, while a deed of heroic value is unobserved. I know your impatience against my words, your surprise that I, of all women, should come to you with the admonition to make your views, or outward actions at least, consort with the views of the world's mis-spectacled eyes. And yet, my son, though you may take your views without thought of, or care for, the world's, though you may shape your acts according to those private views, and have the strength and purpose to openly avow them in defiance of the world, remember that a woman may not do likewise, at least not without harm to herself. In the hands of the world, we women are like soap-bubbles. A breath, an ungentle motion, and we are as surely

ruined as if a hurricane or an earthquake had overtaken us. The world's hand is not a kind one, it is more ready to assist in our destruction than to help in our safe-guarding; yet it permits us to rest there in all our irised beauty and perfection, while both remain, or, are permitted to remain. Left to ourselves, we usually keep our place; but how few, alas! alas! how few are left to themselves! How few but at some time are brought into contact with other lives, willingly or unwillingly, with cognizance or without it!"

Her voice died into silence and she walked by his side for a moment in deep, sad thoughts. Then, as they made the turn at the eastern end of the piazza and again faced the west, where the little graveyard lay, she said:

"When a woman is alone, without the protection of father and home, all the greater need is there for her friends to zealously guard her from anything that might tend to be in the slightest way derogatory to her or give others an opportunity to cease to think of her with full regard and honor. There is one who stands in this relation to us—Teresa Martinez. She is alone and what is worse, is entirely ignorant of the world. Her mind, as yet, is the mirror of truth, her soul the dwelling-place of confiding innocence. A fledgling thrown from its nest is not a greater object for pity than is a young girl thus situated. Your father's fine discernment perceived this from the first, and seeing in her, besides, one who could fill a daughter's place in my heart, bade me become her friend. I have done so, and if she has won my love, I am convinced that I have a share in her affections. I have thought—and the thought brought me joy!—that, in time, she might become more to me than a friend. I have thought that the mother's affection for her lived as a man's love for woman in the heart of the son."

She paused involuntarily, and Preston set his teeth firmly behind his compressed lips. Tumultuous emotion marked his face but the soft light of the moon failed to reveal it to her kindly eyes. He was looking toward the graveyard and he did not remove his glance from its white tombstones. They had reached the railing at the western end of the piazza, and he paused, as his mother continued:

"What we desire naturally prejudices our minds in its favor, and it may be that I am mistaken." Again she involuntarily paused, but whether she read in his continued silence rebuke or a sorrowful confirmation of her words, she added hastily, "But all this is apart from my subject. I am come to it now, and if I speak directly, remember that it is a woman of the world who knows its cruelty and injustice, speaking for a woman, innocent and undefended. I cannot close my eyes to the fact—even if there were not those to point it out to me—that you have for two weeks seduously avoided Miss Martinez and all society in which she was likely to be met. If there were any common cause for this changed attitude, she would naturally be also affected. But she is not. On the contrary, she seems to be fully as much puzzled over your conduct as the gazing, censorious, scrutinizing world is suspicious. Some one has been talking to her—she said as much to me that Saturday afternoon she visited us. What was

said I surmise and I know the wound it gave her sensitive soul, although she tried to draw over it her woman's pride and silence. And this is not the last cruel blow she will receive. Will you put a weapon in the hands of the worldly-wise to be used upon her?"

"Mother!"

"Yet, Preston, this is what you are doing," she said, moving aside to bring herself face to face with him. "What has wrought this change in you, not alone to her but to all the other conditions of your life, I do not inquire, because I have not the right to do so. Not even a mother's eyes are sacred enough to pierce the holy of holies of a human soul. But it is my right and my duty to tell you that you cannot, you dare not, permit that young, undefended girl to become a target for the world's cruel glances and words! For months we saw you seeking her society and happy in it. That your motive was not the motive of the idler, the society man, I know; else I should blush to call you my son. The world did not openly call you her lover; it knew that you were her friend, and you are bound by every law that gentlemen acknowledge to continue to be her friend."

It would have been easy for him to say, and bring her to his side instead of having her stand thus against him, "I cannot be her friend, and St. John Worthington is her lover!" But he would not, to draw aid to his cause, deprive Teresa of one iota of this womanly affection, as he should have done by the appeal to her maternal love and sympathy. Teresa needed his mother's love and he was strong —at least he felt so then—to withstand the tempter, reinforcement coming though it did from his mother's heart. She had now paused and was regarding him with her calm, pure eyes; they demanded what the words and voice suggested, confession, or explanation. He could neither give the one nor make the other; and to evade his mother's question would be, to him, as base as to lie to another.

"Mother, I acknowledge the wisdom of your words," he said. "Your sincerity calls for a like sincerity from me, but I am not prepared to answer now. I must have time to fight this trouble—slay it, or be slain by it."

She advanced as he was speaking, and laid her hands upon his shoulders. As his words ceased, she said, gazing into the eyes so like her own,

"I would not force your confession, my son, but while you meet your trouble alone, I ask you to remember these last words of mine. We must never forget that while we can make no compromise with dishonor, we are as strictly bound to see to it that the demands for honor do not arbitrarily call for the infliction of needless suffering upon ourselves and others. All Don Quixotes do not live in Spain."

Then she leaned forward and kissed him, smiled upon him and retired. He stood by the white railing, looking after her until she disappeared through the doorway, conscious of but one thought, to call her back to hear his confession and advise him what to do. He was roused by his father's voice greeting her in the hall. They might return to the veranda and he did not want to see any one then, least of all his father, so he sprang from over the low railing and started across the lawn. He turned, from force of habit, toward the graveyard, but paused, thinking "it is a haunted place!" and hurried

instead toward the deep wood which stretched from the foot of the lawn to the road. But the dusk shadow of the trees was haunted by memories not less treacherous than those the graveyard sheltered; for here he had spent many an hour of that Spring with Teresa. One March day they had searched among the dead leaves for reviving Nature's first hint of green, and had sat for a while on the beechen log, listening to the tender, uncertain note of the early robin. How near to him she had been that day! He seemed yet to feel the touch of her arm against him, as she turned to follow with her eyes the northward flight of a flock of wild geese, the long, far-off, lonesome cry of whose leader had followed her joyous exclamation like a knell. Then, as she saw the geese veer from the straight line of travel, she had sprung to her feet, saying, "I hope they won't fly over your house! A girl at the convent told me that means "unluck for the year." But straight for the white house and over it went the long gray line of wings, and a shadow crept across her face. He thereupon accused her of being superstitious, but she had spiritedly replied that once she had seen the wild geese thus turn to fly over Loretto and that year the poor convent had been burned to the ground. And he remembered now he had said then that there was something his heart yearned for, and if it were refused him, he would look evermore upon the wild geese as the harbingers of sorrow instead of Springtide happiness. Could she have failed to understand the meaning of his words, his eyes? Why had he not pressed their meaning fully on her in that opportune moment, when perhaps she was heart-free, he asked himself now, in passionate regret, as he stood alone where they two had stood that blue-skied March day. Why? why? Relentless word, when we turn with it on our lips to the past! He could not remain by the beechen log, and went on, scarcely heeding his way, until a cluster of red-bud shrubs stopped him like a command. That Sunday afternoon they had again walked these woodland ways together, for the last time, he had then thought, in bitterness of soul. Oh, the beauty of the wood that day! It seemed to mock him, with its snowy arms of blossoming hawthorn, its blue eyes of violets, its blushing face of red-bud, its words of happy bird-song, its laugh of rippling waters. "I am fair for the Spring, my lover, "the wood had said, "and she is fair, but not for you, not for you, but another!" He had gathered for her the flowers that had pleased her and as she stood under the shrubby red-bud, with its thickly-flowered interlacing boughs beside her and above her, he thought, not of Venus rising from the sea, but of Maidenhood, floating away on the roseate clouds of earliest love; and the beauty of the picture and the holiness of the thought which it suggested had so appealed to him, that although he felt she might not be his he prayed that she might be happy. The vision returned to him now in the moonlight, but the passion-rocked heart could not echo the prayer of the sun-lighted afternoon. Instead, it made him cry out, "I cannot! I cannot! I cannot! Every fibre of my being claims you. Mine you must be! My happiness has as great a claim for consideration as has my honor, and St. John Worthington must learn, with the rest of the world, that in love, as in war, all is

fair. She said so, or words of almost similar meaning, and my mother could counsel no wrong. And how do I know that she loves him? That he loves her, I cannot doubt. How could it be otherwise, seeing her daily, almost hourly? O blind, blind that I was, never to think of that life of hers under the same roof with him! But does she love him? Could I not have misinterpreted the meaning of that glance? Did not my mother say that she hoped to see Teresa take a dearer place in her heart than a friend's? She can read hearts more accurately, maybe, than I can read glances. May it not be that Teresa loves me, that my mother knows this and is striving to save me from not only wrecking my own happiness but my darling's with it?"

As his eyes fell again upon the redbud shrubs, now a mass of dark green, he felt his soul shiver under the sudden remembrance of the refrain he seemed to catch from the wood's many voices that day, "Not for you! not for you, but another!"

"She shall be for me or for no other!" he cried out, and then startled, shocked, overcome by a sense that he had put self above all else, he thrust aside the branches and hurried on through the wood. But the words seemed to have thrown down the wall of resistance which he, through long days and longer nights, had built about that place in his heart where Honor was enthroned, and over the debris rushed a host of wild passions and black thoughts.

'My life is ruined, my soul is lost, without you, Teresa, Teresa! You must save me! You will save me when I tell you this, tell you that not alone does my heart call for you, but my soul needs you," he pleaded, as spent by his wild walk and tumultuous emotions, he emerged from the deep shade of the trees. He had made almost a circuit of the field, and as he came back to the lawn found himself directly opposite the low stone wall of the graveyard. The gleam of those white tomb-stones sent a chill along his frame.

"Is there no escaping it? Oh!—is there to be for the man, as there was for the lonely boy, only the dead child —only unknown Amy in her grave!" He crossed the lawn, and reaching the wall, gazed on the child's grave, until his face grew calm and his heart still.

Hours afterwards, Preston Martins turned from the wall. The moon was traveling down the western sky and as he walked toward the house its light threw his shadow, long and dark, before him. He saw therein an emblem of his life; henceforth, he would follow the shadow of a lost joy. Once he turned, and lifting his grief-marked, young face to the calm white moon, said:

"If there were a cloud on you, there would be no shadow on my way. But better a thousand times that there should be gloom on my life, than stain on my honor."

For Will had come down to the gateway and was holding the citadel of Honor. The next morning when he met his mother, he said:

"I encountered my trouble, and mastered it. I am what I have ever been, Miss Martinez' friend and—your son." He took her hand and kissed it, with a smile that smote the mother's heart.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SELF OR SACRIFICE?

Three days passed. On the first Preston had met Teresa, escorted her home, and asked permission to take her for a drive the following afternoon. On both occasions he had been cordial and friendly as of old, and the heart of the girl was somewhat set at rest. She had, at first, been sorely puzzled and not a little grieved by his constant and unusual absence. She thought perhaps she had given him offense by her words at the graveyard and trembled lest her zeal for his welfare had driven this wandering soul farther away from its true abiding place. In her trouble she wrote a long letter to Sister Mechtilde. On the morning of the day after the drive with Preston Martins, the answer came.

"My Beloved Child," wrote Sister Mechtilde, "your letter is one that calls for an immediate answer. I am pained to note your despondency, your murmurs against your new life. Have you forgotten, my little Teresa, what Father Nernickx said to you that Spring evening as we sat with him on the little porch? or my words the day you left us? You speak, with longing, of the peace, the tranquillity, the beauty of life at Loretto. Ah, child! What makes it peaceful? Resignation to the will of God, which ordained that we should give our lives to Him in the school-room and the cloister. What makes it tranquil? Faithfully performing the work ordained for us, no matter what the pain, what the repugnance; steadfastly holding before our eyes the example of Christ, our Master, Who was subject unto His creatures in the lowly house of Nazareth, yet Who sedulously closed His ears against the calls of His Mother and His brethren when the work entrusted to His hands by the Father was to be accomplished. What makes life at Loretto beautiful? Sacrifice. In the true, the perfect religious, nothing remains of self. In the furnace of abnegation her soul has been purified. These are the keys to the happiness of convent life. Think you that they are easily found? And that when found they are readily fitted into the lock? Nay, child. We are but human. We reach upward by faithful, patient, hopeful striving. And are not God's will, God's work, God's demand for sacrifice, in the world also? If we fretted against God's will in the convent, disregarded His work, refused Him our sacrifice, could we throw over our lives this peace, tranquillity and beauty? Is your life a hard one? God mapped it out for you, and by accepting it as a manifestation of His will toward you, you will find the key to the abode of peace. Is your work uncongenial? He selected it for you. By accepting it as His decree you find the key to tranquillity. Is there a sacrifice confronting you? It came not without God's design. He intends that by it you shall crown your life with unfading beauty. Thus you may have in the noisy, troublous world the peace, calm and beauty of the cloister.

"Some passages of your letter perplex me, as when you say, rather irrelevantly, that there is a mission for you, but something in your heart seems to ward you away from it. Is that mission a worthy one? Is it the brightening of human lives? Is it the bettering of human hearts? Is it the reclaiming, through God's mercy, of human souls? If it is any of these it

is a worthy one, and, child of Loretto, dare you let any earthly motive, any selfish desire, stand between you and your call to do this work? Christ came to earth to show men how to accomplish the Father's will. Are you, too, to be one of the great, great many upon whom the divine lesson is lost? What is that 'something' in your heart? Examine it carefully. Is it fear of what the world may think or say? A desire not to run counter to the wishes of your friends? The promptings of easily hurt vanity? Or the voice of self bidding you to avoid sacrifice, urging you to grasp the joys desired and within your reach, and leave the work which calls for abnegation forever undone? Dear, if that 'something' is any of these it is unworthy of you. It is not the way Father Nernickx bade you to live in the world. It is not the way we expected our little Teresa to conduct herself in the great conflict. And I believe that if you have ever wavered, you will now hark back to the old command, where the loyal souls are fighting; that you will strike down fears and weaknesses, longings for flight or surrender, and live out in your great, sorrowful world as true a life as is lived out in the cloister."

There were other pages, filled with gossip about Loretto and its dwellers, but it was to the first part of the letter that Teresa's eyes returned, and the words sank into her heart. What had happened since that Saturday evening by the graveyard that had made the conversion of Preston Martins, the reclamation of his father seem of less moment to her, made her push farther and farther away the thought that their souls were worth any sacrifice of hers? That following Monday morning, St. John Worthington, contrary to his custom, had waited to breakfast with her, and that evening he had walked home with her from the college. He had accepted invitations to entertainments which included her, and while his attentions to her had not been marked, they were apparent enough to make her marvel at the change which had come over him and the corresponding happiness it had awakened in her heart. In this sweet, subtle joy which had taken possession of her former interests grew less important. It did not now appear such an overwhelming calamity that the world was misjudging her relations with the Martins, and she even came to forgive Mrs. Halpin for her cruel words. But thought of the Martins was not without attendant painful reflection. What had become of Preston these many days? She recalled the sadness which had shadowed his face as he said good-bye the Sunday evening when he had driven her home, a sadness which had crept into her own heart and remained there for many hours afterwards. It was the remembrance of that sadness and fear, and perchance remorse, that made her, in a fit of melancholy, write her half-incoherent letter to Sister Mechtilde.

The answer came in one of those hours of high exaltation intensely imaginative natures experience, and which are as often followed by days of despondency, during which they drift along with the current of the life around them, as weak and helpless as a straw cast upon the bosom of a river. As she read, her spirit caught fire from the words. To sacrifice self, lay her own desires and hopes and joys down on the altar! In her present mood, and with Sister Mechtilde's words

beating on her brain, this seemed an easy thing to do. But when the long day's work was finished, and she turned from the familiar college doors, the young heart was crying out its rebellion. She longed for solitude, and as this was not to be found in her little room above Mrs. Halpin's parlor, she thought of the wood, the quiet, cool and extensive wood where she had walked with St. John Worthington that past autumn day. She passed Mrs. Halpin's house, but without entering. Doubtless that worthy lady would be anxious because of her unusual absence, but Teresa had grown strangely apathetic toward her overcautious guardian. When she found herself out of the town, she discontinued her rapid walking, and as she sauntered under the green canopy made by the oaks edging the road, her mind returned to the day on which she had first walked this way. All came back with that startling distinctness memory can give some pictures, and she felt the too-frequent sigh rising to her lips. Entering the wood she followed a grassy path until it led her to a place screened from the eyes of the occasional passer on the country road. Here she seated herself, for she was weary. The long months of work, and the not less severe exactions of social life, had left her physically exhausted, while the high pitch at which her sensitive, imaginative mind was almost constantly sustained, aided bodily nervousness in reducing vitality. Sometimes, of late, this intense, quivering life had been extinguished in apathy, scarcely less painful, and then she craved to lay her head on Sister Mechtilde's lap, weep over the bitterness of her life, acknowledge the humiliation of her defeat, and beg her to love and protect the woman as she had done the child. As she sat under the tree, with the declining May sun sending its light down on her in shivered, golden rays, that apathy of mind and body again overtook her, and while her heart-beats sounded dull and heavy in her ears leaden-footed thought carried her from past to present and from present to past again. All her social triumphs passed before her mind, and they looked tawdry and insufficient, shorn now of the evanescent beauty that had been poured over them by enjoyment; and the remembered praise of her work from the college faculty and thankful parents was as monotonous and uninspiring as the buzzing of bees. What did it all amount to—homage to beauty, praise for successful effort? Homage had fed her vanity, praise her ambition, until these passions bade fair to become the motive powers of her life. These were the keys to turmoil and unrest, and yet she had expected them to unclose for her the abiding place of peace and tranquillity! She took Sister Mechtilde's letter from her pocket, and spreading it out on her knees, let her eyes pass listlessly over its familiar words. The enthusiasm they had called forth in the morning was gone, but the determination they had awakened remained, now in dogged steadfastness, where it had been buoyantly earnest. Life was not given her to be fretted away as she had done with it during the past year. Her work she loathed, her one prayer was for deliverance from it; but from this time forth, she would do it not for the foolish desire of praise, but because it was the work which God had designed for her, and she would perform it without murmuring, although her heart should

break under it. It was slavery for her. She knew that she was fitted for another, better sphere, and she read this opinion on the faces of all whom she knew. She would have scorned to accept their most delicately-proffered assistance. Should she accept, almost court, their pity? At the thought, she felt indignation leap up in her and it aroused her half-paralyzed mental faculties. Pity from the Martins and their friends? pity from St. John Worthington? pity from Mrs. Halpin and her boarders? God helping her, they should never again be given cause to suggest, delicately or indelicately, that the harshness of her lot was almost unbearable, when it had been selected for her by the All-Wise and Greatest Love. As she reached the closing words of the Sister's second page, she raised her eyes. Yes, what was the motive that had made her regard with indifference, or strive to put from her, that work that had made to her, a few days ago, its direct, compelling appeal? She felt the warmth creep over her face and neck as her conscience replied that it was the selfish pleasure she derived from the society of St. John Worthington. She recalled the inexplicable sorrow of George Martins' voice and face as he said to her that Saturday night that perhaps she would make good his failure to rear his son in the Faith and even reclaim the father from the error of his ways. Her imagination carried her into the depths of remorse she thought that father knew, because of his neglected sacred duty; as it pictured for her the penalty, which, according to her belief, God would exact from him in the judgment hour because of this criminal remissness. Here was a human soul to be assisted, perhaps saved from unutterable future woe, and she had dared to close her eyes against the peril of its situation! And who had been so kind to her as George Martins? Ah! but what was his motive? From some secret cell came a voice uttering that question, a voice of warning. She silenced it harshly. Was she to be again disturbed by the gossip of such a person as Mrs. Halpin? Preston Martins' conversation by the graveyard had carried her to a place not to be reached by the arrows of suspicion. They had taken her a stranger, generously; she could not, and be worthy of their kindness, take them, her friends, otherwise.

And how sad Preston's face and voice had grown since that night! He had apologized for his absence by the simple statement that he had been mentally ill, and that he believed such patients should be kept alone and under treatment. This disquietude of mind she had attributed to the religious study he had promised her to make and she wondered what had been the outcome, for he had made no allusion to the conversation, and his manner forbade any reference to it. She was conscious of a change in his attitude toward her, a certain tenderness of voice and eyes against which she had inwardly rebelled was gone, replaced by an expression which she could not analyze, but which brought a dull ache to her heart. Might he not be waging a fierce battle alone against the enemy of his soul, a battle whose outcome, she was assured, would separate him forever from spiritual kinship with the mother he loved. And in this time of his turmoil of soul, she had not given him the assistance of a prayer, she had almost forgotten him in her new happiness. She despised

herself at that reflection, as she wished that she could hate the one who had made her false to her better, nobler nature. Instead, the thought of him seemed to enter her soul with giant power and thrust out every other sentiment, save this strangely sweet feeling. Against it, after a moment of yielding, the sacrificial desire which Sister Mechtilde's words had given birth began its first struggle.

It was then there fell on her ears the noise made by some one jumping over the stone fence. In her heart lived an old, haunting, unaccountable fear of Indians, and although she knew this fear was groundless, it made the cold perspiration break on her brow and sent a shivering as of ague along her frame. Nearer came the feet, and gathering her fast-failing strength, she sprang from her place on the grass, and flung herself, rather than ran, into the young thicket that grew back of the oak tree. There she waited, scarcely daring to breathe, and she noted now that the sun had set and the weird, fearsome twilight was creeping through the forest. As the walker came to the oak tree, he paused, and the girl's breath came in gasps, for she remembered that she had left the envelope on the grass, as she had reopened her letter. She was preparing to make a wild race toward the road, should the feet turn toward her place of concealment, when she heard St. John Worthington's voice calling softly, as if to himself,

"Teresa."

The tones thrilled her heart with undreamed-of joy, made every fibre of her being leap with glad, tumultuous life.

"Teresa!" he spoke the name again, in softer, sadder tones, lingering on it.

The girl's arms dropped to her side.

"Sacrifice! sacrifice!" Sister Mechtilde's word fell like blows upon her brain. There, almost within touch of her hand, was joy calling to her, and here was pain savagely holding her alone in the darkness. She felt that the supreme moment of her life had come. She must either choose the joy that closed forever on her, the way that led to purposeful action; or sacrifice that joy that she might perform her mission. He moved away, down the woodland's grassy path, and when she made no movement to hold him back, she knew that her choice was made; but something seemed to snap in her heart. She stole from the thicket, fled up the walk toward the road, and half an hour later was at home. Mrs. Halpin met her at the door, with a white, anxious face.

"I went out for a walk into the country," explained Teresa, hurriedly moving toward the stairs.

"Didn't you see Mr. Worthington? He came home early and not finding you here, went out to meet you."

"I missed him," she said hoarsely, from the steps upon which she was creeping blindly to her room. As she looked in her mirror that evening she shuddered to see that in her eyes and around her mouth was the sadness that overshadowed the face of Mr. Worthington and made Preston Martins unfamiliar.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### TERESA MAKES A PROMISE.

The next day was Saturday and as Teresa unclosed her eyes, after the light slumber into which she had fallen toward morning, and saw the long day with no employment stretch-

ing mercilessly before her, she realized what a blessing now was the work she had despised. She had neither the physical strength nor moral courage to rise and face it, beginning as it did with meeting St. John Worthington at the breakfast table, feeling his and the other men's critical eyes as she explained her absence of the evening previous, which, as she had learned from the negro maid, had been the cause of some comment and not a little anxiety.

"I might as well be in a prison!" she thought bitterly. Mrs. Halpin's surveillance is becoming unbearable, and the watch kept by her boarders on me and my affairs is insulting. I shall write to dear mother tomorrow and tell her I am not happy here," and she turned her white face again to her pillow. When the girl tapped at the door with the warm water, Teresa told her that she did not require it yet; whereupon the Negress inquired anxiously through the keyhole,

"Is yoh sick, Miss Creacy?"

"I am not feeling very well," replied poor Teresa; "but Martha," she commanded, "don't say anything about it to Mrs. Halpin!"

But the admonition was spoken to thin air for the servant had flown down the stairs and in the next moment was saying to Mrs. Halpin, that "Miss Creacy wuz awful sick, an' couldn't git up to unfas'n de doh." Thoroughly alarmed, Mrs. Halpin climbed the stairway as hurriedly as her ample proportions would permit.

"Teresa," she called out, between gasps of breath, "are you sick, dear?"

"Oh, no! Mrs. Halpin," answered Teresa, sitting up in the bed, impatience on her face and in her voice. "When I told Martha I was not feeling well, I meant I am tired and want to rest."

But Mrs. Halpin was not to be thus put off, for visions of Teresa's illness and death were rising before her, all due to her want of precaution toward this poor, motherless girl. Had she a headache she asked tremulously from behind the closed door. No. Couldn't she drink a cup of coffee and eat a piece of toast? No. Not even take a little coffee? No. Hadn't she better send for the doctor and let him prescribe a tonic? No. Or would she like to see the priest, perhaps her illness was more serious than she thought? No, she didn't want to see the priest. Wouldn't she like Martha to bathe her face and brush her hair? No. Hadn't she (Mrs. Halpin) better send word to the Mother at Loretto? Teresa's spirit, fretted by the torture of last night's thoughts, all but made her spring from the bed and order the old woman to leave her door and cease her idiotic talk; but Loretto's training gave a curb to her natural impatience, and made her reply that it was not necessary to send a messenger to Loretto to inform the much-distracted Superioress that she (Teresa) felt somewhat tired after her week's work, and took the liberty of sleeping late that morning. But there was something in the reply that mocked her solicitude, and Mrs. Halpin abruptly abandoned her post by the door, declaring to herself that she didn't know what had come over the girl. As the hours passed and there was no sound in that little bed-room, Mrs. Halpin again mounted the narrow stairs and again knocked on the door. What is it? demanded Teresa. Was she better? Yes. Was she up? No. Was she going to get up? Per-

haps. Didn't she want a little breakfast? No. Was she sure that she had no headache; no pain? Quite sure. Couldn't she drink a cup of coffee? Certainly she could, but she did not want it. Would she like a cup of tea, or a glass of milk? She wanted neither. Was there nothing she would like? There was something she would like very much indeed. And what was that? "To be let alone!" returned Teresa, and as she heard her persecutor's indignant "Huh!" she smiled. A little later Martha's soft, cat-like tread was on the stairs.

"O Miss Creacy! Miss Creacy!" she called in her sibilant voice.

"Yes," said Teresa.

"Is yoh 'wake, Miss Creacy?"

"No," returned Teresa, "I am fast asleep, "and Martha's lazy laugh followed.

"Lem'e in, honey," said the servant. "Ise got sum'fin' foh yoh."

"Breakfast? I don't want any."

"No, honey, 'taint no brek'as'. Missus is mad an' tole Sairy to give yoh brek'as to de dogs."

"What is it then?" asked Teresa, rising and leaning on an elbow.

"A lettah. Yes, ma'am, a lettah! Mis' Ma'tins' man, he jus' brung it, an' he's waitin' on de porch foh de ansah."

Teresa rose and unlocked the door.

"Whey," exclaimed Martha, as she entered, "yoh's not a bit sick!"

"I didn't say that I was sick," said Teresa, taking the letter.

"An' w'at's yoh go an' played 'possum foh, an' skeer ole Missus 'mos' to deaf?" said the Negress, as she began to move noiselessly around the room, settling chairs and adjusting curtains. "We wuz all 'mos' sure yoh wuz goin' to be sick, an' Missus she t'inks it's goin' to be fevah, an' she sez at brek'as dat if Miss Creacy teks down, she ain't evah goin' to 'kivah, 'cause she ain't strong. An' de Majah he sez Pshaw! dat dah ain't nuffin' de mattah wif ouh leetle gal, but he doan talk no moh 'tall, an' jus' gobble down his vittels, tell I'se skeert 'less'n he's goin' to choke hissef. An' Mistah Benson, he 'gins to talk an' laugh so loud, I jus' tuhn 'roun' an' look at him, an' I sees him a-sittin' dah, sayin' all dem wile t'ings erbout polatics, an' mekin' all dem jokes 'bout folks, an' dah he is a-cuttin' up his meat, an' stuhun' his coffee, an' not techin' mouthful. An' de boys dey doan eat much an' doan talk eny, an' de 'Fessoh he look lak he done los' de las' frien' he has. An' den Mistah Benson, he sez, all uv a suttent, ef Missus doan t'ink dat he bettah call at de Doctah's office, ez he goes down town, an' hev him to come up an' see Miss Creacy; an' Missus she shakes huh head an' sez 'taint no use, foh yoh done said dat yoh won't see no doctah. An' den dey all goes away, 'ceptin' Mistah Worvinung, an' he sits an' looks at Missus an' she looks at him. An' den he sez, puttin' his han' to his bres', 'Mis' Halpin, dah's a pain hyah lak dat mawnin' w'en huh baby wuz cryin'.' An' den Missus she bus' into tears, an' he goes 'way."

Teresa was sitting on the edge of the bed with the open letter before her, but its words were meaningless, blotted out by the mist that rose to her eyes at the girl's recital. She recalled her fast-growing dislike of the Major and Mr. Benson because of their manner of observing her behaviour and their cynical comments on the pleasures of her social life; and now the mere report that she was not

well had made those world-hardened men as tender as women. Even the great professor, who rarely took notice of her, and the college boys, upon whom she bestowed few words and fewer thoughts, had been sorrowed by the intelligence. "I am blind, dull, stupid!" she said to herself, "as well as selfish and vain. I wonder they do not despise me!" Here the servant's words about St. John Worthington interrupted her, and her brain seemed to whirl around, for again she heard him calling to her in the woods. The voice ceased; she felt the speaker's sharp eyes were on her, so she reached up her hand, and drawing carelessly a heavy tress of her black hair, thus made a screen. She read Mrs. Martins' note. It proved to be an invitation to accompany her and her husband to the lately discovered White Sulphur Spring in Scott County, where a hotel had just been opened. If she would come, the carriage would be sent in immediately and by starting after dinner, they would reach the Spring by sundown. The thought of having to meet the members of the household, the fear of encountering St. John Worthington, had kept her a prisoner in her room that morning; now after what the Negress had told her, she feared to meet the others with their solicitous words and gentle greetings; she dared not even look at him.

"Let them, let him, think of me what they will," she cried to herself, "but I must get away, until I have learned control!" And she sent a line of acceptance to Mrs. Martins, and as she gave it to Martha, she bade her to bring up the hot water and make her a cup of coffee. An hour later the servant appeared with the coffee and the information that Mrs. Martins' carriage had come, and Mr. Preston was waiting for her in the parlor. She had on the dress of shimmering silver-gray silk which he admired, and the broad, flower-decked hat, with its pink ribbons to tie under her chin; and as she drank the coffee, she wondered if he would notice the change that last night had wrought; for the mirror showed blue circles under dark eyes and a wanness that was startling on the ivory clear cheeks, while the lips of the beautiful mouth had parted with some of the scarlet, and the smooth white brow had taken on a new expression. Would he see all these changes and marvel at them; or were they apparent to her eyes only?

"How do I look, Martha?" she hazarded to the Negress.

"Putty ez a peach, Miss Creacy! Yoh luk purtier dough in yoh cream-cullohed silk. Silvah-gray meks a gal luk oldah, moh lak a woman."

Ah! that was the expression! Older, more like a woman. She set down the cup and went to the mirror to see the full truth of the words. "Older, more like a woman," she repeated, and the aching heart echoed the phrase. She tied the pink ribbons under her chin, but the reflection they threw on the white face, made more pronounced the absence of color from the lips and the shadows under the dark eyes; so she unfastened them and let them fall loosely over her shoulders.

"Go down and ask Mrs. Halpin to come to her sitting-room," said Teresa to the servant. The girl obeyed and as Teresa turned to follow her, her eyes caught sight of the crumpled pages of Sister Mechtilde's letter. As she picked it up and thrust it into her pocket, she was again in the green thicket, hearing St. John Worthing-

ton's voice calling, "Teresa! Teresa!" She flew from the room and down the stairs, but the voice pursued her, pleading with her to come back and wait for him. As she entered the sitting-room, Mrs. Halpin looked up with a poor attempt at a smile.

"Please pardon my rudeness this morning, Mrs. Halpin," said Teresa. "I didn't rest well last night and felt very cross. I was only tired as I tried to make you understand. I am going down to White Sulphur with Mrs. Martins to spend tonight and Sunday. I suppose I shall return tomorrow evening. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Halpin, in dead, level tones, for instead of the girl before her, she saw St. John Worthington as he had looked at her across the table that morning. Teresa turned toward the parlor, where sat Preston Martins, his hat in his hand. The room had been darkened to keep out the hot May sunshine, and for this both were grateful. Her voice sounded muffled as she greeted him, and his tones were not clearer as he replied; then he advanced, and holding the door open, bowed her out into the hall. As she traversed its narrow length and crossed the green yard, she again seemed to hear the voice in the woods calling, calling. When the carriage turned from the main street out into the turnpike that wound through the new world of song and sunshine, her drooping spirits began to revive, and for the first time, during the drive, she turned her eyes on her companion. She met his full gaze and the souls that thus looked upon each other through the windows of the human recognized that now some subtle bond united them who previously had been strangers. It was the kinship of sorrow. The question that throbbed up from Preston Martins' heart was hurled back by his strong will unasked, and he said instead:

"I am glad that you are going to White Sulphur. The country is different from this. You will find hills there and dells and valleys. I like hilly land because of the low, still hiding-places of their valleys. That's another of my fancies," and he smiled as he made this first allusion to their conversation on that other night. "The hotel itself," he went on instantly, "stands on the side of a hill, with another hill facing it. Between these two is the spring, in a narrow strip of valley. It is a perfect picture of a peaceful, secluded, yet beneficial life, that neck of verdant land, stretching below and around the feet of the hills."

As he paused, she asked,

"Are you going to White Sulphur also?"

"No, unfortunately for me," he replied, but the fervor of the gallant, which, if light as foam, gives a pleasing taste to such implied compliments, was not in his voice; instead, was the sadness of truth. "Father is going," and he seemed to throw in the words to fill up the awkwardness of the sentence, "some one must be at home to do the honors of the house to the friends—and enemies—whom political aspirants may expect at all times. You have heard, of course," he concluded, "that my father's name is prominently mentioned for Governor by the New Court Whigs. They predominate in the party and his nomination is almost certain."

"Will the Old Court adherents bring out another candidate?" she asked.

"I do not think so. We seldom split up like that, although we do not ex-

pect to receive strong support from the Old Court men."

"When will the convention be held?" she asked.

Next Thursday," he replied.

"And whom do the Democrats intend bringing out?" she inquired, glad of a subject that led so far away from her miserable thoughts. He paused a breathing space before replying. Then:

"The Old Court members of the party will, it is thought, vote for the nomination of Mr. St. John Worthington. The New Court followers," he went on quickly, for the involuntary start which she gave did not escape him, "have not yet selected their standard bearer. But they are weak and it is probable that they will follow the advice of their friends and not vote at all, or support the Whig candidate. It is rank folly for men thus to permit side issues to disrupt their party. Twenty years from now the Old Court and New Court question will be forgotten, although today men seem to think it of more importance than the preservation of their parties."

He lapsed into silence, but as the carriage was entering the arched gateway, he said:

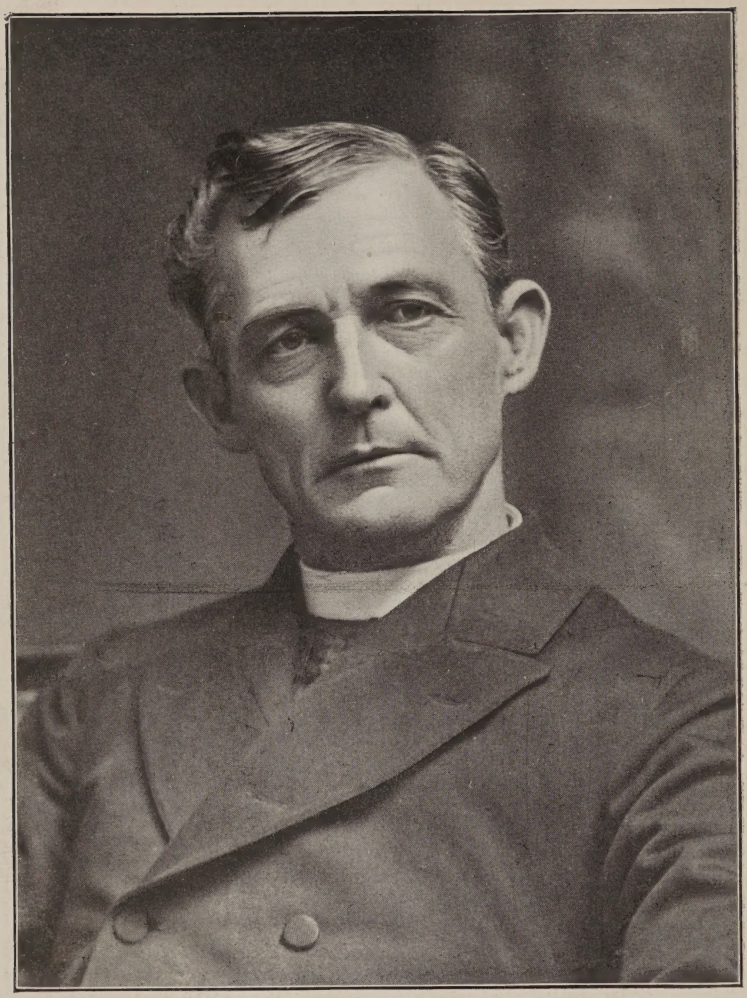
"It will be a bitterly fought election, if the parties are captained by my father and Mr. Worthington, for they will carry into the campaign, not only political enmity, but personal hatred. I asked my father to spare himself and us the misery of another electional contest, but—my father is ambitious. It is only justice, however, to add that he is less ambitious for himself than for my mother and me. He would make her the first lady for the people of Kentucky and secure for me the honor of being a Governor's son. I told him, that for myself, I had no such ambition. My highest wish is to be known to my generation as a worthy son of a good man. I am content that posterity should forget me."

As he finished, the carriage drew up at the white house, on the wide veranda of which stood the father, a welcoming smile on his handsome, small-featured face. The keen eyes of George Martins did not fail to note the changed face of Teresa Martinez, and her long silences, after spasmodic efforts at conversation, confirmed him in the opinion that the girl was passing through one of those crises that overtake the hearts of the young; and that this should occur at a time when some turmoil of soul was oppressing his son, gave a new trend to his thoughts. Preston had succeeded in baffling the father's efforts to pierce the mystery of the all-too perceptible change, but he felt that the girl would not be so adept at concealment.

(To be continued.)

THE FARM BOY'S MOTHER.

*(Photograph by N. Brock, Asheville, N. C.)*



REV. P. F. BRANNAN.

# PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rev. P. F. Brannan of Weatherford, Texas, was born in Columbus, Georgia, Nov. 30, 1847, and was baptized by Bishop Reynolds of Charleston, S. C. At fourteen years of age he enlisted as a drummer boy in the 15th Alabama regiment. He served four years in Gen. R. E. Lee's army in Virginia, and was among the few who surrendered to Gen. Grant at Appomattox Court House.

After the war was over, he clerked in a grocery store for a time. This was not congenial work. He left the mercantile business and began the study of law with Col. Ramsay, a leading lawyer of Georgia. He was admitted to the bar before he was twenty-one years of age, and on the date of his admission he became a partner in the law business with Col. Ramsey.

A short time after this he went to Louisville, Ky., and became a partner of Gov. Thomas E. Bramlette, the war governor of Kentucky.

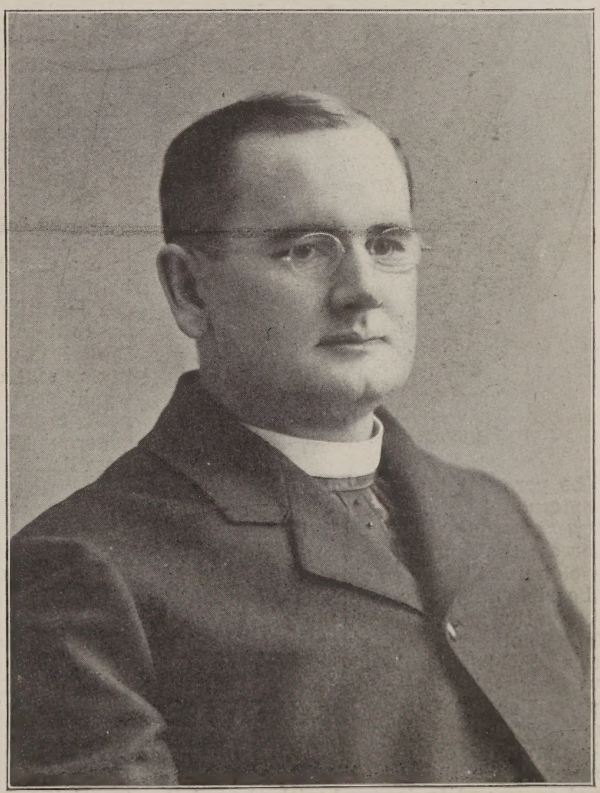
In 1871 he went to Cleburne, Texas, where he practiced law and edited a newspaper. Here he was married. He then went to Weatherford, Texas, where he was cashier of a bank, editor of another paper, practicing some law besides. In a short time his law business so increased that he had to abandon the bank and the newspaper. He figured some in politics also, and was a delegate to two state conventions and one national convention. He was defeated for the Texas Legislature on religious grounds, but became an Alderman, Mayor and City Judge, and also prosecuted the criminal pleas of the state and county and district attorney. At the death of his wife in 1883 he made immediate preparations to enter the priesthood.

It required a year and a half to finish up his law business after his wife's death. He was ordained by Bishop Gallagher of Galveston on Dec. 8th, 1888. His first mission was to the Negroes of Galveston. On account of failing health he was sent to North Texas and was pastor for seven years of his home town, Weatherford. During his pastorate at Weatherford, he was invited to give missions in his own and other dioceses. Missionary work rapidly increased, and to such an extent that he had either to abandon his parish or the missionary work. He told his bishop, Right Rev. Edw. J. Dunne of Dallas, that he would have to give up one or the other, and the judgment of the bishop was to supply Weatherford with a pastor and let the missionary work go on.

In the past seven years Father Brannan has done missionary work in Texas, Colorado, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Missouri, California, Louisiana, Arkansas. He goes wherever he is invited.

He has two grown children, a son and a daughter. His son is married, with one daughter in his family, which makes the subject of this sketch two kinds of a "father" and a grandfather besides.

At the national convention held in New Haven last month, the Rev. Patrick McGivney of Middletown, Conn., was chosen by the Knights of Columbus to succeed Rev. Garrett J. Barry of Boston as national chaplain of the order. Father McGivney, the newly appointed chaplain, is a brother of Rev. Michael McGivney, who founded the Knights of Columbus. The present chaplain was born thirty-four years ago at "the McGivney homestead" in Waterbury, Conn. His preparatory schooling was received in the public institutions of that city. He pursued his college course at Niagara University; studied philosophy at The Grand Seminary, Montreal, and again re-



REV. PATRICK McGIVNEY.

ceived theological training at St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. Archbishop Williams ordained Father McGivney to the priesthood, Trinity week, 1891. Since ordination he has been connected with St. John's parish, Middletown, of which the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly Sheridan, of Land League fame, is rector.

The new chaplain is gifted with the qualities which his late brother possessed in so marked a degree—qualities which empowered the elder, and will serve the younger brother to spread the organization that has so marvelously flourished since its humble inception.

REV. WM. H. KETCHAM.

The personal magnetism, the ability to understand men, the rare power of welding together seemingly irreconcilable forces; the courageous temperament that yields unwillingly to obstacle or barrier; the rich humanity which is prodigal of sympathy and prompts the possessor to benefit others—all the noble characteristics of which the Rev. Michael McGivney was a notably fortunate inheritor, have passed on to the new chaplain as a legacy. At a time when the order is entering upon its critical stage it is a happy augury that the priest who is in spiritual command is dowered with the spirit that gave the organization its creation, fortunate, again, that this spirit has evolved under the careful watching of so experienced a society promoter as the Rev. Father Sheridan, to whom all Connecticut organizations are indebted.

A serious problem confronts the Prelates of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. The oldest and most highly cherished missionary enterprise in this country is threatened with destruction. The government has withdrawn its support, and thousands of Indian boys and girls are thrown upon the Bureau for support and education.

Encouraged by the Indian department's friendly attitude heretofore, the Church erected a large number of schools, and in this way invested about $1,500,000, which vast outlay will now be of no benefit, either to the Indians or the Church, unless a reasonable portion of the support which the Government has withdrawn is supplied by Catholic generosity.

Things have come to such a pass that Bishops of the far West have been obliged to leave their dioceses and appeal for help in the North and East; and zealous priests, in a struggle for the very existence of their missions, have absented themselves from their Indian charges in order to collect funds.

It was a pitiful sight to see the aged Father Cataldo, S. J., recently collecting in the city of Washington that he might help to save the magnificent schools of the Jesuit missions from utter ruin. After toiling for nearly forty years among the tribes of the Northwest and sustaining untold dangers and sufferings, it would seem that he and others of his noble type might have been spared, by a generous Catholic public, the fatigue and humiliation of begging from door to door.

If every Catholic would give annually only a small contribution to the cause, not only could our schools be perpetuated, but missionary efforts among the unfortunate Indians could be multiplied.

The work of converting the Indians is incumbent upon the *whole Church in America.* It should not be left to the charity of the *few,* but *every individual* should feel *it a duty* to bear *his part* in this great obligation.

For the future the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions will devote its energies to raising funds for the schools and mis-

sions. It purposes to account for every cent received and to place before its benefactors a full statement of receipts and expenditures.

Rev. William H. Ketcham, who has been duly appointed Assistant Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions is, in the absence of Mgr. Stephan, in Europe, on account of ill-health, the Acting Director of that Bureau, and in full charge of its affairs.

HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN.

Father Ketcham was born at Sumner, Iowa, June 1, 1868, and removed in early childhood to Texas. Educated at the Jesuit college of St. Charles in Louisiana, he pursued his ecclesiastical studies at Mt. St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, Ohio; and was ordained March 13, 1891, by Bishop Meerschaert, in the Pro-Cathedral of Guthrie, Oklahoma, being the first priest ordained by that bishop, and the first secular priest for the Vicari-

ate of Indian Territory. He labored for six years with success among the Cherokee and Creek Indians, and for four years among the full-blood Choctaws. He established several missions in the Creek Nation, and founded the Nazareth Institute for boys and girls at Muskegee, under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Many other schools and missions among neighboring tribes had their origin in Father Ketcham's zeal and energy. One particularly prosperous school is at Antlers in the Choctaw Nation. This is in charge of the Sisters of St. Rose of Lima from Texarkana, Texas.

The work of raising funds for the support of the Indian schools has been intrusted to Father Ketcham, and in the performance of that duty he is authorized to solicit and receive contributions.

All such contributions should be forwarded to Rev. William H. Ketcham, Acting Director, Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 941 F street, Washington, D. C.

Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, orator and lawyer, has been chosen by the faculty of the University of Notre Dame this year to receive the Lætare Medal—the highest honor that the institution can confer.

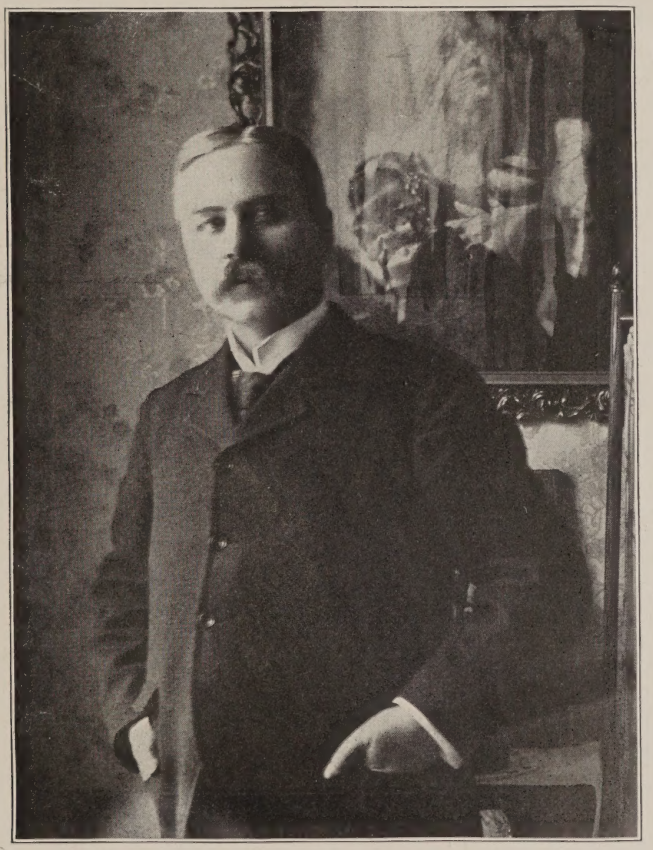
The approval of conscience is the fittest reward for well-doing; but even so, the sturdy heart is made stancher by the approbation of worthy men. It is easier to lead the vanguard of civilization when those in the after-ranks show a hearty confidence. No leader is so strong that he is not strengthened by assurances of honest sympathy. A God-speed to the living sounds sweeter than an exquisite eulogy over the dead.

WARREN E. MOSHER.

About twenty years ago the Faculty of Notre Dame determined to choose each year, from the ranks of the Catholic

laity of the United States, a man or a woman conspicuous in furthering the interests of morality, education, citizenship, and to confer some tangible mark of honor that should bear witness of the approbation and sympathy of Notre Dame. It was settled that the honor should be conferred on Lætare Sunday, and that the material symbol should be a gold medal and an address.

Dr. John G. Shea, historian, was the first on whom the medal was conferred.



MICHAEL P. CURRAN.

The list of subsequent names numbers some of the most prominent Catholic laics—both men and women—of the United States. Since 1883, the year in which Dr. Shea was the recipient, the following men and women have received the honor in the order named: Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; Gen. John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Major Henry T. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahoe, editor; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Gen. William S. Rosecrans, soldier; Anna T. Sadlier, author; Dr. Thomas A. Emmet, physician; Hon. Timothy Howard, jurist; Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, philanthropist; John A. Creighton, philanthropist.

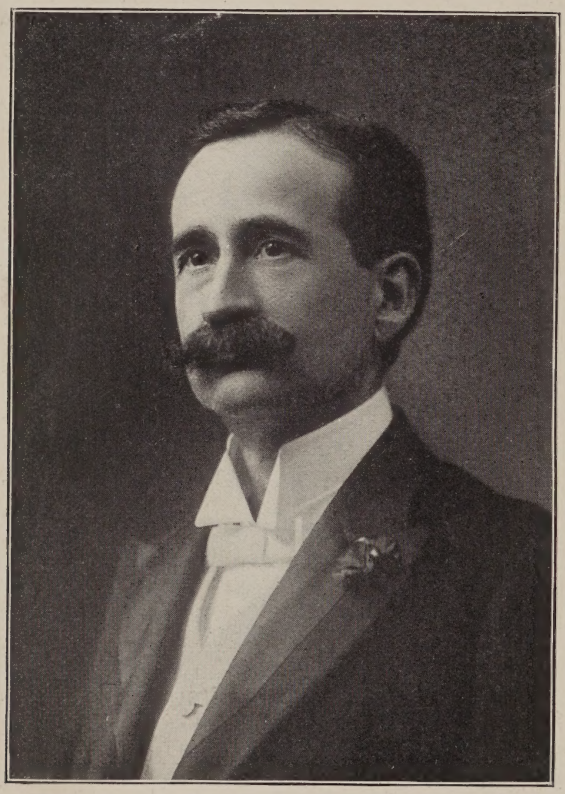
The Catholicity of this list, considered in any light, can not be questioned. Men and women have been honored, and the number of vocations is increased with the addition of nearly every name. Birth, social position, wealth, have received absolutely no consideration in the selection of the Lætare Medalists. There is only one requirement, but that is absolute worth. The favored one has no intimation of the honor to be conferred

until the week preceding its public announcement.

It is because the Faculty at Notre Dame are convinced that Mr. Cockran has been a consistent Catholic and an exemplary citizen that they have chosen him to receive the Lætare Medal this year.

W. Bourke Cockran was born in Ireland, Feb. 28, 1854. He received a good classical education in his native isle, and then spent several years in academic work in France. In 1871 he came to America with a view to studying law. He secured a position as instructor in a preparatory school, and a few years later was appointed principal in a public school in Westchester County, N. Y. During his years of teaching he read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. Wishing to devote his entire time to legal practice, he resigned his position as principal of the school and settled in New York in 1879.

From the time he was admitted to the bar, Mr. Cockran has taken an active part in politics. His magnificent physique and recognized oratorical ability won for him immediate recognition. In 1888 he was elected to Congress from the Twelfth New York district, and he was re-elected in 1890, carrying his district each time by a big majority. He was given a prominent position in the work and deliberations of the House, and was a member of the Ways and Means Committee in the Fifty-Third Congress. He was acknowledged to be one of the most polished orators in the legislative body, and the galleries were filled whenever it was known that he would speak. One of his most famous efforts was his speech at the Democratic Convention held in Chicago in 1892, when he voiced the opposition to



J. L. MAHONEY.

Mr. Cleveland. In 1896 he supported Mr. McKinley's candidacy against Mr. Bryan's, but he early took a pronounced stand against President McKinley's Philippine policy, and strenuously opposed his re-election.

Mr. Cockran has been a devoted Catholic, giving his influence, voice and means to aid in upbuilding the Church in America. He delivered a powerful oration at Cooper's Institute, New York, in 1891, directed against the spoliation of the Propaganda. At nearly every Catholic celebration in the vicinity of New York, in which laymen participate, Mr. Cockran has a prominent position.

Warren E. Mosher, A.M., is editor of Mosher's Magazine, a cosmopolitan New York publication devoted to science, literature, religion, history and art. It is also the official organ of the Catholic Summer School of America, and Home Study and Reading Circle. Mr. Mosher, a young man yet, has had a busy, useful career. He was born at Albany, New York, June 19, 1860, and received his early education at the Christian Brothers, the public schools, and Albany Business College. In 1894 St. Francis Xavier College, New York, conferred upon him the honorary degree of A.M. He was a delegate to the first and second Catholic Congresses of young men, and at the meeting of the National Union in Philadelphia, October, 1891, he was elected second vice president. He has prepared some very scholarly and helpful papers for these meetings.

Mr. Mosher has not been inactive in civic affairs. He served on the book committee of the Youngstown, Ohio, public library, and has always been interested deeply in the public welfare. He introduced and promoted the Knights of Columbus in Ohio, and was first state deputy of the order there.

Amid all his other notable achievements along educational lines, Mr. Mosher's work in helping to inaugurate and promote the Catholic Summer School of America stands pre-eminent. The school at Lake Champlain received its first and perhaps its strongest impetus from The Catholic Educational Union instituted at Youngstown, Ohio, in the spring of 1889 by Mr. Mosher and Rev. Father Mears.

In October, 1889, a number of circles which had been organized under the auspices of the Educational Union entered upon the course of reading prescribed. From the time of the establishment of the Union until January, 1891, the connection between the various circles and the Union was kept up by means of leaflets issued monthly, containing the order of reading, directions, etc. In January, 1891, Mr. Mosher's first number of The Catholic Reading Circle Review, official organ of the Union, made its appearance. Thus far, two features of the Chautauqua system had been realized—Reading Circles following defined courses under the direction of a central body, and a magazine. The idea of the Summer School now began to take definite shape, but it was not until January, 1892, that the project was first given public mention by Rev. James F. Loughlin, D. D.

The School was chartered in 1893, and ever since its inception Mr. Mosher has been one of its most ardent friends and helpers. He is always in the front rank, doing for Catholicity.

The Boston Press Club has conferred a distinguished honor upon a Catholic editor. Mr. Michael P. Curran, editor of the Republic of Boston, has been elected president of that representative body of newspaper workers.

Mr. Curran is one of the best, all-round journalists in New England, irrespective of class or creed. His experience in the newspaper field has been long and varied, and it can be truthfully said that, whatever the progress made in the field of journalism, Mr. Curran was always identified with the advance guard. Mr. Curran's active career in journalism began in 1873. After several years' experience in the dry goods business he entered the office of The Globe as a reporter. In 1875 he became night editor of The Globe, and in 1877 was appointed editor of The Sunday Globe, then launched by Col. Taylor and Mr. E. M. Bacon. He fulfilled these duties skillfully till he accepted the post of Boston Police Commissioner. He subsequently assumed editorial charge of The Republic, which paper he has practically managed since. In his connection with the latter paper, as in his earlier career, he has built up a splendid publication, making it a power in the Catholic world, at least, but in all classes and creeds, his editorial utterances are duly respected and widely commented upon.

Mr. J. L. Mahoney, editor and proprietor of the Catholic Star, a ten-page weekly published at Janesville, Wis., has turned over to his pastor, Rev. William

A. Goebel, the editorial and business management of his paper. Father Goebel is to have control for six months. The net proceeds of that period are to be given as Mr. Mahoney's contribution to the interior decoration of the new St. Mary's church, which is now in course of erection.

Father Goebel solicited Mr. Mahoney for a subscription to the St. Mary's church fund, and received the reply that he might have his Star to run for six months and apply the revenue to the fund. This offer was accepted and Father Goebel assumed charge in a few days.

Father Goebel was born at Marietta, Ohio. He is the eldest brother of Rev. T. A. Goebel, pastor of Wheelersburg, Ohio. He pursued his classical and philosophical studies at Marietta College, St. Aloysius Seminary, Columbus, O., and St. Michael's, Toronto. He studied theology at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, and was ordained there on June 29, 1881. He served as pastor at Kingston and Ripan before receiving his appointment to Janesville.

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## WHERE ANGELS TREAD.

BY J. B. C.

Where lisps a child, at close of day,
The prayer its mother taught to say,
While Satan stands aloof in dread,
There angels tread.

Where two pure souls in concert meet,
Two hearts that aye responsive beat
With love that faithful trust hath fed,
There angels tread.

Where gentle nurse and priest of God,
Both kneel upon the blood-stained sod
Amid the dying and the dead,
There angels tread.

# THE FARM BOY'S MOTHER.*

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

The farm boy's mother! What a world of love and patience, of toil and accomplishment in the little sentence! What a niche in the world's history, in the world's veneration, is hers! Sweet-faced, perhaps ignorant, little woman in the log cabin; cultivated, ambitious patrician on the broad plantation; the mother in the wilderness, on the prairie, in the little New England homestead, among the bogs or craggy highlands of the old country, it is everywhere the same, she is looking after her boy, guiding his heart and brain, his ambition as well as his toddling steps. That which is promising in him, that which is noble and worthy, she draws out and stimulates, little by little, with infinite love and patience and faith, infusing into him whatever of hope and ambition that has been hers, and by and by, after a long time it may be, sending him forth into the world to do the work of a Washington or Lincoln, or perhaps the work of only a common man, whose heart is sound and strong and broad.

In the early morning, when the sun is first tinting the sky-line with promise, there comes the tinkling of cow-bells, and the mother leaves her low doorway with milk bucket and stool. Her husband is already in the field with hand-hoe or plow, or it may be has started for market with a load of wood, or a tub of butter which the mother has made.

The milking done, she turns the cows out to pasture, feeds the chickens and turkeys, does the morning work in the house and about the yard; then she awakens the children, prepares their breakfast, and gets them ready for school. The boy is carefully brushed and combed, his lessons for the day heard and commented upon; then he is started for school with a kiss and earnest admonition that warms his heart and stimulates him to his best endeavor.

Later in years, when his own mornings and evenings are occupied with farm chores, and the school holidays mean a sharing of work that is crowding, the same watchful, solicitous, admonitory, loving espionage is maintained. She still gazes after him from the doorway; and his lessons are the better learned and his inevitable temptations the better avoided, by the remembrance of her standing there, watching him with loving, hopeful faith; and whatever of reward or commendation may come to him is doubled and trebled by the knowledge of the gladness it will bring to her. And yet later, when all his time is given to farm work, and schooling is put away into an indefinite future which perchance he may dream of some day conquering by his own exertions, when his shoulders are broadening toward manhood, and his eyes acquiring the steadiness of individual purpose, she is still there, more of a comrade now than mentor, but unobtrusively influencing him toward all that is best in him, selecting her books, choosing her friends, shaping her life almost, with his building up in view.

*See page 509.

And out on the lone prairie, in the mountain cabin, in the isolated farm house, this influence of companionship is especially strong. The mother is perhaps the only teacher, at least until the boy is old enough to go away from home. She leads him through his letters, his word forming, his sentences, into the reading which opens to his wondering mind the marvels of the world outside. No matter what his after-life may be, on the farm or away from it, this practical companionship of his mother during his growing, susceptible age becomes a very material part of the farm boy's life. She has influenced him, urged him, helped him, up some slope of usefulness, to some definite and perhaps far-reaching work. What has been best and strongest in her own ambition, aspiration, she has tried to instil into him, and if he has been good ground, it has become almost as much a part of his life as is the blood which flows in his veins. He does good work for himself, the neighborhood, the country, for the world it may be; but who can tell how much of it is his mother working through him? Many of our great men have declared their indebtedness to the firm, loving hands that trained them, that pointed out the goal, and that urged them gently but unswervingly toward it; and how many more great men there are who have not declared this, who are unconscious of the fact themselves it may be, yet who owe most of what they have been or can be to the same loving guidance that shaped their childhood and made all the rest possible and almost inevitable?

And yet how unostentatiously, how humbly it has been done! How completely has the mother obliterated her work, herself, in the individuality of her boy! Her ambition has been his ambition; all for him, none for herself. We see what he has done, is doing; the rest we must find out logically, or guess at. It is effect, with cause modestly put aside and forgotten.

We see the mother in her kitchen, before light it may be, preparing for the long day. She sweeps the floor and cooks and sets the table and washes dishes; she looks after the poultry and perhaps does the barn chores, and it may be spends an hour or two in the field; she digs and washes vegetables for dinner, and picks fruit, and churns, and does the family washing; and many of the things she does, not once, but twice and thrice during the day. But though her shoulders may droop with weariness, and her steps sometimes drag, her eyes do not lose their courage or their joy of living. Her husband is working, too; and the children are there, in need of food, or clothing or guidance. It is the greatest joy of living there is, the joy of working for those she loves.

In the midst of her multitudinous duties she finds time to mend jackets and trousers, to extract splinters from fingers and bare feet, to snatch up a book and hear a lesson, to brush her boys' hair and give each of them a kiss and smile and a loving word of admonition or advice that will have influence over some act or thought of theirs during the day, and if they have a story or anecdote or incident to relate, she has time to listen and laugh over it and perhaps to relate something in turn. She is their comrade of larger experience, sympathetic, loving, able to enter into their plans and pleasures, but also able to make

applications and give advice. Already is she entering strongly into her boys' growth. It is "Mother says" this, and "Mother says" that, and "Mother thinks" so and so. We all know farm boys, but who among us is acquainted with one, say of eight or ten, who does not implicitly believe that his mother knows more about any out-door occupation or pleasure than the man or boy who takes an active part in them? There are mothers who can make a horse-hair snare, rig a fishing pole, talk intelligently about bicycles, boats, base-ball, and other boyish delights, who never went hunting or fishing or rode a wheel or engaged in any of these amusements. She has informed herself about them because they delight her boy; and she can talk about them more intelligently, more interestingly, more sympathetically, than many of the older boys who engage in them solely for their own gratification. No wonder the small boy goes to his mother about his games and studies and childish ambitions; he is sure of sympathetic interest and understanding and advice. As he gets older he will find others who have a broader knowledge of many things, of whom he can get more comprehensive advice; but by that time his own perceptions are clearer and stronger, and his mother has merely changed her position toward him to something infinitely more tender and revered. He feels equal in himself to ordinary things now; but when he is in trouble, when dire straits come into his life, when he reaches matters that lie very near to his heart, he still goes to his mother and leans upon her the same as of old. They are still comrades, but with the difference that their love and dependence and faith are reaching into more infinite heights and depths.

In the kitchen she is still going through her endless round of duties, weary sometimes, haggard sometimes, querulous perhaps sometimes, through very pain and exhaustion; but the boy knows. He is older now, stalwart and strong, his head above hers. He comes into the kitchen with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his slouching straw hat upon the back of his head, and for a moment his hand rests upon hers. He says but a word, perhaps does not speak at all; but when he goes out the querulousness is gone from her face, and the old tender light is driving much of the weariness from her eyes. Sometimes it is he who is fretful or disturbed at something that is going amiss with his plans or hopes, and her touch or look or soft-spoken word that restores him his confidence and courage.

She still looks after him in the old way, mends his socks, cares for his clothing, and even loves to comb and run her fingers through his hair when he comes in very tired. They are not demonstrative, a touch of his hand now and then, a lingering glance which follows him when he goes to work, perhaps the manner in which "Mother" is spoken, or something in her eyes when she says "Good night." Probably their lips do not meet once in a twelvemonth now, and it may be that an endearing word would make them both look embarrassed. But they understand.

By and by he begins to go out of an evening, dressing himself as elaborately as he knows how, and coming to her for a last shame-faced inspection. Hitherto he has been careless of his appearance; but now he goes to the other extreme, and spends much

time before his glass. His stock of neckwear increases, and his farm shoes grow juvenile under their frequent applications of blacking. He has never worn anything upon his hands except mittens; but now he invests in a pair of cheap gloves, and keeps them carefully packed away, only to be brought out on these important evenings. He goes to his mother for a great deal of advice upon social duties and customs and etiquette which he has practically ignored before; and where he has been self-possessed and confident, he now becomes the personification of diffidence and embarrassment.

His mother meets the new condition of things with only an occasional trembling of her lips and averting of her glance. She gives him the information and advice cheerfully, perhaps even playfully; inspects and brushes his clothes, ties and reties his neckwear until the new severity of his criticism is appeased, and only when he has gone, and she is sitting there by the fireplace with her knitting, does a flickering sadness steal into her face. But even then the sadness is tempered by the smile which trembles about her lips, and by the tender, loving pride which mingles with the shadow in her eyes.

Every one of us has a farm boy's mother in mind, perhaps many of them. It may be our own is among the number. We all know something of the love and sacrifice,—no, I will not say that, for loving work is always more of a blessing than a sacrifice,—the care and devotion which follow the boy from his first toddling steps about the cradle, to the strength and ambition of his early manhood. We are more or less familiar with all the steps of the loving journey. We know of the young wife upon the farm, the bloom which leaves her cheeks, the languor which comes into her steps, the wrinkles which steal insiduously into her face and grow broader and deeper, the gray in her hair. It has been a sweet, beautiful journey, a journey to dwell upon, to remember, that has crossed one of the sublime heights of life.

And we know of the second stage of the farm boy's mother, when wrinkled and gray-haired she moves back into grandma's chair by the fire-place and takes upon herself the household knitting and mending. She is to be found there, in almost every household in the land, patient and gentle and wise with the new generation of toddlers, as she was patient and careful with their fathers and mothers; old-fashioned in many things it may be, for the new generation has gone forward, as it believes, but strong in their affections, and strong and wise to build up these little ones as she was strong and wise to build up those of the generation just gone.

And everywhere they are the same, in the old New England kitchen, the Southern cabin, in the mansion house, beside the peat fire of the old country, in the little stone hut of the Scotch highlands, the same calm, loving, wise advisers of the household, tender and thoughtful of its interests, ambitious for its welfare, sympathetic and pitiful for its shortcomings; well-fitted through their own experience to be advisers and guides, well-deserving of all the love and care and veneration which the young people can give, do give.

# COLONIAL LAW.

BY T. F. O'MALLEY.

The Colonial law, or, to speak more accurately, the Puritan law, was a peculiar institution, and its peculiarity was its attempt to graft upon a Christian civilization the abrogated statutes of the Hebrew Commonwealth. Its strict enactments have been recounted with many laughable exaggerations and malicious additions. The satirical references to the remarkable code as the "Blue Laws" have been to some extent taken literally and have given rise to the erroneous belief that the "Blue Laws" actually existed as a legal code.

The story was first published in London in 1781 by the Rev. Samuel Peters, a Tory refugee. The most famous passage of his pretended code reads thus:

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath Day.

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or Fasting Day.

"No one shall ride on the Sabbath Day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

"No one shall play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp."

For ten years after the settlement of the Colony there was no settled system of jurisprudence. The clergy and their aristocratic allies stubbornly refused either to recognize the common law or to enact a code. There were a few positive enactments, but the deputies were not satisfied with the manner in which they were made or enforced. Some had not been made by the General Court; none had been printed; they had not been compiled or arranged in any methodical order, and they were buried in records to which the general public had not access.

If the magistrate himself knew what the law was, it was likely that the parties before him did not and were not allowed lawyers to find it for them. Often there was no law at all governing the case, and then the magistrate decided according to the scriptural rule, if one could be found to fit the case. If, as it frequently happened, neither legal nor scriptural authority could be found, then the magistrate decided according to his own notions of justice, or upon the advice of the ministers. Persons were tried and punished for offences not defined in any statute of England or the Commonwealth. Often times men were banished from the Colony though no specific crime had been proved or even alleged against them, and without any reason publicly given other than the statement that "they were not fit to live with us."

The element of time and the question of jurisdiction rarely troubled the magistrate, and it was not at all unusual to arraign and reprimand persons for alleged misconduct committed on the other side of the Atlantic years before. One instance of this was the case of John Woolrich of Charlestown, who upon March 6,

1637-'38, "appearing upon the indictment of the grand jury, confessed his fraud and drunkenness in Ould England, for which he was sharply reproved and seriously admonished." This was what Oliver, the historian of the Puritan Commonwealth, bitterly termed enjoying a taste of Puritan Equity.

This condition of affairs was most unsatisfactory to the freemen. Recognizing that such a loose method of determining legal rights was extremely dangerous they became restless and finally in 1635 insisted upon the adoption of a body of "fundamental laws." In May of that year John Winthrop and Thomas Dudley were appointed by the General Court "to make a draught of such lawes as they shall judge needful for the well ordering of this Plantation and present the same to the Court." One year later "Mr. Cotton, Mr. Peters and Mr. Shepheard" were appointed to assist them. On October 25, 1636, the Rev. John Cotton, according to Winthrop, "presented as 'a body of fundamental laws', a copy of Moses, his judicials compiled in an exact method." The General Court undoubtedly felt that even Moses himself would probably have made some additions to the Mosaic law to make it suit the necessities of the inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and so Cotton's code was not adopted.

Five years of agitation followed and finally, when further resistance to the demands of the freemen became impossible, the code known as the "Body of Liberties" was drawn up and adopted in 1641. There has been some dispute as to the identity of the compiler of this code. Some claim it to be the work of the Rev. John Cotton, but the weight of opinion seems to be in favor of the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich. Ward, who was born in England, had special qualifications for the work. He had studied and practised law and was admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1607, and nominated a barrister in 1615. Sometime later he entered the ministry, but was afterward suspended by Laud for Puritanism. In 1634 he came to New England, and settled at Ipswich, where he was pastor. He is described as having been "an eccentric genius and a learned divine."

The "Body of Liberties" was a remarkable instrument. "It had no analogies," says Oliver, "either in the laws of England or the spirit of Christianity." On the contrary, its animus and tone were confessedly Mosaic. It was characterized by a sanguinary severity. It allowed torture in cases where a convicted felon was suspected of having confederates; and it punished with death idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy, murder, perjury in capital cases, man-stealing, adultery, bestiality, sodomy, conspiracy, rebellion, cursing or smiting of their parents by children; rebellion against their parents by children over sixteen years of age; and rape. High treason, "the highest civil crime which any man can possibly commit," was ignored. In 1678, twenty-nine years after the murder of Charles I, the General Court added treason to the list of the Capital Laws.

The mode of inflicting death for these various offences, was not specified by law, and in some cases the magistrates improved upon the terrible practices of the Middle Ages. In 1681, a negro who had been convicted of arson, was publicly burned alive in Bos-

ton. Giles Corey, the Salem "witch," suffered the torture meted out to the one who "stood mute" before the early English Courts—namely, being pressed to death.

The credit for this sanguinary code of criminal law belongs to the elders; and it would have been more sanguinary had it depended upon them alone. Hutchinson tells us that it was the hand of the civil magistrate that struck six from the list of capital offences reported by Mr. Cotton, among which were profaning "the Sabbath" and reviling the Governor and Council.

After the adoption of "The Body of Liberties" the law-making power passed numerous Statutes, some of which were marvels of sound judgment, and others were not. As early as 1641 lands in the Colony were freed from all fines and licenses upon alienations; and from all hariots, wardships, liveries, primer-seisins, waste, etc.

In 1645, persons above the age of fourteen were forbidden to tell lies, under penalty of a fine or the stocks. This law has been looked upon as ridiculous, and impracticable, but the object of it, to my mind, is the same as the modern law of criminal libel.

The Colonial elections were apparently as troublesome as those of today, and the practice of "stuffing the ballot box" was not entirely unknown to the freemen of the Colony. In 1643 it was provided:

"That for the yearly choosing of Assistants the freemen shall use Corn and Beans, the Indian Corn to manifest Election, the Beanes contrary, and if any freeman shall put in more than one Indian Corne or Beane for the choice or refusal of any Public Officer, he shall forfeit for every such offence, Ten Pounds, and that any man that is not free, or hath not liberty of voting, putting in any vote, shall forfeit the like sum of Ten Pounds."

One of the most curious chapters in the whole body of the Colonial law was the "ecclesiastical" act framed in 1641 and extended by frequent amendments until 1660. The 14th section provided that whoever "shall contemptuously behave himself toward the word preached, or the messenger thereof called to dispense the same . . . either by interrupting him or charging him falsely, or by casting any reproach on him or his doctrine shall be reproved openly by the magistrate at some Lecture and bound to their good behaviour."

A second offence was punished by a fine or by obliging the culprit to "stand two hours openly upon a block or stool four feet high, on a lecture day, with a paper fixed on his breast, written in Capital Letters, 'An open and obstinate contemner of God's Holy Ordinances.'

This law was enforced and very rigidly enforced, as the following will show. Ursula Cole, of Charlestown, for saying that "she had as lief hear a cat mew as the Rev. Mr. Shephard preach," was sentenced to pay a fine of £5, or be publicly whipped. John Hoar, of Concord, probably an ancestor of Senator Hoar, was disciplined for doubting the good influences of the Rev. Mr. Bulkely, while Dr. Philip Read of the same town got himself into no end of trouble by calling Rev. Mr. Bulkely a "block-head." Dr. Read was again hauled over the coals for saying when called to attend a female patient, that he believed her illness was caused by standing too long during the ceremony of the Lord's Sup-

per. In Court he fearlessly asserted his right to proclaim his opinions, but it was of no avail. The Court thought otherwise and fined him £20.

A curious case is reported from Lynn. In 1643 Roger Scott was presented "for common sleeping at the public exercise upon the Lord's Day, and for striking him that waked him." He was sentenced to be severely whipped. In 1644 William Hewes and John, his son, were presented "for deriding such as sing in the Congregation, terming them fools," also William Hewes for saying "Mr. Whiting preaches confusedly."

Ambrose Martin, of Weymouth, who sided with the Rev. Mr. Senthal, in the dispute between the people of that town and the divines of Boston, over the pastorate of the church in Weymouth, was fined £10, for calling the church covenant of the Boston divines "a stinking carrion and a human invention." Thomas Makepiece of the same town was informed by those in power that "they were weary of him" or in the slang of today "he made them tired." He was invited to leave.

Non-attendance at meeting was an unpardonable offence, and the stocks were frequently tenanted by and the lash freely used on delinquents.

Error in religious belief was made the subject of much legislation. The preamble to the "heresie" act of 1644, declare that "such as bring in damnable heresies," "ought duly to be restrained." The act itself enumerates the errors that must not be taught under the penalty of banishment. In 1651 it was made criminal for any person above the age of sixteen years to deny the Scriptures to be the word of God. For the first offence the penalty was fifty pounds, or an open whipping not exceeding forty strokes. For a second offence the punishment was banishment or death. The third section of this act ordered all persons who had any of the books of Reeves and Muggleton to deliver them to the next magistrate, who was ordered to turn them over to the common executioner, "to be burnt in the market place at Boston on the next lecture day."

The law against the Quakers and Jesuits—and all Catholics were Jesuits—I will not touch upon, as everybody is familiar with them. It will be sufficient to say that the brutality shown in the treatment of the Quakers was simply appalling.

Although we have criticised the authorities for repudiating the common law, in one respect we can commend them for it. The early common law accorded a husband the right to chastise his wife, provided he used a stick no thicker than his thumb. New England Puritanism was more humane. Paragraph 80 of "The Body of Liberties" provided that every married woman should be "free from bodilee correction by her husband unless it be in his own defence upon her assault. If there be any just cause of correction complaint shall be made to Authoritie assembled in some Court, from which only she shall receive it."

If they were generous with the fair sex in this respect, they more than offset it in the legislation against the use of that finery so dear to the feminine heart. In 1651 the General Court discovered that "intollerable excess and bravery hath crept in upon the people" and "that men and women of mean condition . . . took upon them the garb of gentlemen, by wearing gold or silver lace, or buttons or

points at their knees and walked in great boots; and women of the same rank wore silk or Tiffany hoods or scarfes, which though allowable to persons of great estates and liberal education" were "intollerable" in persons of their condition. It was therefore ordered by the Court that no person whose visible estate did not exceed the value of £200 should "wear any Gold or Silver lace, or Gold and Silver buttons, or any bone lace above two shillings per yard, or silk hoods or scarfes, upon the penalty of ten shillings for each such offence."

The selectmen of several towns were ordered to take notice of the apparel of the inhabitants and when they discovered any excess in the wearing of "Ribbonds, or Great Boots, Lace Points, Hoods or Scarfes," they were empowered to assess the offenders in the sum of £200 in the County rates. Magistrates, soldiers, the wives and children of the ministers, and persons whose estates "have been considerable though now decayed" were exempt from the provisions of the Act.

This legislation did not have the effect hoped for, and in 1661 it was amended and made more stringent. In the preamble to the amendment the Court says, "the Rising Generation are in danger to be corrupted and effiminated by excess in Apparel." It then provided that offenders should be presented by the grand jury, and for the first offence should be admonished; for the second offence pay a fine of twenty shillings; and for a third offence, and all subsequent offences, forty shillings. It also provided that a tailor who made any fashionable garments for children or servants without the consent of their parents or masters, should forfeit double the value of the garment, and all grand jury men were enjoined to present all whom they judged breakers of the law. In 1652 Ester, wife of Joseph Jynkes, was presented "for wearing silver lace."

The wearing of long hair by men was prohibited as being not only "uncivil but unmanly, and too much like ruffians, Indians and women." The women were complained of because of "their wearing borders of hair, and their cutting, curling and unmodest laying out of their hair."

A curious instance of a plucky offender against this order was John Getchell, of Marblehead. In 1637 he erected a building on the town's land without permission, and in the next town meeting was fined ten shillings. In case, however, that he should "cut off the long hair of his head into a sevil frame, it was agreed that half his fine should be abated, and that he should have permission to go on with his building in the meantime." It appears, however, that Mr. Getchell was not a man to submit to any such interference with his personal appearance and continued the custom to his dying day, in spite of the formal denunciations of Church and State.

Even the trades-people did not escape. In 1646 an act was passed regulating the weight and price of bread, but the bakers were bad men, and in 1652 the Court discovered that there was "much deceit used by some bakers, who when the clerk cometh to weigh their bread, pretend they have none but for their own use, but afterwards put their bread on sale, which upon trial hath been found too light." To remedy this abuse the bakers were obliged to make all their bread conform to the standard of weight,

whether they sold it or used it in their own families.

At a very early period the Colony enacted a wholesome piece of temperance legislation: "To the end that no other but good and wholesome beer be Brewed at any time in this Jurisdiction, . . . and that no oppression or wrong be done to any in this Mystery," it was ordered that no one should undertake to brew beer for sale unless he fully understood "The Art or Mystery of a Brewer." If any person bought beer from a brewer and it proved to be bad he was empowered to recover "equal and sufficient damage against the person who put the beer to sale."

An inn-keeper was obliged to obtain the approval of the Selectmen and a license from the County Court before he could conduct any business. After having obtained his license the Statute says he "shall always be provided of strong wholesome beer, of four bushels of malt to a hogshead, which he shall not sell at above two pence the Ale quart upon pain of forty shillings for the first offence, and for the second offence to lose his license." Anyone might sell beer out of doors at "one penny the Ale quart."

Inn-keepers began to adulterate their liquors, and the Court in 1667 made the sale of the adulterated product punishable by a fine of £5 and forfeiture of license. Another peculiar feature of the law was that every inn-keeper should display "an inoffensive sign for the direction of Strangers." Neglect to do so for three months resulted in the loss of the license.

Inn-keepers within one mile of a meeting house were obliged to clear the house of everybody on Lecture Day during the time of service. Bowling, shuffle-board, dice and cards were evidently the source of much annoyance for as early as 1646 they were forbidden in houses of entertainment under a penalty of twenty shillings. Dancing in public gatherings or in taverns was in the same year forbidden under the pain of five shillings. Racing in the streets of Boston became a nuisance at a very early period, so an act was passed prohibiting violent riding or galloping of horses under a penalty of three shillings and four pence for each offence. The observance of Christmas was strictly forbidden. Merely forbearing to labor on that day rendered one liable to a fine of five shillings.

A narration of the laws relating to the Sabbath and the prosecutions due to them would fill a huge volume and make interesting reading. The rigid Puritan observance of the Lord's day had its origin with the Puritans of old England and reached its fullest development in Puritan New England, and even at this late day strong traces of it remain with us. The Sabbath or Lord's day began practically at sundown on Saturday night, and in order to make "due preparation for the Sabbath" persons were forbidden after sun-set "to walk and sport themselves in the streets or fields or to be in any house of public entertainment (unless sojourners or strangers in their lodgings)." This prohibition seemed to have been specially aimed at "youths" and "mayds," but was enforced against everybody.

From sunset Saturday to sunset of the Lord's Day there was scarcely anything lawful to be done except to go to church. Some of the ministers seem to have had doubts whether it was lawful to be born on that day.

One had such conscientious scruples on the subject that he refused to baptize children "which were so irreverent as to be born on the Sabbath." A minister in Marlborough entertained the same notions, until his wife presented him with twins one Sunday morning. The event changed his opinions.

In their pious fervor for the observance of Sunday the towns were enjoined "to restrain all Indians that shall come into their townes from prophaning the Lord's Day." One Sunday morning, during King Philip's War, the Indians went to church at Marlborough. When they left the Meeting House was in ashes.

None of the laws were more rigidly enforced than those intended to prevent the "prophaning of the Lord's Day." The old records are full of convictions for violation of them. Captain Kimble of Boston was in 1656 set for two hours in the public stocks for his "lewed and unseemly conduct," which consisted in kissing his wife publicly on the Sabbath Day upon the door step of his house, when he had just returned from a voyage after an absence of three years. The story is told of Robert Pike of Amesbury, that, having to go on a journey, he waited patiently until the sun sank behind the western clouds on Sunday evening, and then mounted his horse; but he had only gone a short distance when the last ray gleamed through a break in the clouds, and the next day he was brought before the Court and fined.

In Burnaby's "Travels in America in 1759," a book quite popular here during the latter part of the 18th century, the following incident is related. The Captain of a British man-of-war cruising off the Massachusetts coast left his wife in Boston. On one of his visits to port she came down to the wharf to meet him, and she was saluted as a true and loving sailor's wife deserved. This violation of law was at once reported and the Captain was brought before the Magistrate and sentenced to be publicly whipped. There was no getting out of it and the Captain submitted quite gracefully. Just before the departure of his ship he gave an elaborate entertainment, to which all of the magistrates were invited. After the festivities were over and everyone had shaken hands with the Captain and was going over the side, the Magistrates were seized by the arm and stripped to the waist. Each one was led to the gangway, where a vigorous boatswain gave him thirty-nine lashes on the bare back and then hustled him over into a boat amid the cheers of the whole ship's company. As the last one went over the Captain informed all that he considered accounts settled. In New London a wicked fisherman was fined for catching eels on Sunday, and another was fined twenty shillings for sailing a boat on the Lord's day. In 1670 two lovers, John Lewis and Sarah Chapman, were accused of and tried for "sitting together on the Lord's day under an apple tree in Goodman Chapman's orchard."

The Plymouth Colony Records contain some curious cases. One resident of the old colony town was "sharply whipped" for shooting fowl on Sunday. In 1652 Elizabeth Eddy was fined "ten shillings for wringing and hanging out clothes." In 1658 James Watts was publicly reproved "for writing a note about common business on the Lord's day, at least in the evening

somewhat too soon." Another Plymouth man, who drove some cows a short distance "without need" on the Sabbath was "presented" before the Court. As late as 1772 William Estes of Wareham acknowledged himself "Gilty of Racking Hay on the Lord's Day" and was fined ten shillings. In 1774 another Wareham man was fined five shillings for pulling a few apples. But the most severe case of all is one reported from Dunstable; a soldier, for "wetting a piece of an old hat to put in his shoe" to protect his foot, was fined and paid forty shillings.

A vigorous and persistent war was waged against the use of tobacco. In 1632 the General Court forbade the taking of any tobacco publicly. In 1634 it was further ordered that no person should take tobacco either publicly or privately in his own house or the house of another before strangers, and that "two or more shall not take it together anywhere." A short time afterward the purchase and sale of tobacco was expressly prohibited.

In 1637 the law against buying and selling tobacco was repealed, and in 1638 the following act was passed:—

"It is ordered by this Court; that no man shall take any tobacco within 20 poles of any house, or so near as may endanger the same; or near any barn or hay cock, upon pain of ten shillings for every such offence.

Nor shall any take tobacco in any inn, except in a private room."

It also provided that "if anyone took offence there at" the smoker should forbear under a penalty of 2 shillings 6 pence for each offence. A few convictions for smoking are on record. Four come from Yarmouth where, in 1687, four old sea dogs were fined four shillings each for smoking behind the meeting-house.

In Sandwich and Boston we find cases of prosecutions for "drinking tobacco in the meeting house." The fine was five shillings for each drink, which I take to be chewing tobacco.

Lack of space forbids mention of other extraordinary statutes. This remarkable legislation was the natural outgrowth of the avowed purpose of the establishment of the Puritan Commonwealth,—the upbuilding of an ecclesiastical state. Puritanism as a system passed away from Massachusetts with the first charter, but its spirit still lingers. Its legislation has conferred an unenviable immortality on our early institutions.

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## EXORCISM.

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

When ravens on thy rooftree sit,
Croaking black disaster,
Laugh! and straight each devil-bird
Flaps back to his master.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

The third volume of the "Exposition of Christian Doctrine," by "A Seminary Professor," is a fitting conclusion of the work the author proposed to do—the furnishing of religious communities with a manual containing a summary of Christian doctrine. In these times it is necessary that every intelligent Christian be prepared to take his part in the defense of truth, and that his religious instruction be complete and solid. The author of this excellent work has said with point and purpose: "In matters of dogma there is nothing so dangerous as to make the Church say what she never professed, to teach as of faith what is merely an opinion, or, on the other hand, to attenuate or minimize the truths that she proposes to our belief."

The catechist who is thoroughly acquainted with the course of religious instruction given in this Manual will give lessons that are sound and truthful. The close connection of worship with dogma and morals, of which it is the living and active expression, is clearly set forth in the most important part of this work, thus enabling the attentive reader to appreciate the value of doctrinal exposition and the beauty of liturgical ceremony.

John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia, Pa. $2.25 net.

"Father Hecker," by Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., is the latest addition to the admirable series of Beacon Biographies, published with the purpose of furnishing a certain class of readers, the average busy men and women, with "brief, readable and authentic accounts of the lives of those Americans whose personalities have impressed themselves most deeply on the character and history of their country."

The story of Father Hecker's life is told in a straightforward, interesting way, omitting no essential details, and leaving the reader in possession of the main facts in his career, from the early days in the office of Zion's Herald to the time when, his work accomplished, he was called to his reward.

In his ardent zeal for souls, a means very dear to Father Hecker's heart for the conversion of his countrymen was the Apostolate of the Press. "He entertained a profound conviction that all the circumstances and modes of modern life are in their nature adaptable as means of grace; and, as among the influences of modern life none is greater than the press, he desired, and felt that his desire was from above, that the press be made the servant of God."

Small, Maynard & Company. Boston 75 cents.

A very attractive looking volume, daintily bound in grey and gold, is "The Story of Rome," by Norwood Young, with numerous illustrations by Nelly Erichsen. Catholic readers, however, will not find it pleasant or profitable reading, as there are frequent evidences of the writer's prejudice or ignorance. A few quotations will suffice to show Mr. Young's fitness to write of Rome.

Thus in speaking of the "Launching" of the Society of Jesus, Mr. Young gravely informs his readers that "the great object of the Jesuits was the enforcement of orthodoxy. They regarded all means as fair in their war against heterodox opinions. Loyola said, 'I have made myself all things to all men,' Ad Majorem dei Gloriam—a formula which makes all acts permissible, provided they achieve this aim."

Not content with his own conclusions, he quotes Symonds to prove that "by preferring artifice to reality, affectation to sincerity, shams and subterfuges to plain principle and candor, they confused the conscience and enfeebled the intellect of Europe. When we speak of the Jesuit style of architecture, rhetoric and poetry, of Jesuit learning and scholarship, of Jesuit casuistry and of Jesuit diplomacy, it is either with languid contempt for bad taste and insipidity, or with the burning indignation which systematic falsehood and corruption inspire in honorable minds."

And again, when incidentally digressing from a farewell to Rome to discuss the "severe discipline and wonderful organization of the Roman Church," Mr. Norwood takes occasion to exclaim dramatically, "Here again is old Rome in its wide toleration of all acts or misdemeanors, save the one unpardonable sin, the modern 'hatred of the human race'—heresy. On this point the Basilica of St. Peter has outdone the Colosseum. The Pagan did not follow a traitor beyond the grave. He was content with the punishment of this world."

With this tourist's appreciation of "electric tramcars and sanitary inspectors," there is mingled a note of regret

for "the beautiful dirt and ruins" of "Papal Rome." ("Beautiful dirt" is a combination never before effected, not even by poets.) Felicitation on modern advantages is thus happily voiced: "If it be true that the Pope stood in the way of these advantages, one is bound to congratulate Rome on the increase of human happiness produced by the events of 1870."

J. M. Dent & Co., London, England. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

There is no more gratifying sign of the march of true progress than the interest being taken in the children, their studies, and their pursuits, and that this interest is taking on a more thoughtful aspect no one can deny, who has an opportunity of noting the class of literature specially prepared for young readers. There is a marked improvement in the character of the fiction being written for them, and earnest minds have given much time and thought to the preparation of books intended for supplementary reading and other class room purposes. Some months ago we had occasion to call attention to the anti-Catholic tone of a book recounting the adventures of great discoverers. And very few books of this character issued by the secular publishing houses are of a nature to make them safe reading for Catholic children. It is therefore a matter of congratulation that the favorite field of discovery and adventure attracted the attention of such a writer as the late lamented Dr. John Kane O'Murray, and led to the production of "The Catholic Pioneers of America," a book that ought to be in the hands of all young Catholics. The revised edition is replete with biographical information, bright sketches and stories of the noble Catholic pioneers. It is to be hoped that Catholic parents and instructors will avail themselves of such a valuable reference book for use at home or in the class-room.

H. L. Kilner & Company, Philadelphia.

An English translation of "Sermons on Weekly Communion," by Rev. Stephen Coube, S.J., has been published under the title, "The Great Supper of God; or Discourses on Weekly Communion." The discourses are really eloquent lectures, with a definite thesis in each, which the author logically develops, in direct and forceful language. The Holy Father, writing in a letter to Father Coube, thus approves his work: "We highly encourage your design and your zeal, and we wish, with all our heart, that a very large number of Catholics make it their practice to receive every week the Sacrament of the Altar. Fifty-five bishops have also given their explicit approbation of this translation.

Benziger Brothers, New York. $1.00.

Rev. T. J. O'Brien, supervisor of the Catholic schools of the diocese of Brooklyn, noting the need of such a book, has brought out "An Advanced Catechism" that by its excellence has won the approval of the archbishops, bishops and priests, who have examined it.

This Catechism is the Baltimore Catechism explained and illustrated by texts of Scripture and references of ecclesiastical authorities.

One great merit of this book is that while it is a text-book for the advanced classes, it contains the same vocabulary as the Baltimore Catechism which is used in the lower grades. Heretofore the pupils in the advanced grades have been obliged to take up a new advanced book in Christian Doctrine, one translated from some foreign language, and, consequently, differing so much in terminology, that virtually the pupils had to learn a new Catechism. With the O'Brien "Advanced Catechism," the pupils use all they have learned and go on farther with added explanations.

Good printing and durable binding are other commendable qualities of this new text-book.

D. H. McBride & Co., Akron, Ohio.

The Catholic Library Association, New York, has placed in the reach of the public a most instructive collection of documents, "Synodorum Archi-dioeceseos Neo-Eboracensis Collectio," serving as an exposition of the progress of the Church in the diocese of New York, and issued at the request of the Most. Rev. Archbishop as the most fitting souvenir of the Golden Jubilee of the erection of that See into an Archbishopric. The interesting character of the work is indicated by this excerpt from the letter His Grace addressed to Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Director of the Cathedral Library.

"It was thought that a complete edition would be an interesting souvenir, as well as a useful guide and help to the student in tracing the progress of the Church, and the development of Ritual and Canon Law in this country. Take, for instance, the first statute of the first Synod, on the Sacrament of Baptism. In

those days, as happened in my own case, priests used to go from house to house on Sunday afternoons, baptizing infants privately. The administration of the Sacrament, which is the entrance to everlasting life, and the open door to God's most precious graces, was shorn at once of its solemnity and its splendor. Bishop Hughes, in order to repress this abuse, insisted on the introduction of Baptismal Fonts in every church in which a resident pastor was attached. As a natural sequence of this law came the keeping of proper Baptismal Registers, the use of Ambries for the proper care of the Holy Oils, the blessing of Baptismal water on the eves of Easter and Pentecost, the erection of suitable and even magnificent Baptisteries, such as may be seen today in many of our churches."

Cathedral Library Association, New York. $1.00.

"A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible," by Richard C. Moulton, is entirely distinct from Professor Moulton's other work, "The Literary Study of the Bible," which is addressed to students of literature, and is a plea that the Bible should form a part of their literary studies. The present work is addressed to *readers* of the Bible in the wider sense, and is intended to make more general a literary appreciation of the sacred scriptures.

No theological position is assumed, whether conservative or advanced; the literary treatment is the same for all schools of religious thought. Professor Moulton emphasizes the contents of the Bible from the literary side only; vividly presents its epics, lyrics and dramas, its histories, philosophies and rhetoric; and writes in a style readable and enjoyable for everybody. This exposition of the order and beauty of the great compositions of the Bible is a valuable aid to students and teachers.

While the body of the book is cast in a form adapted for the general reader, there are appendices intended to make the work a manual of study.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. $1.00.

"The Cave by the Beech Fork," by Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J., is winning warm praise from the press. It is the story of two boys, Owen Howard and Martin Cooper, comrades in many an adventure, from the discovery of the cave to the thrilling scene in the concluding chapter, when the runaway slave is discovered hiding in the rock chamber. There are many pleasing incidents, the conversation is bright, and the heroes will find many admirers. But not among those, who, like the great Saint Francis, love their feathered friends. The ruthless trapping of hundreds of robins, and their wholesale destruction are too vividly portrayed by the writer. Not even Owen's triumph condones the means through which it came to pass, and any one opposed to the wanton maiming and killing of helpless things will not appreciate the enthusiasm of the priest, Father Byrne, applauding the boy's skill, or be edified by the character of the girl, Bertha, whose persistent query, "How many robins did you kill?" remains unpleasantly in the memory.

Benziger Brothers, New York. 85 cents.

Another book from the same publishers is "Milly Aveling," by Sara Trainer Smith. It tells of illness, of helplessness, of suffering nobly borne and made a means of helping and uplifting others. Milly, the invalid, exerts an influence for good on the boys and girls associated with her in the story, and will also incite to noble living the boys and girls who read of her gentle resignation, her thoughtful acts, and her deep faith in the goodness of God. Though Milly is the heroine, a large share of the interest of the story centres in Tom Netterley, with the care of a family on his young shoulders, and the ambition to be respectable ever urging him forward.

Benziger Brothers, New York. 85 cents.

"Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Newman," by Caroline V. Henry, is one of the latest contributions to the literature called forth by this great churchman. The writer, whose husband was a convert and a devoted admirer of Newman, recalls many pleasing incidents that came under her personal observation when it was her privilege to frequently meet the Cardinal.

The original manuscript of "Lead, Kindly Light," was given to Mr. Henry by the Cardinal, and through the courtesy of the present possessor, DONAHOE printed a facsimile, in the article on Cardinal Newman. The publishers are J. S. Hyland & Company, Chicago, Ill.

# QUESTION BOX.

Q. A friend contends that the church of Guatemala is not under the control of the Pope. If not, why so, and since what time?

A. An old and universally received maxim, "Where Peter is, there is the Church," has its opposite, that where Peter is not, there the Church is not. If it were true that the Church in Guatemala is not under the control of the Pope, it would likewise be true that such a Church had ceased to be Catholic. To be Catholic means to be universal, and to be Apostolic. This mark of the true Church means it is united to the Apostles through their successors. Now a Church in Guatemala that would separate itself from the Pope, would be as is the English Church or the Scotch Church, a mere local affair, and of interest and meaning only to its handful of adherents. Separated from Peter it would cease to be the Church of Christ. It might rejoice as the Church of England does in being the Church of Henry VIII., or of Edward VII.

In the United States, we have from time to time something that may explain the situation in Guatemala. It happens occasionally that some ill-tempered and impulsive man causes a sedition in a congregation. Then he starts a Church of his own. It isn't a Church; it's a gathering of his dupes and followers. He may find a few helpless unfortunates whom he attracts to his standard, he may proclaim himself a bishop. And there he is, himself and his Church. And the great Catholic multitude are in a few days unconscious of his existence. Because of the defection of such a leader and such followers is the Church from under the control of the Pope? No. The Catholic Church of the United States lives on, with Leo to guide. And so in Guatemala. The treason of the rebellious brings to them punishment in separation from Rome. The Church of Guatemala remains true to the Pope.

Q. Can a priest exercise the power of changing bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at any other time than at the Consecration of the Mass, without being guilty of sin?

A. Only in the Mass are said and should be said the solemn words of consecration, the very words of Christ: "This is My Body, this is My Blood."

Q. Why is waltzing said to be disapproved of by the Church?

A. The Church disapproves of whatever is, or is likely to be an occasion of sin. And so she warns her children against all dangers, as even without her express warning, a good conscience must ever do. Experience joins the testimony of common sense in stating that all dances under certain circumstances are dangerous, that some dances under all circumstances are dangerous; that some dances are dangerous for all persons; that all dances are dangerous for some persons. Now, without specifying any dance by name, the Church requires that her children shall do what conscience tells them, and that is, avoid danger. Many of the theologians and writers of spiritual books speak of waltzes and such dances as being more dangerous, more nearly an occasion of sin than other dances, to the generality of persons. The Church does declare that all immodest dances are bad and must be avoided. The burden is on the conscience of each person to shun every dance that is immodest in itself, that is made immodest by circumstances, or that in any way is likely to be an occasion of sin to the individual. That some people say there is no harm will not excuse the conscience that knows the dance is harmful.

Q. Why do Catholics insist that no divorced person has the right to marry, when Christ in Matthew xix says: "Whosoever shall put away his wife except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery?" Does not this exception justify the innocent party to a divorce for adultery, in remarrying if he should?

A. Catholics find that Christ has taught the indissolubility of marriage. From the earliest ages, we have the testimony of this belief in the Catholic Church. The only divorce the Catholic can see sanctioned in this text is a separation, with no permission of marriage so long as both are living. The Jews to whom our Lord addressed His words knew nothing of this divorce in the wider sense, and it would appear that it is scarcely known today outside of the Catholic Church. Divorce in the strict sense is taken to mean a breaking of the marriage bond. The Catholic does not find any authority in the text quoted for such divorce.

Jesus in His answer to the question, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" points out the primitive state of marriage where those whom God joined together should be separated only by death. The Pharisees offer in opposition the permission for divorce that Moses granted, and Christ does not contradict, but rather corroborates their interpretation, taking again occasion to say this was not so from the beginning. If we suppose that Jesus then granted permission in one particular case, the one mentioned, to remarry, we would suppose Him proclaiming an absurdity by putting a premium upon sin, and according to a guilty person what he denied to the innocent. The Apostles did not so understand Him. Their word immediately following His statement shows that they understood His proclamation of the indissolubility of marriage. And the Scripture elsewhere corroborates this view of the Apostles and of that Church which traces its course back to these scholars of Christ. It is always good to bring forth and to compare the words of the Bible in different places bearing on the same subject. In Mark x, 11, in Luke xvi, 18, and I. Corinthians vii, 10, the indissolubility of marriage is set forth and no exception. If there were an exception it would of necessity be explained by these writers. They do not mention it because it does not exist. The words, "except it be for fornication," present a difficulty. Many answers have been made, and these resolve themselves into certain definite classes. Whatever answer may be chosen will only strengthen the conclusion of the context in Saint Matthew and the conclusion drawn from Mark, Luke and Paul that no real divorce is ever allowed.

Q. Will you kindly tell me if there is any possible answer to a question put in this way? Considering that God is omnipotent and knows all things, and that He knew from the beginning that Judas would betray his Master, and that it was part of the whole plan that he should do so, how could he have acted otherwise, and could he be held responsible for the awful part he took?

A. God's omniscience is such that all that men shall do is clearly present before Him. God's omnipotence enables Him to do all things. But God's dealing with men is such that He does not use His power to force them into acting against their free-will. So while God knew what Judas was to do, He did not prevent Judas from doing it. The question as to *why* God permits evil and sin, we may not answer. He will answer that on Judgment Day, when all His works will justify themselves. Meanwhile, we know the fact: God permits evil, and He knows from eternity all the evil that any sinner shall do. We cannot answer for the permission of any sin, any more than we can for the sin of Judas. But out of evil God works good. Sin is a mystery. Judas is a mystery. But our knowledge of God's justice and mercy shows us that Judas was responsible for using his free-will against all testimony of his senses and his reason. He said himself that he had sinned in betraying innocent blood. Pilate, too, knew Jesus to be innocent. He said so, yet he gave Him over to death. All the enemies of Jesus, while clamoring for His death, knew Him to be innocent. They were all responsible.

To say that it was part of the Divine Plan for Judas to betray His Master, and to infer that Judas could not have acted otherwise, arises from a certain confusion of ideas. We may include Pilate and the high priests and all the other enemies of Jesus in that plan, and say they could not have evaded this necessity. The very statement is its own refutation. It involves such an injustice, such a blasphemy against God, and such a destruction of human liberty, that it cannot be one instant entertained. That God knew things were to happen did not in the least hamper human liberty. Whatever Judas did he did of his own choice. "Before man is life and death, good and evil; that which he shall choose shall be given him." God's knowledge that a certain man shall prefer evil to good does not compel the man to his evil choice. If Adam had not sinned, Christ would not have suffered. God's knowing Adam would sin did not make him sin, but involved in God's plan the redemption by the blood of the Saviour. That bad men were allowed by Almighty God to accomplish their evil designs we may well wonder at. Again we know the facts; we do not know the reason. Among the facts we know are man's freedom and responsibility, God's justice and mercy. Man works and God deals with each one according to his works. If man were forced to good, he would merit no reward; if he were forced to evil, he would deserve no punishment. He is not forced.

## STARVING CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.

Allow us, dear reader, to ask from you a mite for our poor missions and starving Christians. You have heard about the great miseries and fearful persecutions, which our missions and our Christians have endured.

During six months the most atrocious cruelties have been committed by an infuriated mob against them. Five out of nine dioceses belonging to the Franciscans have been totally destroyed; not even a single church or house is left; the other four have suffered severely. Our orphanages have been burned, the poor orphans were cruelly killed or sold at auction to the heathens. Three of our bishops and a number of our missionaries suffered the most fearful cruelties, and thousands and thousands of our Christians gave their lives for their faith.

Lucky they are! They have left a country, where it is deemed a crime to believe in God. It is true, they have suffered much, but their sufferings lasted only a few hours or days. But we who could escape, have to suffer yet, not tortures of an inhuman executioner, but something more dreadful. We have suffered not only a few hours but for months, and we shall suffer until the body is not longer able to endure the tortures of hunger. Since two years already necessaries of life are very scarce, and many poor have already fallen victims of the famine. We have done all in our power to help the poor and alleviate their sufferings, but now our means are gone. Thousands of our poor have lived on wild plants, roots and bark of the elm tree. Even pulverized straw mixed with some wild plants or a little flour has been used for food, but even these things are getting scarce. In many places human flesh is now being used; only the rich have plenty of grain, but nothing can be had except by paying an enormous price. What can we do, if good people do not help us?

We are sent by our Right Rev. Bishop to procure means, which might enable us to alleviate our misery. So we kindly address you and ask help from you for our starving Christians who have suffered so much and are suffering still.

Dear friend! send a mite to

Yours gratefully,

Fath. ANTHANASIUS GOETTE,

and

Fath. JOHN CAPISTRAN GOETTE,

St. Boniface Church,

Apost. Miss.

115 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

## AT ST. VINCENT'S.

In a land of sunshine and flowers, balmy air, and peaceful, restful surroundings, there is a delightful retreat where invalids receive the most skilful treatment. They are surrounded by a home atmosphere that aids recovery, making the patient feel that though among strangers, he has the warm sympathy and cheery helpfulness characteristic of home care. Every detail of the construction and conduct of this model hospital has been carefully studied, always with the purpose in view of relieving suffering and expediting recovery, and it has become a mecca towards which many invalids turn eagerly.

St. Vincent's is situated on high, healthful ground, and commands a beautiful view of the harbor, the city of Norfolk, and the country round about. The grounds are spacious and tastefully arranged with shade trees. The drives are varied and picturesque, while within easy access lie Old Point, Virginia Beach, Richmond and other points of historical interest.

The delightful climate, which soon stimulates the appetite to a due appreciation of the excellent fare, is highly beneficial for sufferers from throat and pulmonary troubles, and ideal for those who wish to avoid extreme temperature and sudden changes.

It would be difficult to find a private hospital more admirably equipped and as reasonable in terms as the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, Norfolk, Va.


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The finest coastwise trip in the world, on commodious and elegant steamships. Opportunity of visiting Old Point and Virginia Beach. Four sailings each week between Baltimore, Norfolk and Boston. Accommodations and cuisine unsurpassed. Send for Tour Book and particulars: Pass. Dept., Merchants & Miners' Trans. Co., Baltimore, Md.

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Pure charcoal is endorsed by the most eminent French and English physicians for the cure of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and Biliousness. MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS are chemically pure, and can be taken with the utmost confidence.

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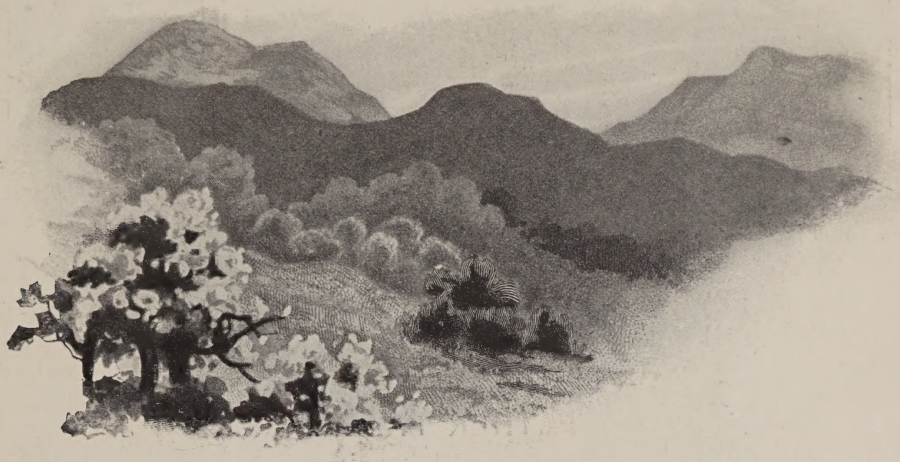
Through the courtesy of N. Brock, photographer, Asheville, N. C., we reproduce on page 509 the fine picture, "The Farm Boy's Mother." Platinotype prints, 8x10, from the original negatives, can be bought of Mr. Brock for $1.00 each.

JUNE.

"Where the exile's thought is turning
At the close of life's long day."

# Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLV. JUNE, 1901. No. 6



## THE LAND I LOVE.

BY AMADEUS.

Where the curlew's voice is ringing
Through each marsh, and bog, and fen,
Where the lark is blithely singing
To her nestlings in the glen;
Where the cuckoo's plaintive calling
And the corncrake's rasping cry,
When the evening shades are falling,
With each other seem to vie;

Where the hawthorn-tree is growing
In its beauty pure and rare;
Where the cowslip-bells are blowing,
And the primrose scents the air;
Where the furze-bush guards the hedges
With a bloom that never fades;
Where the iris gems the sedges
And the foxglove trims the glades;

Where the exile's thought is turning
At the close of life's long day,
With a love more strongly burning
For the years spent far away;
Where I would, when work is over,
That my heart might find its rest,—
'Neath the white and purple clover
Of the land I love the best.

ST. PHILIP NERI.

Founder of the Congregation of the Oratory.

ST. WILFRID.

Father Faber's patron saint.

# FATHER FABER.

BY REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

Frederick William Faber was born at Calverley, in the West Riding, Yorkshire, on June 28th, 1814. His father was the vicar of the place at the time, though he was soon appointed as secretary to the Bishop of Durham and lived until 1833 with the family of Bishop Auckland. After some years at the schools of Kirkby Stephen and of Shrewsbury, the lad was sent, about 1825, to Harrow. The president of the latter place, Dr. Longley, conceived a genuine affection for the spiritual little fellow and did much to aid in the formation of his mind. A tendency toward atheistic ways of thinking began to trouble the soul of young Faber during this period, but under the paternal care of his preceptors it vanished so completely as never again to reappear in life. It was here also amidst those lovely scenes that have inspired another poet, he laid the foundations of a literary activity that has placed him in the forefront of English writers.

In 1832 he entered Oxford, matriculating at Balliol College. He came into residence there in the Lent Term of the following year, at just about the time when the Tractarian movement was to be launched. His career at Oxford presents some of the prominent characteristics that marked him in life. Among other things it betrayed that dogged persistence in the pursuit of any prized object, which halted at no difficulty less utter impossibility. In spite of many failures in regard of scholarships, classes and prizes, he could yet acquit himself with honors both to himself and to his University. He had brought with him to Oxford a strong Calvanistic

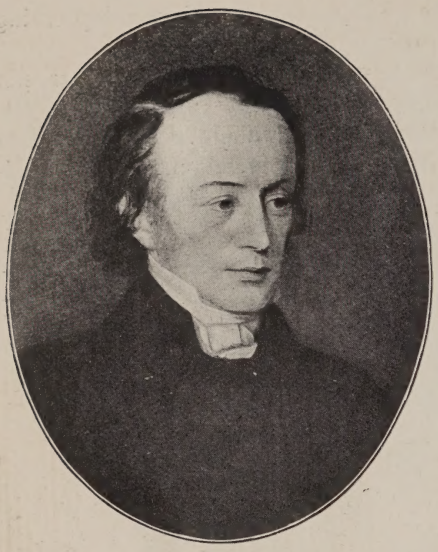
We are indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. Frederick Antrobus, Superior of the Oratory, London, for many of the photographs illustrating this article.

sentiment, a heritage from his parents which was fostered at Harrow. This, however, gave way gradually under the influences of Newman, who had now begun to cast his spirit over the halls of Oxford, and though for a short time the associations of his childhood had pulled insistently at his heart-strings, yet when he finally came out of the struggle, at the end of his University career, he was never again to be subjected to their depressing power.

These years were, nevertheless, not altogether barren of honor to the hard-worked student. At the end of 1834 he was elected scholar of University College. In 1836 he was triumphant in the competition for the Newdigate prize, the successful effort being his poem upon the "Knights of St. John." In 1837 he was elected a

HARROW SCHOOL.

HERE FREDERICK WILFRID FABER RECEIVED HIS EARLY EDUCATION.



REV. CHARLES MARRIOTT,

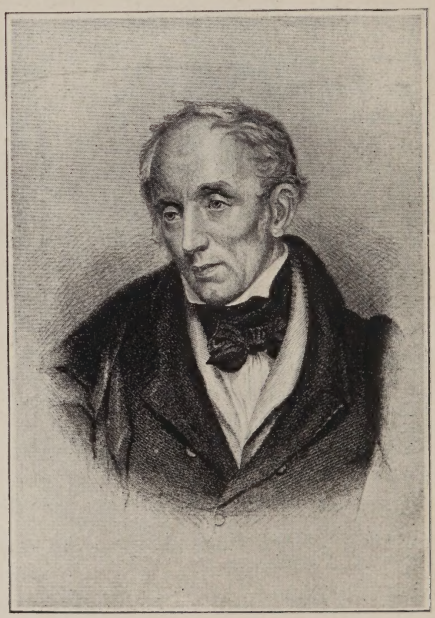
ONE OF THE SPIRITS OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

In a letter to a friend, Faber says, "I offered through Marriott to undertake the translation of one of the Fathers: and St. Optatus has been entrusted to me."

Fellow of University College, and in the same year carried off the Johnson Divinity Scholarship.

The end of his Oxford course was but the beginning of a newer career in the work of religion. He began at once a thorough study of divinity which was to lead later to the taking of Anglican orders. It was in 1837 that he was first introduced to Newman, in connection with the latter's work upon the "Library of the Fathers," wherein it was given to Faber to translate the "Books of St. Optatus." His long vacation of this year he spent at Ambleside, near the head of the Windermere, the country of Wordsworth. A friendship sprang up between the two poets which did not a little towards making this sojourn in the Lake Country one of exquisite intellectual enjoyment. Meanwhile Faber advanced in due course toward the goal of his desires. In 1837 he received the Anglican deaconship at the hands of his old friend, Dr. Longley, in St. Wilfrid's Cathedral of Ripon. Two years later, in 1839, on the Feast of St. Philip Neri he received the Anglican priest's orders from Bishop Bagot, at Oxford.

In the autumn of 1842 Mr. Faber was presented by his college with the Rectory of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, a charge which he accepted after some little hesitation, and which proved to him, as a factor in his life, what Littlemore was at the same time to Newman. When he had notified his friend, Wordsworth, of this new charge, the poet replied very signifi-



WM. WORDSWORTH.

Who remarked, "If it was not for Frederick Faber devoting himself so much to his sacred calling, he would be the poet of his age."

cantly: "I do not say you are wrong; but England loses a poet."

The change which had come over Faber in his religious opinions during the last four years had made of him a Catholic as far as affection for and appreciation of Catholic doctrines and practices could do so. He had ceased to be a critic of Rome; he had now

AMBLESIDE.

Where Faber met Wordsworth and formed the friendship which contributed largely to the development of his own poetical spirit. Here he published "The Cherwell Water-Lily and other Poems."

taken upon himself the part of a learner, and he determined before entering upon the active conduct of his parish to cast himself at the feet of that ancient Mother of Religion and drink in what he could from the fountains of her supernatural teachings. It was thus that in the April of 1843, after taking formal possession of his

church, he set out upon a journey towards Rome, a journey of love, and one that would stir his whole being to its foundations. His progress through Italy, and especially at Rome, was like that of an ardent Catholic. Many of the incidents as related in his letters of the time portray the deep struggle of his mind to break forth from the chains that bound him to a creed beloved on account of its associations, but uncongenial, suspected because of its utter absence of supernatural life. On St. Alban's Day, June 17, 1843, he had an audience with the Holy Father, Gregory XVI, which he describes in a letter to Rev. J. B. Morris. "On entering, I knelt

down, and again, when a few yards from him, and lastly, before him; he held out his hand, but I kissed his foot; there seemed to be a mean puerility in refusing the customary homage. With Dr. Baggs for interpreter, we had a long conversation; he spoke of Dr. Pusey's suspension for defending the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, with amazement and disgust; he said to me, 'You must not mislead yourself in wishing for unity, yet waiting for your Church to move. Think of the salvation of your own soul.' I said I feared self-will and individual judgment. He said, 'You

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD,

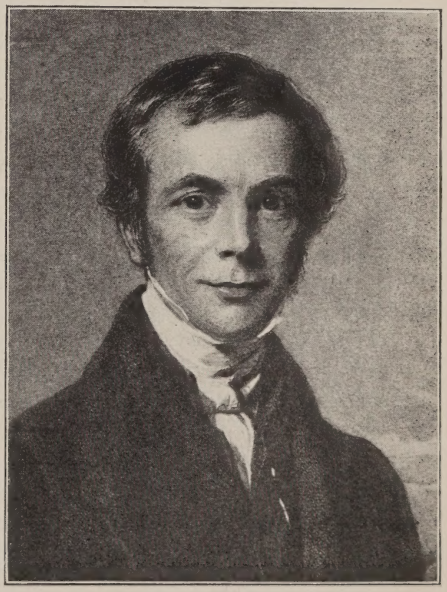
OF WHICH FABER WAS ELECTED FELLOW IN 1837.

RIPON CATHEDRAL.

The Anglican Church in which Mr. Faber received Anglican orders.

are all individuals in the English Church, you have only external communion, and the accident of being all under the Queen. You know this: you know all doctrines are taught among you anyhow. You have good wishes, may God strengthen them! You must think for yourself and for your soul.' He then laid his hands on my shoulders, and I immediately knelt down; upon which he laid them on my head, and said, 'May the grace of God correspond to your good wishes, and deliver you from the nets of Anglicanism, and bring you to the true Holy Church.' I left him almost in tears, affected as much by the earnest, affectionate demeanor of the old man, as by his blessing and his prayer. I shall remember St. Alban's Day in 1843 to my life's end."

He visited the Chiesa Nuova, St. Philip's Church, the home of the original Oratory, little dreaming that a half dozen years later he himself should be wearing the white collar of St. Philip, in the streets of London. Many times, indeed, during this sojourn at Rome Faber found himself



REV. JOHN KEBLE.

Author of the "Christian Year," and one of the beginners of the Tractarian movement. He advised Faber to cultivate his poetic gifts.

GREGORY XVI.

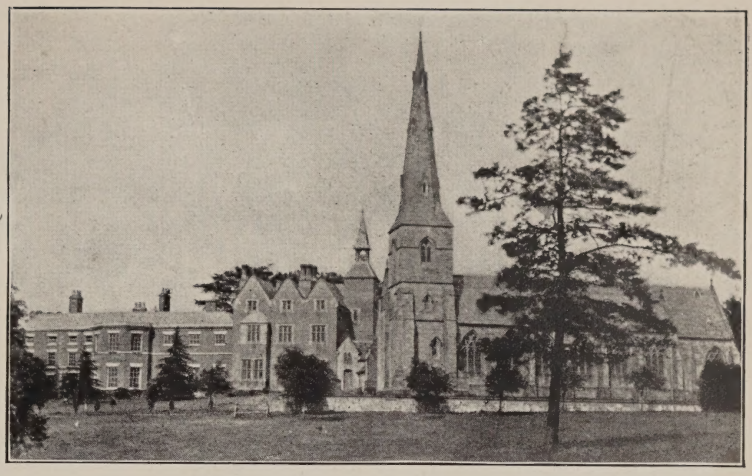
on the point of embracing Catholicity. In writing to Mr. Morris at another time, he said: "What I went through at Rome I am sure my most forcible words could not explain; and I think I told you I twice took my hat to go to the Collegio Inglese to abjure." The real note of conversion he utters in a letter written to the same Mr. Morris, from Berne, as he was on his way home to England. "I think—all this must begin with the one Church; are you in it? If not, of what good is all this? You have had it put before you—look at her Catholicity, unity, sanctity, fruitful missions, clear miracles, wonderful saints, ancient things! In one age, while we groaned under dryness and irreverence, were vouchsafed to her Saints Philip Neri, Charles Borromeo, Francis Borgia, Francis Xavier, Francis of Sales, Ignatius, etc. You pray in vain because you have not humbled yourself before the Church so revealed to you; you confess in vain, you communicate in vain; all are shadows—so thoughts rush upon me. If in happy times I say, 'For love of Thee let me die to the world, of Thee who for love of me didst deign to die upon the Cross!'—then comes the chilling question, Why are not you in the communion where he was who said that, and lived upon it? . . . . It comes to this: to stay is misery at present, and I dare not go away."

The last sentence sums up the whole life of Faber during his pastorate at Elton. Here he lived for

DR. GRANT, BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

Mr. Faber wrote to Dr. Grant after his conversion: "By the grace of God, and the love of Rome in my heart as you put it there, I am a Catholic."

two years the strangest of lives, working as he himself expressed it, "in the spirit of St. Philip and St. Alphonsus." He circulated among his people a history of the Sacred Heart and without doubt would have introduced the devotion had



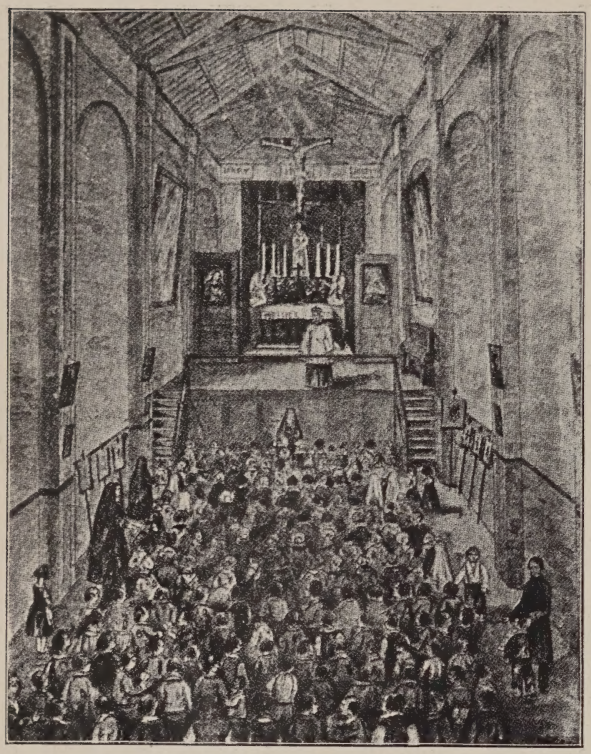
ST. WILFRID'S, COTTON HALL.

The home of the Brothers of the Will of God just before they merged into the Oratory.

DAVID LEWIS.

David Lewis, who was curate to John Henry Newman at St. Mary's, Oxford, became after his conversion an ardent friend and helper of Father Faber. It was he who, in conjunction with the Earl of Arundel, sought out and procured the first home of the Oratory in London, at King William Street.

not his own congregation demurred against it as savoring too much of Popery. The parish itself, hitherto a by-word for its intemperance and profligacy became under his administration, a model to the rest of Anglicanism. One of the best fruits of this quasi-Catholic regime was the founding by him of a sort of conventual community of young men, whose confessions to him had revealed their yearning after a state of perfection out of keeping with Anglican methods. The life of rigorous penance and mortification practised by these ardent young souls could scarcely be surpassed by the hardships of an orthodox Catholic monastic order. His deep study of the real Catholic doctrine and practice revealed itself at this time in his Lives of the English Saints, some of which he published notwithstanding the immense hostility they aroused among his co-religionists. Elton had indeed proven his



RAGGED SCHOOLS, DUNN'S PASSAGE.

One of the most cherished works of Father Faber was that of rescuing the children of the streets from the evil influences which surrounded them. The school at Dunn's Passage, under the immediate direction of Father Hutchison, was but an example of the work carried on throughout the parish.

novitiate, his trial before undertaking the great step which was to determine all things.

At length came the year 1845, the year of the Exodus. John Henry Newman led the great vanguard, the others following singly or in small detachments. From his solitude at Elton Mr. Faber heard the good news, and it stirred within him, as never before, the resolution of daring the hitherto impossible. "On Sunday, November the 16th, he officiated for the last time as Rector of Elton," says Father Bowden. "At the evening service he told his people that the doctrines he had taught them, though true, were not those of the Church of England; that, as far as the Church of England had a voice, she had disavowed them, and that consequently he could not remain in her communion, but must go where the truth was to be found. Then he hastily descended the pulpit stairs, threw off his surplice, which he left upon the ground, and made his way as quickly as possible through the vestry to the rectory. For a few moments the congregation remained in blank astonishment, and then, while the majority turned slowly homeward, some of the parishioners, among whom were the church-wardens, followed him to the rectory, and implored him to reconsider his decision. He might preach whatever doctrine he pleased, they said, and they would never question it." The next morning he arose early and accompanied by a party often who had resolved to follow him into the Church, he set out to leave the village. "The party had hoped to escape notice by starting early, but the parishioners were on the look out, and as they drove through the village every window was thrown open, and the poor people waved their handkerchiefs and sobbed out, 'God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go.'" That same evening, November 17, 1845,

God bless you & keep you in ye ways
of the Holy Spirit
Your most affectionate
F. W. Faber

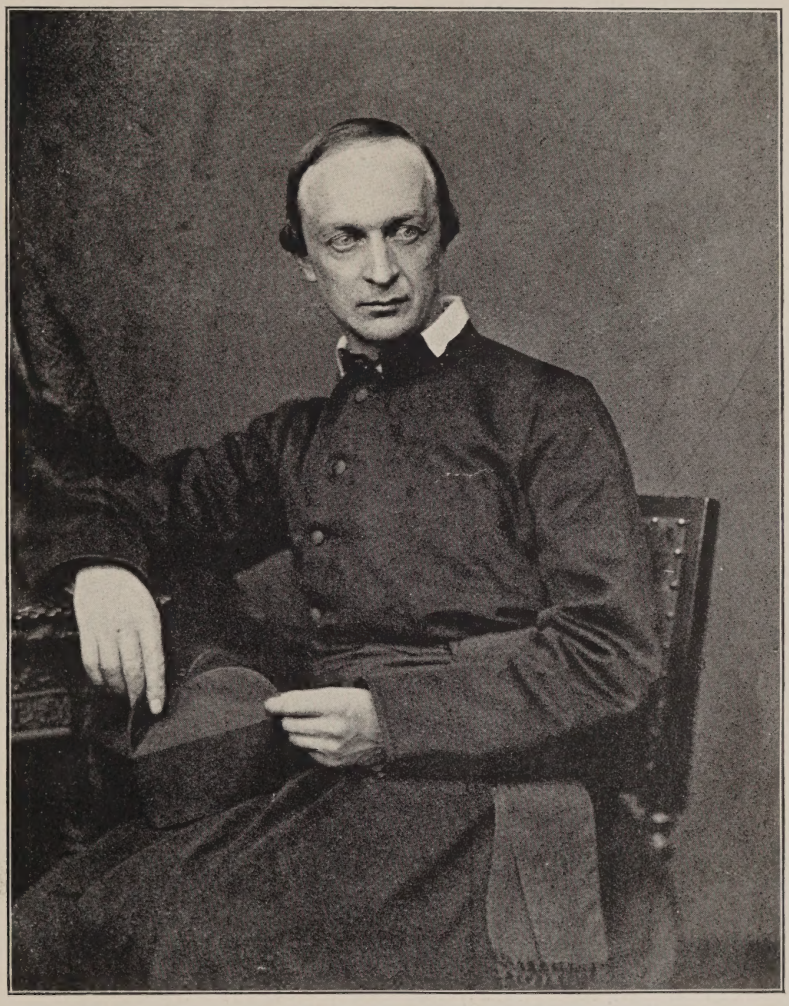
Mr. Faber and his companions were received into the Church at Northampton, by Bishop Wareing, and on the following morning received their first Communion and Confirmation.

FATHER ANTONY HUTCHISON.

Father Hutchison, while yet an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, came under the influences of Father Faber. He joined the community of the Brothers of the Will of God under the name of Brother Antony, at the end of 1845, and remained in constant and close intimacy with his great superior until the death of both in 1863. Father Bowden writes of him: "Himself singularly gifted both in mind and person, he loved to work in secret, and few even of the frequenters of the Oratory, were aware of the influence which he possessed in the congregation." "Many were found to say of the two friends, 'Lovely and comely in their life, even in death they were not divided.'"

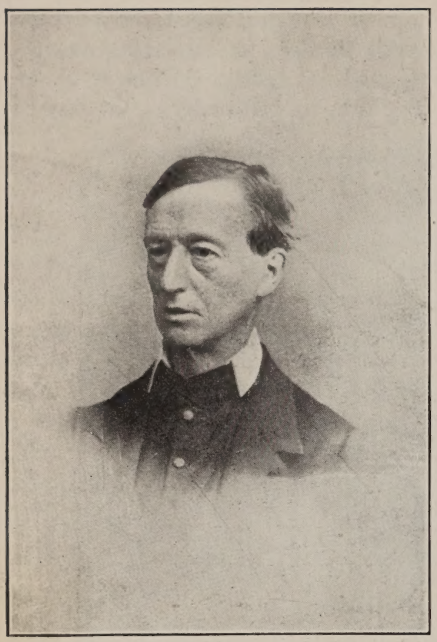
The conversion of Faber and his companions seemed to have wrought but little change in their manner of living. It was rather a consecration of their old life under the blessing and guidance of the true Church. Settling at Birmingham, they began the foundation of an order of lay brothers under the title of the Brothers of the

Will of God. Faber, as their superior, took upon himself the name of Brother Wilfrid of the Humanity of Jesus, his companions assuming names of a like character. Mr. Faber then proceeded, as early as convenient, to Rome, where he sought the authorization of his new order. Cardinal Acton, to whom it was described, approved it indeed, though he advised that the new converts would do better by entering into sacred orders. On his return to England the new superior found himself the nucleus of an immense work. He found no lack of willing and influential friends to aid



FATHER JOHN BOWDEN.

One of the earliest of the London Oratorians and the author of the "Life of Father Faber."



FATHER BERNARD DALGAIRNS.

He was one of Newman's companions at Littlemore. He entered the Church a few days before his great master. He was one of Father Faber's first companions in the London Oratory.

him in his arduous undertakings so that it soon became apparent that the Brothers would ere long find more labor than might easily be performed. Towards the end of the year 1846, the community at the invitation of the Earl of Shrewsbury removed to Cotton, Cheadle, where they remained until their absorption into the Oratory of St. Philip under Father Newman, in 1848. Before this, however, Brother Wilfrid, on March 21, 1847, was raised to the dignity of the priesthood.

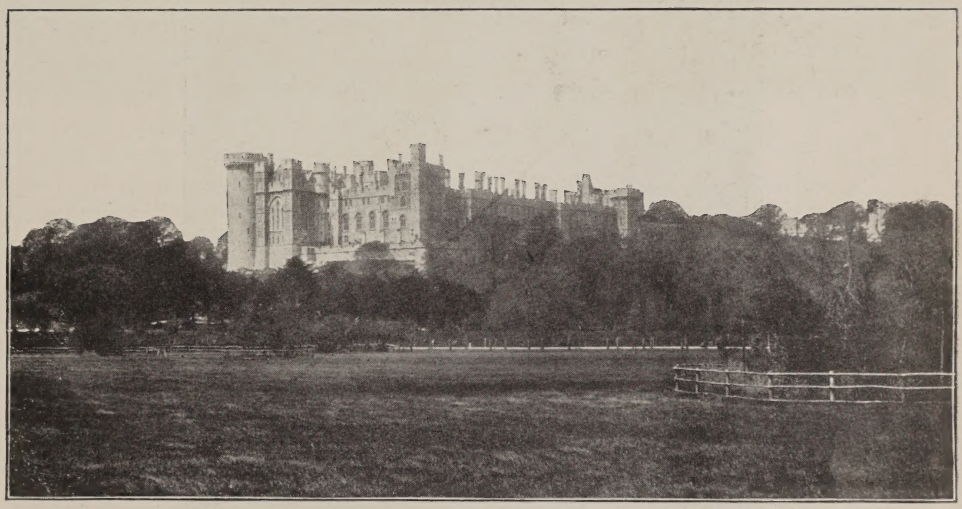
From the time that Father Faber assumed the cassock of the Oratory until his death the events of his life ran on in an even tenor. He remained subject to the authority of Father Newman until 1849, when the new congregation of London was established. The rule of St. Philip forbade the existence of two separate houses of the Order under one superior, so that the London convent upon its foundation was obliged to choose a rector of its own. It was a high tribute to the remarkable gifts of Father Faber, that the choice upon this occasion fell upon himself. Moreover he retained this position of immense responsibility until his death, in 1863. The first establishment of the Order in London was in the temporary church at King William Street, at which Father Newman, then in the first flush of his conversion, delivered his celebrated lectures On Anglican Difficulties. In 1854 a new church was erected at Brompton

MOTHER MARGARET MARY HALLAHAN, O. S. D.

An ardent friendship sprang up between Father F ber and this noble woman. To him she came with her trials and difficulties always to go away relieved in heart and strengthened in soul. When she came finally to take leave of him, she stood looking at him, and repeating: "Oh, what a man you are! what a man you are!"

on the site now occupied by the London Oratory. From this place the saintly Apostle of the Faith went forth himself and sent out his assistants upon a mission such as London had not hitherto known. Immense schools were opened for the children of the poor, missions were preached in neighboring parishes, and a helping hand was extended to Cardinal Wiseman such as lightened the great burden of anxiety and worry which was then bearing upon his weary shoulders. Father Faber's zeal was indefatigable; in his ministrations he seemed ubiquitous, and he esteemed that day as lost upon which he had not wrought some signal glory for the cause of Christ and His Church. It was only after fully fifteen years of this humble, yet magnificent work, that he laid down his arms finally in death. He died at Brompton Oratory on the 26th of September, 1863.

The life of Father Faber is only partly portrayed in recounting the list of his activities. The great soul of the Apostle is evidenced most in his writings. Father Faber was a poet in every emotion of his being. His life at the University, at Elton, among the Brothers and in the Oratory reads like the gesta of some romantic hero. There is a forcibleness, an enthusiasm in all he does and says that raises the soul of the onlooker until he begins to feel in some part the inspirations that actuated the great Oratorian. He was nursed in poetry, and in the realm of exalted sentiment he built up the fabric of his manly soul. Those walks at Ambleside in the company of the gentle Lake Poet wrought into his thought a web of fine gold that spun itself out in many and many a glorious song. Wordsworth had acknowledged



ARUNDEL CASTLE

The residence of the Dukes of Norfolk. Within its walls not only Father Faber but all the other distinguished converts of his time found hospitality and encouragement. The present Duke of Norfolk is noted as one of the staunchest defenders of the Faith today in England.

him as a poet, but he was wrong in imagining that the absorption of spiritual interest would dry up the well of poetical inspiration. It happened to Faber as to many another, that with the onflowing of supernatural graces came also the purified

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.*

and more resplendent glories of intellectual life. The poetry of Father Faber is not generally quoted in the official textbooks; but we have grown used to such exclusion, and can only appreciate its beauties all the more.

He began his career as a poet by reaching for and grasping the Newdigate prize in poetry, his theme being "The Knights of St. John." This was in 1836. Some years later he published "The Cherwell Water Lily" and the "Styrian Lake," so-called from the initial piece of each. His chef-d'oevre in this field was "Sir Lancelot," a long romantic poem which abounds in exceeding beauty. Among his other longer pieces of special merit were the "Mourner's Dream," the "Dream of King Croesus," and "Prince Amadis." In

*Father Faber dedicated his book, "The Foot of the Cross," to Lady Fullerton, "in affectionate remembrance of a season of darkness which God consecrated to Himself by a more than common sorrow." This referred to the death of Granville Fullerton, her only child. In a letter to Father Faber, Lady Fullerton writes of her loss, in those touching words, "It is lying there in my heart, only buried deeper, the love, the grief, the purpose, formed in those first days of sorrow, when I leant upon you, my dear, dear Father Faber. I never can forget what you did for me then."

BROMPTON ORATORY.

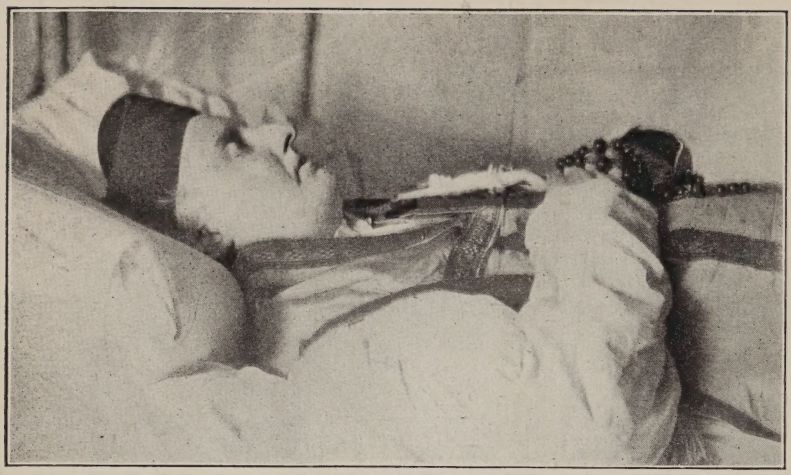
FATHER FABER WAS SUPERIOR OF THE ORATORY TILL HIS DEATH.

the preface to his collected poems he bespeaks very beautifully the blending in his soul of poetical thought and the exaltation of spiritual feeling:

"Blame not my verse if echoes of church bells
With every change of thought or dream are twining,
Fetching a murmuring sameness from the fells,
And lakes, and rivers with their inland shining.
And marvel not in these loose drifting times
If anchored spirits in their blithest motion
Dip to their anchors veiled within the ocean,
Catching too staid a measure for their rhymes."

This "too staid a measure" is more observable in his hymns than in his more secular songs. And yet even in them it can be said that no modern hymnist shows so unmistakably the hall-mark of poetic genius. Like Bardesanes, the gnostic, he has given us one hundred and fifty hymns because such was the number of the psalms. We are told that "his idea was to give to English Catholics a volume of devotional reading after the pattern of the Olney hymns, over which he had not infrequently found Catholics poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight, and which, he owns, acted like a spell upon himself strong enough to be for long a counter influence to very grave convictions."

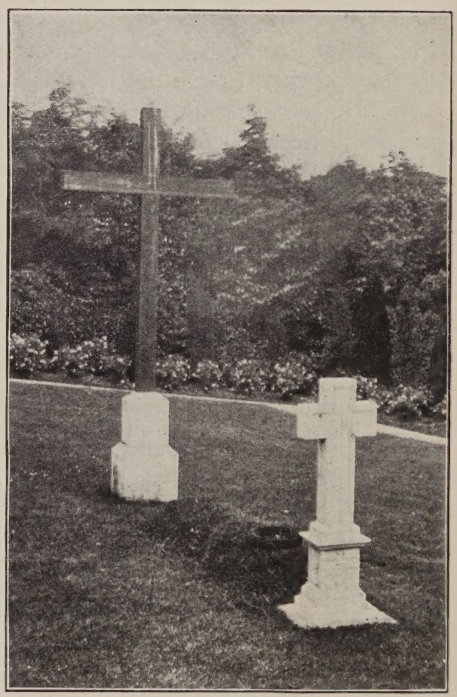
But it is by his prose works that Father Faber has most intimately influenced Catholic hearts. His first writings of this kind met with a reception little likely to give encouragement. When he first published his Lives of the Saints an opposition arose, especially from the Old Catholic party in England. It was deemed an inopportune measure to introduce into English homes the accounts of saintliness as conceived by Italian minds. The rigors, the austerities and especially the miracles of saints like the Blessed Rose of Lima shocked the



FATHER FABER, AS HE LAY IN STATE IN THE LITTLE ORATORY.

sense of a church that had long grown used to fear public opinion. Father Faber, however, knew but one source of fear, and that was anything like a suppression of truth. Once assured that he was but relating the plain, unvarnished truth, no consideration of human respect was powerful enough to make him silent. Moreover, Father Faber was intensely ultramontane; he believed firmly that the true expression of Catholic life and doctrine must and could come only from that Church over which the successor of St. Peter held sway, and thus the lives and the doctrines commended by her were worthy of the study and admiration of Catholics to whatever land they belonged. It is this spirit that illuminates in a great degree those later, classic works that recur to the mind at the mention of his name. They came forth from his pen during the last eight years of his life like a pure, glittering stream of thought whose effulgence is as bright even today.

The names of them? Who does not know them! They are household words bringing the treasures of Catholic theology by easy, yet brilliant channels into the homes and hearts of the Catholic world. All



THE CEMETERY, ST. MARY'S, SYDENHAM HILL.

The gravestone in front of cross is over Father Faber's grave.

for Jesus, Growth in Holiness, The Blessed Sacrament, The Creator and the Creature, The Foot of the Cross, Spiritual Conferences, The Precious Blood, and Bethlehem, appeared in rapid succession, winning everywhere the commendation they deserved. Father Cardella, S. J., on receiving a copy of All of Jesus wrote to the author, among many other appreciative things, these words: "What I like most is that richness of thoughts and pious feelings, that unworldly spirit, that kind of instruction so practical and so encouraging for all, in short, to say it in your own words, that beautiful variety of easy ways of divine love." A writer in the Civilta Cattolica (1867) styles Father Faber "the eloquent writer of ascetical works, which unite the most mystical devotion to the most profound theological learning."

It would be difficult to say just wherein the charm of these works lies. Choice of diction, harmonious order, beauty of expression he betrays on every page. Imagery there is, too, and delicate flights of fancy that help out a thought without obscuring its meaning. Sublimity at times strengthens abundant sweetness and delicacy. Perhaps the charm lies in the fact that in all these works the author was only revealing his innermost soul and thus portraying truth in truthful colors.

Of Father Faber's oratorical powers there is a contemporary testimony in the pages of the Dublin Review, 1864: "As a preacher, he possessed certain gifts beyond anyone we remember to have heard. He had a facility and flexibility of mind and voice, a vividness of apprehension and of imagination, a beauty of conception and expression,—a beauty, that is to the eye and to the ear, with a brightness of confidence, as of a man who had lived in the light and peace of God, and a longing desire to make others possess the happiness he enjoyed, which we have hardly seen united in the same degree."

We will bring this slight tribute to the worth of Father Faber to a close by reproducing the words of Manning uttered on the occasion of his death, "I knew him as a boy; we were at the University together, and even then I was astonished at the wonderful gifts which we have all seen developed since. I will not speak of his natural gifts, although for the gift of intellect, for beauty of mind, and eloquence of speech, he stands almost unequalled. These gifts are small compared to the supernatural graces bestowed on him. He was a great priest; he was the means of bringing multitudes into the One Fold, and he died as a priest should die, amid the prayers and tears of his flock. Though he lived in the world, I never saw anyone so detached from the world; if ever there was a higher or lower path to choose, he always chose the higher; if ever there was a truth to be spoken, he spoke it unhesitatingly, without any desire to accommodate it to the tastes and fashions of men. I know of no greater glory that can come upon the head of a priest than this. The name of his first book is like a note in music; in all his writings, in all his teachings, there is the same strain throughout—All for Jesus."

# PENTECOST.

BY REV. WILLIAM DOLLARD.

Factus est repente de caelo sonus advenientis spiritus vehementis.
—Acts, c. 2.

Beyond the farthest star,
  Is Christ at last;
The gates are yet ajar,
  Thro' which He passed.
While from the Father's side
He sends the Promised Guide,
Spouse of His Holy Bride,
  On Pentecost.

Know ye those fear-struck few,
  In upper-room?
Ghastly their looks to view,
  As of the tomb.
Quaking at every sound,
Dreading to look around,
Weaker than captive bound
  For present doom.

"Hush! 'Tis the Sanhedrim
  Seeking it prey.
Rabble and High Priest grim
  Are on the way.
Sheep—but all Shepherdless—
Like ship in storm-stress,
Rudderless, Masterless,
  We drift today."

"Glory be to the Father
  And to the Son";
Their voices gather
  In orison.
Then in a moment fleet
Rings out the prayer complete
"And to the Paraclete!"
  The World is Won.

# BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

They found a number of their Lexington friends and acquaintances at White Sulphur, but on the plea of fatigue, Teresa made good her escape from their merry company. It was impossible, however, on such a summer night to remain in her room; so when the sound of laughing voices announced the departure of the young people for a walk, she stole down stairs and sought a secluded place on the wide veranda that enclosed the hotel. Scarcely was she seated, when steps on the floor behind made her turn, and with a feeling of annoyance or shrinking, she knew not which, she saw George Martins approaching. His head was bent and not until he caught the sheen of her ample gray skirts in passing did he appear to be aware of her presence.

"Miss Martinez! Are you feeling rested? And have you come down to enjoy the moonlight? Shall I go away?"

She could not say "Yes" to her host, so instead she faintly asked him to take the other chair, which he did. From the ordinary beginnings of conversation, they drifted into deeper subjects, until he brought her to where his thoughts were stationed.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Martins told me that your nomination for the Governorship is almost certain."

"And I suppose," he added, with his magnetic smile, "my son also told you that he tried to dissuade me from accepting the honor from my party?"

"He said he had asked you to spare yourself and the family the misery of another electoral contest," replied the trustful Teresa.

Her hearer rested an elbow on the arm of the chair, and leaning back wearily, regarded for a silent moment the moon-lighted hills. Over the pause came the voices of the company that were roaming through the dell below; then, George Martins sighed softly and turned his attention to the waiting girl.

"I cannot exactly say that the worst enemies are of my own household, Miss Martinez," he began, "but certainly my worst discouragers are. Every political honor I have achieved, every financial effort I have brought to a successful issue, has been worked out in the face of such opposition, not the less paralyzing because silent and often well-concealed. Full and adequate sympathy I have never received, and I am a man whose heart craves sympathy—sincere, spontaneous sympathy—not perfunctory acquiescence with my plans. If I had obtained this, what I have achieved and gained would have brought me perfect happiness. Instead, after all my labors, I have ever found the leaves of my crown withered." He smiled as he spoke the concluding words, and the pathos it threw over his face made her heart quiver with pain. Was there no one secured from this blasting misery? Was there no one possessing happiness, pure and unalloyed? She could have cried out that the pain of the

world was upon her, and it was more than she could endure: she longed for death, in that moment, to deaden her heart against it for ever more.

"You know my wife?" then George Martins said. "You know that all her heart is bound about loved ones, friends and home. Give her these, her books and her music, her church and poor, and she asks for nothing more."

"Is it not enough—when she finds there her happiness?" asked Teresa, involuntarily. At the question he rose and began to pace the piazza floor before her. She continued: "After all, Mr. Martins, possessions bring no happiness to those who do not desire them. From that situation which gives peace human souls should not be taken, for if our souls have peace, then earth becomes the outer court of Heaven."

"They called you well, Teresa," he said, as her voice ceased. "Not an unworthy bearer are you of the name of the fair Spanish philosopher and saint. But I cannot permit you to misjudge my motives; so let me ask your patience for a little story of mine. I am of Irish birth. My parents were what is known in Ireland as the gentry, but, further back, our line was noble. My father was excedingly unfortunate in financial affairs and when I arrived at manhood, I was penniless. There is that pride in the Irish which never permits them to accept with equanimity lapse from high station as you could doubtless do, my little senorita, with the prouder philosophy of the Spaniard; so I came to the New World to hide my poverty. The opulence, the magnificence of life in Virginia, were more galling than my altered position at home; and not knowing where else to turn, I flung myself into the wildness and savagery of the frontier. Let me draw the curtain of silence over that period of my life! It was the madness, the despair, of a proud, youthful heart cut off, irrevocably separated, from its proper place, which thus made me the companion of the barbarian and the brutes in the wild haunts of Nature. But the voice of reason began to be heard above the ravings of despair, and it called me back to civilization. Lexington was then on the edge of the wilderness, yet the Virginian had brought his refinement and elegance to the frontier, and already the sharp, everlasting lines of class distinction had been drawn. I had not the patience to hold out against that line until I had beaten it down, nor the philosophy to ignore it while I worked for my rightful place; and I was turning back to that other fiercely hated life, when I saw Mrs. Martins. From the very first moment I loved her—how well, you may judge, when I permitted her to lift me out of my poverty and her family's scorn. When a proud man does this he can give no greater proof of his loyalty and love. But out of the endurance of those things was born the determination to secure for her higher honors, greater wealth than would have been hers as the wife of another man, who would have been her equal, as the world reckons equality. She could not understand, my gracious, noble wife, why I should feel thus, for to her there can be no high and low where love exists. She would have been as happy with me in a hovel as she is in the beautiful home, that I"——

But the sentence broke upon his lips, for not less appalling than a thunderbolt from the cloudless, moonlighted sky would have been, was the

swift, sudden recollection of whom his listener was. He clutched his hands fiercely over the arms of the chair and gasped for breath; then, by a supreme effort, he regained possession of himself, and went on hastily, to draw her attention from his abrupt pause:

"The beautiful home that I have made for her. She would have been as true in poverty as in riches, as contented in oblivion as in honor."

His voice failed him and he paused. Raising his hand he pressed it over his eyes as though his purpose was to shut out the haunting beauty of the face before him. He dimly felt the effect which the action would have on her imaginative mind.

"I know, I know," she said softly. Her voice reassured him, and removing his hand, he continued in his former steady voice, though its tones were sadder:

"But she does not understand. I have worked without her sympathy, not with it. But in spite of this, I have never faltered in my determination. I have carried my plans to success; but child! child!" he broke out, "I have bartered peace here, happiness hereafter, for this success."

As nothing had ever touched her, not even St. John Worthington's voice calling to her in the wood, Teresa was now touched by the sorrow of that confession, the sight of that bowed gray head. She could have thrown herself on her knees beside him and begged him to let her help to bring back peace to his heart, pardon to his soul. When he raised himself and looked toward her, the moonlight showed him the quivering of her fair face, the tears standing in her beautiful eyes. He leaned forward, and taking her hand, held it tenderly in his, and while his eloquent glance spoke his gratitude for her sympathy, his voice said:

"Little Teresa, be my friend! I have no friend, though I am so rich and powerful. My wife loves me, and who loves us thus is blind to our failings, forgives them without knowing they exist. Not so the faithful, trusted friend, who gives counsel with warning, encouragement with pardon. Let me tell you that I have bartered all, all, all, and that the hope to drown the voice of outraged conscience makes me plunge into the broils and turmoil of politics now, where it was at first the worthier desire to reflect new honors on my wife's position and my son's future. Let me tell you that I look forward to old age, when I shall no longer be able to find nepenthe in this excitement, as the condemned criminal regards that hour in which he shall pay the penalty for his crime. There have been moments when I felt that I could not endure the evening of life alone with conscience, but must find relief from her torturing presence as Cato found it from the cares of a too long life."

"Mr. Martins!" The exclamation broke from her white lips, and she snatched her hand from his detaining clasp as if it were already stained by the crime he contemplated. He folded his arms and looked at her. The face wore a proud expression, but the look of the small, dark eyes was like that of a wounded animal's.

"O Mr. Martins!" she cried, clasping her hands and thus holding them toward him. "Of all offences which man can offer to God, there is none so heinous as self-destruction, for the life thus taken is the breath of God, His very best gift to man. The thought

of such a deed entering the mind of a man must make his guardian spirit quail with fear lest the outraged majesty of God would reduce to nothingness that creature who had dared to even meditate offering such an offense to his Creator."

"Ah, Teresa! Once I might have spoken such words as these you have uttered. Now—child, is there a God?"

"You know that there is a God," she answered earnestly. "No sane, thinking man can doubt His existence."

"Yes—yes," he said slowly, solemnly, "there must be, else that still small voice would not be here," and he laid his hand on his breast! "But I have lost Him—lost Him!"

"You can find Him again," she said, her beautiful eyes shining with faith and hope.

"Not by myself," he said, brokenly, and his head sank, "for I am an old man."

"Will you let me help you?" she asked, her eyes illumined, her voice thrilled.

"Ah! Will you help me? Help me to find the peace of mind, the joy of soul that were mine when I dwelt in my holy Irish home? Child," he went on quickly, shutting off her words, "the search may be long, for the jewel which we fling from us in the broad daylight, we shall not find easily in the black night-time. Will you have patience for me, hope for me, faith for me and in me? Will you never come to think that I am unworthy the assistance of your prayers, the inspiration of your presence?"

"Sir," she said, "if God so loved souls that He sent down His only Son to a cruel death for their redemption, can a Christian refuse the assistance of her prayers, nay, if it were necessary, the sacrifice of her life, to help one of those souls, bought with such a price, from the black gulf of sin and disbelief to the holy shore of repentance and praise?"

"And you will not desert me then? No matter who may counsel you to do so? Not even if your own heart should join with the voice of another in calling you from the work of saving me?"

She had never heard such tones in a human voice as those in which George Martins asked that question, a question which she but faintly comprehended, but which blind instinct warned her had a meaning beyond the words. His magnetic eyes were fixed on her and seemed to compel her answer.

"No one will counsel me against this work," she said, striving weakly against the strong, fatal power he appeared to have cast over her.

"But if any one ever should thus counsel you?" he urged. She felt her soul beating blindly, as a bird might do when attacked in the night; but she forced her lips to answer,

"I should disregard such counsel."

"You promise me this?"

Then, against these compelling tones, she heard St. John Worthington's sad voice calling.

"You promise?" The question was repeated.

"I promise," she said, and she wondered why she should shiver when he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. Then he rose, and walking toward the end of the veranda, stood for a long time gazing out upon the moonlighted hills that shut in White Sulphur from the level blue-grass land. When he returned to his chair, his

face was calm, his voice natural, as reseating himself, he said:

"It has always been a part of my belief that those losses, of which we are not the wanton causes, will be made good to us by fate in some future hour, if we have but insight enough to see her hand when she holds it out to us. I counted it one of the supreme losses of my life, that my cousin Gerald, because of his implacable foe, hid his little girl from my love and protection. I had loved the child and when both parents were dead I longed to take her into my heart and home, as if she had been my own daughter. I searched for her, sought her in high places and low, far and near. When at last I found her dead, a sadness came to my life that has never departed. Often I looked on young girls and wondered if Amy would have been like them, if she had lived. Yet never found I one that was my ideal of what she should have been, until that New Year's night at Mrs. Barton's party, when I first saw you. Her hair and eyes like yours were dark, and though but a child, she had your regal carriage. Then I said to myself, "Amy would have been like to her!" and I begged Mrs. Barton to introduce me. I yearned to hear your voice, meet your eyes, for so I felt Amy would have spoken to me, looked upon me. Nor was I deceived. I knew that fate had brought across my path the one woman, who, of all on earth, could fill that vacant place in my heart, be to me all that lost Amy might have been. Yes, perhaps more. This night you have done for me all that a daughter would have done, if God had seen fit to bestow upon me such a blessing. Now Teresa, tender girl, true woman, believe me when I say that if your place in my wife's heart is next her son's, as your place in that son's heart is first, her husband holds you not less dear. As a father would I bless you!"

He laid his hand for a moment on her shining black curls, then turned and left her alone, startled, overpowered by his words. Slowly her mind went over them, drawing out their meaning. This then was the motive George Martins had in cultivating her acquaintance, because she reminded him, by her hair and eyes of the dead child Amy; and nothwithstanding a certain awe with which she regarded him, her heart warmed toward the great man because of this lasting affection for his cousin's child, she, who, had she lived, would have possessed the great property which he had inherited. But as her thoughts brought her to the words he had spoken about her place in the heart of the mother and her son, she sprang to her feet and ran down the veranda, as if a visible and dreaded destiny had suddenly confronted her. "As your place in that son's heart is first." The words beat like a hammer on her ears. When the first tumult of heart had subsided, she asked herself, while her hands clutched the veranda railing for support, did Preston Martins love her, and was it this love that had wrought such a change in him, since he divined that she had none for him in return? "And you shall have made the best match in the country." By a freak of memory, Mrs. Halpin's words came back, and she was again in her little room, and with her eyes upon her few pitiful belongings, was contrasting her position with that of other girls, one of whom it was but natural to think Preston Martins would select for his wife. But instead of his affections

falling upon a daughter of rich and honored parents, they had gone to her, the poor, unknown music-teacher; and instead of opposing him in his choice, his father and mother, whom the world called ambitious and proud, were waiting to welcome her with tenderest love. Thoughts, crowding in with lightning rapidity, held her fast. Words of Preston Martins, but half understood when heard, came back fully comprehended; eyes, whose glances had fretted her, looked down upon her in all the eloquence of soul-language; his attitude toward her, which she ever had felt to be different from that of other young men, she perceived now to be the attitude of the lover. The veil had been drawn from her eyes by his father's words and she could not doubt that Preston loved her. He was not amusing himself after the fashion of young men, as Mrs. Halpin suspected, but was paying her the finest homage man can pay to woman. And this homage was strengthened by parental approval. They were waiting to welcome her into their hearts and home. The wealth, the luxury, the refinement of that home passed before her in a soft, alluring vision. Life in the white house seemed all that the human heart could desire. There were riches, power, honor, position, happiness. There was no loneliness there, nor poverty, nor hard work, nor privations, nor the humiliations which these bring to the over-sensitive. All the dreams of the school-girl lying on Loretto's playground would be realized.

All the beauty of the Old World, all its glory and its grandeur would be hers in reality as they had ever been in imagination. But on the fervor and ecstasy of the thought, memory threw St. John Worthington's sad voice; and the beautiful world she had builded became spectral, sorrow-haunted. She shivered in the mild night air and her heart cried out that it could accept no life in which he was not included. From wealth and youth and love his voice was bidding her, and her heart was hastening to obey. Then George Martins' tense, compelling tones were again saying, "Not even if your own heart should join with the voice of another in calling you from the work of saving me?"

"I cannot keep that promise!" she cried. Then Sister Mechtilde's words swept over her—sacrifice! sacrifice! but still the quivering young heart cried out, "I cannot! I cannot!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### PRESTON'S APPEAL TO ST. JOHN WORTHINGTON.

Preston Martins' horoscope of the political future proved true, with the exception that the disaffected Old Courters of the Whig Party and the dissenting New Courters among the Democrats failed to accept with either philosophy or acquiescence the gubernatorial candidates selected by the majorities. The same strong, turbulent spirit, aggressive for the right, or what appealed to it as the right, marked Kentucky's politics in the beginning as at the close of the century; and then, as now, there were not wanting men who would appeal to the power of force when persuasion failed. The question which now divided friends, disregarded party lines, and threatened disruption to the young State was whether the decision of the Old Court, which declared unconstitutional the

"two years' replevin law" of the Legislature of 1820, or the opinion of the New Court which confirmed the act, should stand. It was a question upon which men whose patriotism and honor were above reproach were divided. Men like Boyle and Owsley and Mills held that the action of the Legislature, which abolished the old courts, was illegal; while men like Barry and Trimble and Hagin held that to oppose the voice of the people, as expressed by their Legislature, was to oppose freedom. It is doubtful, however, if the question would have proven a leaven to ferment the great masses if its decision would not have effected other than political interests; and those other interests were the interests of the debtor and the creditor. The Relief party, which had made the replevin act possible, and which had now merged into the New Court, helped one class by ruining the other; and it was not to be expected that the other would submit tamely to injustice. Debtors naturally favored the new courts, creditors the old; and out of these private interests of the masses grew the great political imbroglio.

The New Court Whigs knew that in selecting George Martins for their candidate, they gave their leadership to one who would ride rough-shod over even the fair name of the State sooner than know the meaning of the word defeat; and when their opponents in the Democratic party named St. John Worthington, they felt secure of victory; for while George Martins held their banner it would never go down before that hated foe. They had met previously on the public arena and George Martins had not been the loser. If he lost now, it would be because Fate had come into the struggle to espouse Worthington's cause. The Democrats recognized the fact that the enemy might look for strength from the dissatisfied in their own ranks, while they could not expect a like support from the Whig Old Courters. But it was a battle for the State's honesty against dishonesty of the individual on one hand, and a sincere but misconceived idea of that sacred principle, State right, on the other; and such a battle ought to be fought along patriotic, not political, lines. St. John Worthington had not solicited the honor of leading his party in this conflict, but when the choice was made, he accepted it without reluctance. He knew that he was right as man and politician, and that his opponent, as both, was wrong. That he had a dear, private interest in entering the fight, and that it had made him fling away hesitancy and disinclination, is certain. Because of it he was more human, but not less patriotic.

As the days wore on, the fight gained in intensity and bitterness. Bloody encounters were of almost daily occurrence, for the lawless, seeing the supporters of Law and Order falling away from that standard, lost even outward respect for it; and when they failed to enforce their opinions by reason, they openly resorted to force. It was useless to attempt to stem the passion of such men, and as the summer advanced, where was political difference in the beginning there was now the threatening of civil conflict. In vain the Old Court leaders and conscientious New Court adherents counselled peace, and appealed from violence to common sense and civic pride; for the people were being misled by the base supporters of both

parties into the belief that their rights were being tampered with, and such being the case, they recognized it was their duty to defend those rights for themselves and their posterity. The well-known enmity of the two leaders also added to the intensity of partisan hatred, and to previous friends and neighbors, St. John Worthington and George Martins became personal foes. This unreasonable course, pursued by the Major, Professor, and two of the students, succeeded in driving Worthington from Mrs. Halpin's hospitable roof, as it drew upon Preston Martins a hatred only second to that his political opponents entertained for his father.

While it was impossible for a young man to remain inactive or indifferent at such a time, Preston Martins was too conservative to take a prominent position. A Whig he was, but of the type of Henry Clay, not of George Martins and his partisan followers. He was among the foremost of the few Whigs who were strenuously calling upon the people to meet the question of the hour with the dignity of reasonable men, instead of the ferocity of savages, to convince their opponents by calm words, not by bloody blows; and, as is usual when the statesman appears, he was denounced within his own party as a traitor, and regarded by his opponents as a wolf in sheep's clothing. The Democrats did not doubt the sincerity of their own leaders, who were crying for peace, but they suspected the watchword when uttered by the enemy. The clouds rising in various parts of the State gathered and hung ominously low over Lexington, the head and centre of the conflict, and men waited the outcome in expectant fear. The day of the election was advancing, and the most optimistic could not but perceive that each side was drawing its supporters closer together, nor fail to note that the voices calling for calmness and peace were growing few. Of those few, almost the only one in his party was Preston Martins.

"You are beating your head against a stone wall, Preston!" cried his father, as with his chief advisers and nearest friends, he sat, one Saturday afternoon, in his spacious office, undisturbed, though down on the street beneath, sullen-faced crowds were angrily disputing, the menace of their voices growing in volume and fierceness, making little children hurry to their mothers, and women seek the seclusion given by barred doors. As Preston Martins had passed between two such groups of men, a bold hand had hurled a stone after him; whereat, a voice from the opposite side had shouted, "The streets are full of such weapons! If the Democrats want the fight they won't have to call twice." In the silence that had followed, Preston Martins turned to repeat his old counsel; but a man, older and wiser, had silently motioned him away. There is a moment when the words of the peacemaker are the clapping of hands that urge the bull-dogs of passion upon each other. As Preston Martins hurried to his father's office, he realized that unless some stringent measure were instantly adopted, the sun would set upon a city plunged into mad riot. His appeal to the influential members of the party had called out the above words from his father. Scarcely were they uttered, when the door was broken open, and a man, hatless, coatless, bounded into the room, shouting, "Great God,

gentlemen! the riot's on! One man's been killed outright. Another's wounded. They are tearing up the stones on Broadway to supply the unarmed with weapons. The women and children are running from the houses. Before night the town will be in ashes!"

For a moment Preston Martins stood still. The appalling news had drained his cheeks of their healthy color. His breath came short, almost in gasps. Then he drew himself up, and taking his hat, crossed the long office toward the door.

"Where are you going?" cried the father, springing to his side.

"To do what you and your henchmen could have done—save the town!" he answered quickly, thrusting aside his father's arm.

"Are you mad?" shouted one of his father's friends.

"They will riddle you with bullets!" "They will not give you a chance to defend yourself!" "They will shoot you on sight!" cried the others in wild concert, pushing forward.

"All men must die some time," bravely answered Preston Martins, wrenching himself from their detaining hands.

"Preston, my boy! don't court death like this!" pleaded the white-faced father. "Remember your mother!"

"My mother would bid me go!" he hurled back.

"He is beside himself! Bar the door! Hold him back!" cried the father frantically, as a shot rang sharp along the street and a shriek followed.

"Who tries to hold me does it at his peril!" thundered Preston, his eyes blazing, his whole frame quivering with fury, and, as if they had been children, he flung aside the men who intercepted his passage, and bounding to the door he crossed the corridor and was out on the street. The spectacle that met his eyes stamped itself in fire on his brain. Shrieking women, clasping their children, sped past him; Negroes went screaming to places of refuge; men, armed with death-dealing weapons, were hurrying to the assistance of their friends, and over all came the dull, repeated thud of the pick-axes as the brick sidewalks and stony streets were being torn up by the infuriated mob. A short run took him to the place of riot. Men wounded and senseless lay on the ground. Shouts and oaths mingled with the sound of falling sticks and stones. But straight for the crowd of combatants and through it, went Preston Martins, unheeding and unharmed by the volley of missles aimed at him. His walk brought him to the door of St. John Worthington's law office. He paused before it, lifted his voice, and shouted:

"St. John Worthington! come down!"

Hurriedly deliberating with a party of friends what had best be done to allay the wild tumult of the town, that cry broke across the words of the Democratic leader, and he bounded to his feet, asking,

"Who's that calling for me?"

"Preston Martins," answered one of the company, looking out of the window. "You're not going down, St. John!" he expostulated, as Worthington moved quickly forward. "That whelp's the gang-leader in this fuss."

The words were scarcely uttered, when Colonel Preston, young Martins' uncle, bounded from his chair into the middle of the room, like a wounded tiger.

"By the Everlasting!" he cried, "the man who applies that name to Theodore Preston's grandson, applies it to me!"

"I had forgotten his Preston blood," hastily said the other.

"You could not forget it, sir, and speak his name!" angrily retorted the enraged uncle.

"I said I forgot it, sir! Do you dare impugn my word?"

"I dare to do anything, sir, but listen to an insult to the memory of my father!" he hurled back. The two men rushed at each other, but St. John Worthington flung himself between them, crying,

"Gentlemen! for shame! Is there not enough madness running riot in this unhappy town, without"—

"St. John Worthington, come down!" again cried Preston Martins.

"I am coming!" cried back St. John, but a dozen bodies blocked his passage to the door.

"It's a plot!" they cried. "You must not go down!"

"Gentlemen," he said, and the dark grey eyes were now like leaping flames of fire, the face stern and hard as iron, "I will go down! That man does not live, has never lived, whom St. John Worthington fears to meet! Stand aside!" he commanded, and not one but obeyed. He ran down the wooden steps, and standing in the doorway before Preston Martins, now surrounded by a number of men, demanded,

"What will you have, sir?"

"Your help to save this town from the passion our folly has engendered. Give me your arm, St. John Worthington. For this hour, at least, let us set aside party hatred, and save our homes from destruction, our State from dishonor!"

All anger and haughtiness had been swept from the face and form of St. John Worthington. In the eyes was a beautiful tender light, which diffused itself over the whole countenance, as he stepped across the doorway, with hand extended toward Preston Martins. As the younger man clasped it, St. John Worthington turned toward those standing near, and pointing to Preston Martins, said:

"Gentlemen, you here behold the true Kentuckian. In him, love for the fair fame of his State and jealous pride to keep it from dishonor, are strong enough to rise above the animus of party spirit, or personal hatred. Mr. Martins," he concluded, turning toward the young man, and speaking so all could hear, "you honor me by your invitation."

So saying, he drew the hand he still clasped under his arm and they turned, and walked leisurely toward the crowd of frenzied, fighting men. Preston Martins was the first to recover himself from the embarrassment of the moment when they found themselves alone. After a few steps, he said, with nonchalance, which relieved the situation of its intensely dramatic aspect:

"I trust that we shall not prove in our own persons that the reformer falls by the hands of those whom he would benefit. It may be a glorious death to die in a good cause, but I am somewhat fastidious as to the manner of its administration. Think of the 'quietus' coming from a common brick, thrown by a dirty hand!" and he laughed lightly.

A man, on the point of hurling a stone, with the customary oath, hearing that laugh, paused in the act. At sight of those two, advancing, with linked arms, and in pleasant, friendly conversation, his hand fell to his side,

the brick dropped from his unclasped fingers. His enemy across the way noting this sudden pause, also turned, and he, too, forgot to hurl his weapon of defense. Without giving them a glance, the two walkers passed between the belligerents, St. John saying, with his marked Virginian accent, the lightness of his voice relieving the words of any deep meaning:

"Still you must admit, there is less danger in a brick than a sword? You are expected to dodge the brick, but you must stand up for the sword point."

"But your brick-thrower isn't aiming at any one or thing in particular. By dodging you are more liable to come in contact with his missle than walking erect," returned Preston.

"Well," said St. John, laughing, "when we encounter yonder crowd of men, notwithstanding your theory, I've a conviction that you will obey the instinct which warns a man to duck his head."

"I do not think there will be any bricks thrown," remarked Preston.

"You are too optimistic."

"Not at all. I am ready to wager a dinner that the advance guard, which we have just passed, are shrinking away from the scene of conflict like whipped curs."

"Perhaps. But they are alone. They lack the moral—or in this case, immoral!—support the many give," returned St. John.

Someone here gave a shout and all eyes were turned toward the advancing men. At the sight, a silence fell over the raging multitude. But when the meaning of it broke over their passion-clouded minds, when they saw the nobility of those two men who had thus laid down personal and political hatred for their sakes, all anger and ill-feeling were swept from their hearts; their better natures resumed sway, and they flung down bricks and stones, picks and guns, and a shout of admiration broke over the silence. Worthington and young Martins took off their hats and waved them toward the crowd, and this acknowledgment of their greeting called forth another wilder, heartier outbreak of enthusiasm. The two smiled with their bow to this second salute, and then the thousand voices took up the names of Preston Martins and St. John Worthington, and shouted their praise, irrespective of political faith. Men and women, looking from the windows, and seeing what they had accomplished, poured down their joyful thanks, as the two passed on to the end of their self-imposed walk.

"He has saved the town!" cried one of the watching friends to George Martins, as the crowd began to disperse and retire peaceably, but with shamed faces and bent heads. But George Martins heeded not, if he heard the words. This act of his son boded, he felt, ill to him.

When they reached the termination of the street, the walkers paused and regarded each other in silence; then, St. John Worthington asked, in the gentlest tones:

"We came out here together. How, sir, shall we return?" His voice was winning, his eyes and face wore their tenderest light; but against the man's call for his friendship, the jealousy of the lover leaped forth. To accept this friendship was to set hope from him forever and forever; for while he was in honor bound to give his rival, who was his enemy, only equal opportunity, he could not be even the rival of

his friend. But the instinct of the gentleman was superior to the feelings of the man. So he met the smile with one as frank as it was winning, and looking into the dark eyes, said:

"If your desires are the same as mine, Mr. Worthington, we shall return as we came—together."

## CHAPTER XX.

### AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

That Saturday a party of young girls had been spending the day with Mrs. Martins. They were to remain until after supper, when the young men would come out from town; then, there would be a little dance and a drive home in the cool summer night. When quietude was fully restored to Lexington, George Martins turned his face homeward. As he rode down the street where there were eyes of men to notice him, the familiar haughtiness showed on his handsome face and proudly erect figure; but when his horse bore him down the lonely country road, the calm left his eyes, and he lost his proud bearing. He felt the shadow of Kismet on his soul, and he pressed his hand against his breast to reassure himself the trusty weapon was in its place, and ready to answer the call when his Destiny appeared. As he came in view of his house, its piazza beauteous with the bevy of white-gowned fair girls, he wreathed his face in smiles, and after dismounting clasped and bowed over each fair hand with stately greeting and well-turned compliment. Then he sought his wife. She was in the breakfast room, arranging a dish of flowers for the supper table. By her side, assisting her, was Teresa. At the entrance of the husband, the girl turned to join her companions; but he laid a detaining hand on hers.

"I have something to relate that will interest you, too, Miss Martinez," he said, and after tenderly raising his wife's fingers to his lips, he went to the window, and turning his back to its light, he related the incident of the afternoon. Over its dramatic character, he threw the glow of his strong, fervid words and the magic of his soft, yet thrilling voice. Its appeal to the imagination of one of his listeners was instantaneous. There was the old up-leaping of light to the dark eyes to quiver over her ivory white face like sunlight down a snowy field; the blood bounded along her veins; her heart trembled under emotions, which were painful in their intensity. His was the deed of an heroic soul and she sprang up to his height as she listened; and as the father's tones trembled over the scene his son had made, walking down that street with its maddened crowd, clasping the arm of his deadliest foe, tears welled up into her lustrous eyes. At this moment Preston's voice was heard on the piazza, and his mother quitted the room to meet him alone. The father stepped out on the veranda through the low open window and joined the nearest group of girls. A minute later Preston entered the breakfast room. The unusual emotion displayed by his mother as she had greeted him, surprised him, and now meeting Teresa's tear-suffused eyes and illumined face he felt dazed at first, then abashed. She went to him with outstretched hand, a thing she had never done in all the time of their acquaintance, and it seemed to him that some wonderful tenderness transformed her action and face and

form. It confused him. Before it he felt his unworthiness; then a swift resentment against his father for so cruelly playing on this wondrously strung human instrument. He took her hand in his gentle clasp, and with a new, beautiful light chasing away the sadness from his eyes, he smiled down upon her upturned face. He knew that he had done nothing deserving this reverential admiration from these two women whom he loved so deeply, and though it humbled him before himself in the dust, he was too fine-souled to permit the rasping, bitter voice of his own conviction to break across the music of their belief.

"This is the benediction of my life," he said, softly.

"Oh!" her emotion trembling through her voice, "yours was the truest, bravest act performed by Kentuckians since the gallant Wells gave up his horse to his wounded enemy, and, on foot, continued his flight from their pursuing Indian foes."

"Oh, no!" he contradicted gently. "There is this wide difference: "Wells' act was the sublime heroism of a man who can conquer hate to save the one hated, with almost certain death for his reward; my act the rising above a petty feeling of ill-will to ward off possible harm from what I love. You won't see the difference?" smiling. "You are a loyal friend! Will you come for a walk on the lawn? It has been a warm, exciting day, and I can't be polite and act the cavalier to all those girls."

He had brought her down from her high pitch of enthusiasm, without causing her a sensation of disillusion or the stinging consciousness that she had conceived too lofty an idea of his action; and yet he had not offended the notion we entertain regarding the modesty of truly heroic hearts. They crossed the hall and by a side door passed out to the lawn. A wind had risen and as it blew against them both felt the strain on their feelings loosen and in its place came a serenity and a consciousness of understanding—that indefinable relationship of souls. They passed down the lawn in silence, the cool wind on their faces, both hearts feeling a need of speech. Then, she said:

"You were not hurt? No stone struck you? Your father said that they were throwing stones."

"No, I was not hurt. Neither was he—Mr. Worthington."

"Oh! I had forgotten"—

"Forgotten!"

Another silence followed, while Preston Martins kept repeating the word, "forgotten!"

"You didn't think of him?" He did not want to ask the question, but the words escaped him, and although they were half-whispered, she heard them.

"Yes. I thought only of you."

"Teresa! Teresa!" The cry, half-pain, half-joy, broke from him. They stopped abruptly and looked at each other, one in fear, the other in wonderment. He reached out his hands to clasp hers, when a step fell on the grass behind them, and a strange voice, with a peculiarly-marked foreign accent, said:

"I beg your pardon! Will you please inform me if this is the home of Mr. George Martins?"

The two thus addressed, turning their faces, saw a slightly-built man, whose finely-featured face was dark almost to brownness; then Preston Martins answered the question.

"Is Mr. Martins at home?" inquired the stranger.

"He is," replied Preston Martins. "You wish to see him?"

"I have traveled far to see him," said the man, an expression crossing his face that seemed to make it familiar to the two pairs of eyes.

"My father will be happy to meet you," said Preston; then, turning to Teresa, he added, in that changed voice, "will you please excuse me for a few minutes while I accompany this gentleman to the house?"

"I will go with you," she answered. "It is time to dress for supper."

He offered her his arm, and in strange, unnatural silence, the three walked toward the white house, on whose veranda sat Mr. Martins and his wife, surrounded by their butterfly guests. Instinctively Teresa went to Mrs. Martins' chair, as Preston turned toward his father and said:

"Father, this gentleman wishes to see you. This is Mr. Martins, sir," he added, glancing toward the stranger, who stood above the veranda steps, his hat in his hand. The girls, observing him, saw that his dress, while displaying the style of a foreigner, was of finest quality and that he wore it with the unmistakable air of a man of wealth and fashion. As George Martins rose, at his son's words, and met the small, dark eyes of the stranger, he saw that their white was streaked with yellow. That was all he noted, but as he bowed and led the way to the library, he asked himself where had he seen small, dark eyes, set in yellowish white, and with what portion of his life were they so associated that the remembrance of them was so vivid. He bowed the unknown man into the spacious apartment, and cordially invited him to a chair. Before complying the stranger said:

"We are alone, I presume, and free from interruption?"

Mr. Martins walked back to the door and closed it. Then, turning toward the man, said:

"We are quite alone, and," glancing at the clock, "are free from interruption for an hour. At six supper is usually served, but if your business requires more time, I shall ask for the postponement of the meal to suit your convenience."

"The time is ample," replied the stranger, taking the chair. When Mr. Martins was also seated, he asked: "You do not remember me?" And there was the flicker of a mocking light over the dark face.

"We have met before." The voice was polite, neither questioning nor asserting, the voice of the gentlemanly host, fearing to pain a self-invited but unknown guest.

"Frequently. I am your Indian son."

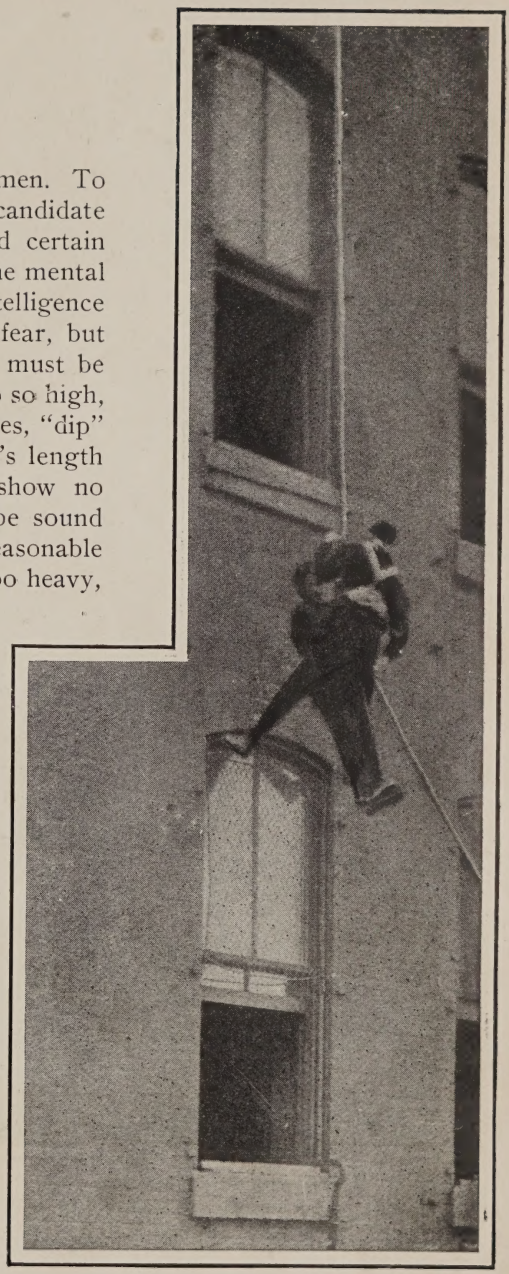
(To be continued.)

# MEN OF ACTION.

BY JAMES BENNET ALLEN.

The firemen of our cities are picked men. To acquire a place in the department the candidate for the fire service must have passed certain physical and mental examinations. The mental test is nothing that any man of fair intelligence and grammar school education need fear, but the physical test is quite severe. He must be able to run a quarter mile so fast, jump so high, life his weight to his chin so many times, "dip" so many other times, push up to arm's length certain large-sized dumb bells and show no signs of collapse after it. He must be sound as to wind and limb, and possess a reasonable amount of vitality. He must not be too heavy, wherein he may differ from his brother, the policeman. He may pass the ordeal creditably and yet obtain no appointment, for it is only those attaining the highest percentage that are selected to face the peril of fighting fires in our big cities.

Once in the department something more than a passive excellence is expected from the fireman. We all know how the unambitious policeman may become a highly ornamental bit of scenery on the landscape of "the force,"—but not so the fireman. There may be two opinions as to the wisdom of the policeman who "takes chances" —both from the point of view of the policeman himself and a certain percentage of indulgent taxpayers,—but there can be only one as to the proper course of the fireman. The glory that is attached to his calling is expected to be his by right of achievement only. When there is not actual service to



FIREMAN RESCUING A BOY.

DESCENDING BY THE LIFE LINES TO THE NET.

keep him in "trim" he is expected to develop his bodily excellence by frequent exercise. The illustrations herewith may serve to give an idea of the kind of "exercise" the firemen sometimes have to face. These photographs were

WORKING AT CLOSE RANGE.

taken from practice outings and on that account may convey no impressive lesson, but as a matter of fact, the same performances are gone through with when lives are in the balance. The pictures may help to make us understand why firemen do not grow fat. Everybody looks to see the policeman increase in waist measure immediately after his appointment. The

CATCHING A FIREMAN IN THE LIFE NET AFTER A SIX STORY LEAP.

RETURNING FROM THE FIRE.

policeman whose corpulency has not kept pace with his length of service is the exception. But look around when next you think of it and count the fat firemen. You will not find many. Men who have to scale walls, climb in and out of skylights, make high dives from top windows, and generally throw themselves around like horizontal bar performers in a gymnasium, do not find it well, as a rule, to allow themselves to get fleshy, even if their business would allow it. The fireman is one of the few public servants, by the way, who does not grow fat in office.

Every time the fire bell taps in the engine or hose house every fireman in the room above breaks into a jump and run. If he is asleep he wakes with the gong, jumps into his outside clothes, dives for the hole in the floor, slides down the brass pole and is on his engine or hose or hook and ladder cart while the first round of the box number is yet sounding. If he happens to be at home, on one of his rare days or nights off, he bolts at once, not taking time to dress like other men. Sometimes you will see the men running down the street with coat sleeves flying and suspenders not always hooked up. They are trying to get to the engine house before their own machine is called out, or, failing that, they are trying to get on the scene of action in time for the first stream.

The fireman is thus ever in the way of an active life. He is a useful servant of the public, and he feels that he is useful. It does not take an earthquake to jar him into action, and his action is of the kind that the average citizen would not care to take out of his hands. There are plenty of men who would face ordinary danger without squirming, but not too many of us would view with equanimity the thought of standing on a shaky roof with flames all about us, or to go through burning windows and grope about for helpless people inside—children or invalids. It is not a pleasant kind of a death to be studying over.

The fireman is expected to be ready to do all this. There is a great public feeling that, generally speaking, he stands ready to do it. Legislators will tell you that it is comparatively easy to put through a bill in favor of the firemen where any other would be killed. There is faith in him. Firemen are always expected to be on hand, and they seldom disappoint expectations. Have you ever, when in at the start of a fire, had to wait long before the fire laddies were on the ground with their heavy apparatus?

Of course there are drones in the service, those who always manage to steer clear of danger or hardship. You do not see such cutting away on slippery, sloping roofs, nor standing under a spray of water that freezes where it strikes on cold winter nights. But such are the exception. The great majority seem ever ready to "make good." The record of firemen's heroism is a long one. They are peculiar to no city or no time. The service appeals to men of courage and men of courage are plentiful among them. Take any of the great calamities of the past dozen or twenty years, during which time the calibre and efficiency of the men have been noticeably enlarged. The awful Windsor Hotel fire in New York City is but one of many. It happened that the

thrilling incidents took place where many thousands of people could see them and thus the work of the firemen became impressed on the minds of the spectators. The way in which the men shot ladders up from story to story, they themselves clinging on by toes and fingers, handing frightened women and children out and down in the coolest kind of a way, and that at a time when there was every chance for them to lose their own lives, is only a chapter in firemen's annals. There are numberless other achievements if we only took the trouble to hunt them up.

The work to which firemen are put develops coolness and readiness of resource in peril. The case of that fireman who got caught in the last big fire down in the leather goods district of Boston is an instance. This man—Chief Egan it was, I think—found himself on a high roof with no way of getting down. There was fire on three sides of him and below it was pouring flame from every window in the building, and up through the roof. The walls were trembling, and the roof threatened to fall in. All in the street below gave him up for lost. Only a fireman, a hero, used to adventure, would have thought it out as quickly as he did. He slid off the roof on the street side, on to the wires that stretched by the front of the building, and working to the cross wires, lifted himself across the street by one stray wire he found. It was a hand over hand lift, a slow ten-minute passage.

The name of that fireman, Egan, suggests in its Celtic derivation what may interest the readers of a Catholic publication. Of the firemen of our big cities a large percentage are Irish and Catholic. That is not surprising, and is mentioned here only incidentally. The service appeals, as has been said before, to men of courage, and Irishmen are beyond all things men of courage. The demands on the physique, too, would naturally please the healthy Irishman, who has ever had a surplus of vitality to spare for any service that may need it.

Mr. Jacob Riis, writing in the Century Magazine, some years ago, paid a glowing tribute to the bravery of the New York firemen, and cited numerous incidents of the coolness and heroism of such men as Daniel J. Meagher; Private Martin M. Coleman, whose name was seven times inscribed on the roll of honor for saving twice as many lives; Foreman Rooney and Fireman Thomas J. Dougherty, wearers of the Bennet medal; John O'Connell; Patrick F. Lucas, who earned the medal for snatching five persons out of the jaws of death; Foreman William Quirk, the rescuer of the Westlake family, and Captain Thomas J. Ahearn, whose brave deeds Mr. Riis thus describes:

"In the chief's quarters of the Fourteenth Battalion up in Wakefield there sits today a man, still young in years, who in his maimed body but unbroken spirit bears such testimony to the quality of New York's fire-fighters as the brave Bresnan and his comrade did in their death. Thomas J. Ahearn led his company as captain to a fire in the Consolidated Gas Works on the East Side. He found one of the buildings ablaze. Far toward the rear, at the end of a narrow lane, around which the fire swirled and arched itself, white and wicked, lay the body of a man—dead, said the panic-stricken crowd.

His sufferings had been brief. A worse fate threatened all unless the fire was quickly put out. There were underground reservoirs of naphtha--the ground was honey-combed with them —that might explode at any moment with the fire raging overhead. The peril was instant and great. Captain Ahearn looked at the body and saw it stir. The watch-chain upon the man's vest rose and fell as if he were breathing.

"He is not dead," he said; "I am going to get that man out." And he crept down the lane of fire, unmindful of the hidden dangers, seeing only the man who was perishing. The flames scorched him; they blocked his way; but he came through alive, and brought out his man, so badly hurt, however, that he died in the hospital that day. The Board of Fire Commissioners gave Ahearn the medal for bravery, and made him chief. Within a year he all but lost his life in a gallant attempt to save the life of a child that was supposed to be penned in a burning Rivington street tenement. Chief Ahearn's quarters were near by, and he was first on the ground. A desperate man confronted him in the hallway. "My child!" my child!" he cried, and wrung his hands. "Save him! He is in there." He pointed to the back room. In the front room the fire was raging. Crawling on hands and feet, the chief made his way into the room the man had pointed out. He groped under the bed, and in it, but found no child there. Satisfied that it had escaped, he started to return. The smoke had grown so thick that breathing was no longer possible, even at the floor. The chief drew his coat over his head, and made a dash for the hall door. He reached it only to find that the spring-lock had snapped shut. The door-knob burned his hand. The fire burst through from the front room, and seared his face. With a last effort, he kicked the lower panel out of the door, and put his head through. And then he knew no more.

His men found him lying so when they came looking for him. The coat was burned off his back, and of his hat only the wire rim remained. He lay ten months in the hospital, and came out deaf and wrecked physically. At the age of forty-five the board retired him to the quiet of the country district, with this formal resolution, that did the board more credit than it could do him. It is the only one of its kind upon the department books."

*Resolved*, That in assigning Battalion Chief Thomas J. Ahearn to command the Fourteenth Battalion, in the newly annexed district, the Board deems it proper to express the sense of obligation felt by the Board and all good citizens for the brilliant and meritorious services of Chief Ahearn in the discharge of duty which will always serve as an example and an inspiration to our uniformed force, and to express the hope that his future years of service at a less arduous post may be as comfortable and pleasant as his former years have been brilliant and honorable.

The memorable fire of the Hotel Royal in New York was the occasion of another magnificent demonstration of courage, the hero being Sergeant Vaughan, who, hastening to the fire with his men, found the five story hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. "Ascending to the roof," says Mr. Riis, "he discerned through the smoke a man standing upon a window sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between

them. Bidding his men follow,—they were five, all told,—he ran down and around on the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a Negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The Sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I could not let him," he said to me months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work,—"I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said, sharply, "I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with outstretched hands.

"Now jump—quick!" he commanded; and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist," he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could swing him up! A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge. They lay upon the roof all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo, the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital.

Then first he noticed that he was not a Negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of."

Among other brave acts that won him his reputation for courage and coolness it is recorded that on one occasion Daniel J. Meagher, mounting the longest ladder, one that fell ten feet short of reaching the fifth story window of a burning house, balanced himself on the topmost step, his comrades holding the ladder upright, and calmly ordering the woman to drop, caught her in his arms, and carried her down in safety.

It is not always that a fireman is as fortunate in securing the co-operation of the person in danger, or obedience to his orders. Many a time the fire fighters must echo the wish of Fireman Martin M. Coleman, who found his difficulties much increased by a woman fainting in his arms at a moment when she would have served her own interests and his by retaining consciousness. "I wish she hadn't fainted," he said ruefully. "It's hard when they faint. They're just so much dead weight. We get no help at all from heavy women."

And yet they never hesitate to take the risks. But in all this splendid courage there is no recklessness, no vain desire on the fireman's part to exploit himself before the public and win its plaudits. Modest as they are courageous, these men of gallant deeds regard their achievements simply as the performance of duty.

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## ALMIGHTY POWER.

BY T. C. KENNEDY.

When night comes on, and day is spent,
  And nature sleeps serene,
No power on earth has ought to say,
  For a Master's hand is seen.

Unknown, yet known, His power is felt,
  With omnipresence most sublime,
There's not a heart, that speaks the truth,
  But feels this spark Divine.

# IN CLONMEL PARISH CHURCHYARD.

At the Grave of Charles Wolfe.

Where the graves were many, we looked for one,
  Oh, the Irish rose was red,
And the dark stones saddened the setting sun
  With the names of the early dead.
Then, a child who, somehow, had heard of him
  In the land we love so well,
Kept lifting the grass till the dew was dim
  In the churchyard of Clonmel.

But the sexton came. "Can you tell us where
  Charles Wolfe is buried?" "I can,
—See, that is his grave in the corner there.
  (Ay, he was a clever man,
If God had spared him!). It's many that come
  To be asking for him," said he.
But the boy kept whispering, "Not a drum
  Was heard,"—in the dusk to me.

(Then the gray man tore a vine from the wall
  Of the roofless church where he lay,
And the leaves that the withering year let fall
  He swept, with the ivy, away;
And, as we read on the rock the words
  That writ in the moss, we found,
Right over his bosom a shower of birds
  In music fell to the ground.)

. . . Young poet, I wonder did you care,
  Did it move you in your rest
To have that child in his golden hair
  From the mighty woods of the West
Repeating your verse of his own sweet will,
  To the sound of the twilight bell,
Years after your beating heart was still
  In the churchyard of Clonmel?

—Sarah M. B. Piatt, in "An American Anthology."

# PLUCKING A DEAD WARRIOR'S LAURELS.

BY MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Yet another book on the American civil war, a book to be taken up with keen interest and glowing expectation, but to be laid down with a feeling of regret and disappointment.

For it is the old story, too oft-repeated—a work of high literary merit and ardent historical research marred with juggled extracts, odious comparisons, and the crude partisanship that springs from silly, old-time sectionalism. Intense worship of his hero, with proportionately intense desire to demolish or at least belittle and besmirch the reputations of all rival heroes,—this seems to be the grand characteristic of the biographer of military celebrities. He is not content with a mere biography; he aims at an apotheosis.

Mr. Isaac Rusling Pennypacker, a native of Phœnixville, Chester County, Pa., has written a life, just published, of General Meade. Mr. Pennypacker is a gentleman of high literary attainments and reputation, his weapon well trained and his spurs well won on the press of Philadelphia and New York. But Mr. Pennypacker, though well-traveled, has a large, tingling bump of locality. He is a devoted and aggressive Pennsylvanian, and as such he decided that, after the lapse of thirty-five years, the time had at length come for him to vindicate his native state, especially in the matter of the alleged inferential slighting of Meade in the preferment of Grant and Sheridan, and the removal by the latter of General Warren from his post, on the field of battle. To this end he carefully scrutinized the official records of the war, gathering what materials he thought might be most pointedly useful to his purpose. On horseback he toured over the old marches, camping grounds and battlefields, getting acquainted with the "lay" of the historic country, once purpled with blood and defiled with burnings—the Shenandoah Valley, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, Fredericksburg—noting every strategic position and advantage of ground with the keen, bold eye of the enterprising and inquisitive layman who now rushes in where trained and seasoned warriors might well have feared to tread some three and a half decades ago, to discover for himself, by personal observation, why this general was successful here, and why that one was outmanœuvered there, and why another failed to come up in time to help win a victory or head off a retreating enemy.

For the last year and a half the people of England have been sadly and irritably familiar with that amusing but exasperating sage and war prophet, the layman who poses as "military expert" in the London press and demonstrates by map and compass that, if the Boers are not hopelessly defeated today, they must be utterly crushed and pulverized the day after tomorrow. The layman who acts as hypercritical military biographer, is twin brother of the lay "military expert."

The war records are, of course, the great happy hunting grounds of writers on the Civil War. But are the statements captured there always reli-

able? A few years ago we were having months of monotonous fun with General Weyler and his celebrated typewriter. An American historian of the Cuban war would hesitate, from fear of ridicule and other causes, to go for his authorities to the Weylerian despatches. Will these be more reliable when scented with half a century's must and mold? Have all our own generals been candid and infallible in all their reports? May we not, after the lapse of thirty-five years, attach undue importance and give wrong interpretation to despatches hastily penned or dictated, often by weary or flurried soldiers, at the close of a day's hard fighting?

This, Mr. Pennypacker has done. He has given a year and a half to his work, piecing together various kinds of materials with much ability and ingenuity, in part unhappily misdirected, and the result is a volume of over 150,000 words, highly interesting and acceptable in the main, but spoiled by the outglimmering of the yellow streak of jealousy and detraction.

Probably the gallant victor of Gettysburg, if living, would be foremost in entering manly and soldierly protest against the narrow course taken by his over-zealous biographer.

Grant obtained preference through political intrigue! Sheridan was Grant's pet and as such obtained all opportunities for distinction and promotion, and Sheridan clashed with Meade and removed Warren in pique and jealousy, that he himself might obtain a greater share of profitable fame and glory!

It is the same old sectional bogie, the uneasy partisan ghost that will not down, the cankering charge on which so many changes have been rung, the King Charles' head in the petition of Mr. Dick.

Sheridan was Grant's favorite. Complaint was made to President Lincoln that Grant drank too much whiskey; and the president replied: "If I knew what brand of whisky General Grant drinks I would send a barrel of it to every general in the Union army." What Lincoln facetiously said in reference to Grant's alleged alcoholism he might also have said in reference to Grant's alleged favoritism. Grant's brand of favorites was specially good when represented by fighting Phil Sheridan.

There was too much martial energy in Sheridan to leave room for petty prejudice or green-eyed jealousy. By inheritance he was a fiery fighter, a dashing cavalier. In the Shenandoah Valley he but repeated what his ancestors among the hard-riding clansmen of the border land of Breffny, in Ireland, performed centuries ago when they crossed the guardian line of castles and brought fire and sword into the English Pale. A plain, rugged soldier, he of the saddles and sabres loved the ringing trumpet-call and the earth-shaking charge, yet the "pomp and pride" of war, in the abstract, but feebly appealed to him; he loved not aiguilettes, had a sneaking abhorrence of gold lace, despised military foppery of every kind. Even the poetic muse, when she twanged her lyre in eulogy of martial glory, even of his own, received from him but little appreciative applause. It is said that when he first heard recited Buchanan Read's famous poem it was with evident embarrassment on his part and softly murmured anathemas, arising from natural modesty and the poignant Celtic sense of ridicule:

"Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's temple of fame—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright
'There is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!' "

And then, as the memory of his celebrated ride came back to him, he remarked with deep reminiscent feeling that the noble steed to which it was proposed to give monumental honors had proved, on that crucial occasion, but a miserable "crowbait!"

As to Sheridan's removal of Warren, it may be permissible, in view of the gangrened grumble again dug up by Mr. Pennypacker, to take a brief memory-refreshing ramble over the well-beaten ground.

It was going on six months after the Cedar Creek, where Sheridan's timely arrival turned Union defeat into victory. At Dinwiddie his army was confronting the grey-clad forces of the gallant Pickett, afterwards of Gettysburg fame. He was in communication with Grant and Meade. In the distance were the troops of Major-General Warren, a brave soldier and the idol of soldiers, and these it was thought advisable to utilize. Hence passed the following messages:

Meade to Grant, March 31, '65, 9.45 P. M.: " Would it not be well for Warren to go down with his whole corps and smash up the force in front of Sheridan?"

Grant to Meade, an hour later: "Let Warren move in the way you propose, and urge him not to stop for anything."

Sheridan to Warren, 3 A. M., April 1: "I understand you have a division at J. Brosseau's; if so, you are in rear of enemy's lines and almost on his flank. I will hold on here. Possibly they may attack Custer at daylight; if so, attack instantly and in full force. Attack at daylight anyhow."

Delay occurred, and Pickett got away. At 1 o'clock that afternoon Warren received an order from Sheridan to bring up the Fifth corps. The troops were put in motion, but it was slow work.

Grant says of Warren: "He could see every danger at a glance before he had encountered it. He would not only make preparations to meet the danger which might occur, but he would inform his commanding officer what others should do while he was executing the move. I had sent a staff officer to General Sheridan to call his attention to these defects, and to say that as much as I liked General Warren now was not a time when we could let our personal feelings for anyone stand in the way of success; and if his removal was necessary to success not to hesitate."

Warren was a comparative stranger to Sheridan. "As we had never before been thrown much together, I knew but little of him," says the latter. "I had no personal objection to him, and certainly could have none to his corps."

Little Phil, fiery and impetuous, whose favorite military tactics consisted of prompt action and rapid movement, fumed at the slow march of Warren's corps, which took, he says in his memoirs, fully three hours to cover a distance of two miles. Warren, whom he found sitting under a tree, making a rough sketch of the ground, "did not appear to be at all solicitous; his manner exhibited decided apathy and he remarked with indifference that 'Bobby Lee was al-

ways getting people into trouble.'" Sheridan had Grant's authority to relieve Warren, but "did not like to do it, particularly on the eve of battle." At length in exasperation he did it, removed the popular general from his command in presence of the enemy, and that day was fought the battle of Five Forks.

Long years afterwards a military court of inquiry in New York sustained two of Sheridan's imputations against General Warren, viz., that the latter failed to reach him on April 1, 1865, when reasonably expected to do so, and that the tactical handling of his corps was unskilful, and rejected two others, viz., that he did not exert himself to get his corps where ordered, and that when portions of his line gave way he did not exert himself to restore confidence to his troops.

General Sherman, summing up, said, as to a general's responsibility in the field: "The most important events are usually compressed into an hour, a minute, and he cannot stop to analyze his reasons. He must act on the impulse, the conviction, of the instant, and should be sustained in his conclusions, if not manifestly unjust. . .

"My conclusion is that General Sheridan was perfectly justified in his action in this case, and he must be fully and entirely sustained if the United States expects great victories by her arms in the future."

There is no need for Mr. Pennypacker to snatch the laurels of Grant or Sheridan to deck the bust of Meade. The fame of the hero of Gettysburg is enshrined in the memory of his immortal victory. Comparisons are vanities, especially in the case of Sheridan, most unique military character of his day; as well compare Murat with Massena, Turenne with Marlborough, Sarsfield with Von Ginckle. The statue of our leading beau sabreur occupies a proud and permanent place in the temple of American history and defies the hammer of the literary iconoclast.

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## NEW ENGLAND'S FIRST CONVENT SCHOOL.

BY T. F. O'MALLEY.

To the Rev. John Thayer belongs the honor of founding New England's first convent school for girls. Father Thayer was of New England extraction, and had been widely known around Boston as a Congregational minister. In the year 1781 he set out for France to travel and study and broaden his ideas on the institutions of the old world, and thence to Italy, where he spent much time in study. In May, 1783, he became a Catholic and sometime later having entered the priesthood, returned to Boston. For a time he was engaged in missionary work in New England and then in Kentucky.

While abroad he became impressed with the excellence of the convent

schools for girls. Meditating upon the advantages which they offered, he conceived the plan of establishing one in his native city. With this end in view he, in 1803, went to Europe to raise the money necessary to carry out his designs. There he labored earnestly until stricken with an illness which ended his life. He had already collected something over eight thousand dollars, which sum was turned over to Dr. Matignon, who wisely and prudently managed it until it had nearly doubled. Dr. Matignon died September 19, 1818, and Bishop Cheverus became sole trustee, and at once prepared to carry out the designs of Father Thayer. A lot of land adjoining the Church of the Holy Cross, near what is now the corner of Franklin and Devonshire streets in Boston, was purchased, and on it buildings were erected. On June 16, 1820, four Sisters of the Ursuline Order arrived and took possession of the convent. Soon after a school was opened, the advantages of which were at once recognized in the community.

The location in Boston proved an unhealthy one, and in 1825 Bishop Fenwick secured a tract of about nine acres of land on Ploughed Hill (since known as Mt. Benedict) in Charlestown, as a site for a new convent. The conveyance of the land was not made until 1829 and Miss Elizabeth Harrison—Sister Mary John—was one of the three grantees named in the instrument.

On July 18, 1826, at about five o'clock in the morning the sisters, numbering eleven, set out from Boston for their new home, across the river. They occupied an old farm house at the foot of the hill, until the completion of the main building in 1827. The convent was of stone and brick, three stories in height and surmounted by a cupola. In 1829, wings two stories in height were added, one on each end. In front there was a large circular garden, with little paths and thickly set clusters of shrubbery. Toward the Winter Hill road (now Broadway, Somerville) there was a high steep slope with terraces, along which curved a driveway. On the other side there was an abrupt descent toward the Medford turnpike, from which the convent grounds were separated by the old Middlesex Canal. The location was an ideal one and commanded "one of the most beautiful prospects in the United States." On one side was Boston and the harbor, and on the other the beautiful hills that range across what is now Somerville.

The new building was occupied in 1828, and in the following year a circular describing the plan and advantages of the school was issued. The course of study which it offered was indeed elaborate, and very rare in the New England of that day. Its extent can be ascertained by an examination of the circular here reproduced. The school was modeled after the English and Continental institutions of that period, and was probably the first effort in the movement for the higher education of women in New England. It soon became popular among the wealthy and the best people of Boston, Cambridge and the adjacent towns and their children were sent there. The number of pupils varied from forty to sixty, being for the most part children of families of various religious denominations, the number of Catholics never exceeding ten at any one time.

No means were taken to influence the religious opinions of the pupils. Their attendance upon the services at the chapel was voluntary. The only religious services forming a part of the system were the morning and evening prayers, common to all Christians. The discourses on Sundays were conducted by the Bishop and were upon practical truths and religious duties peculiar to no sect. No pupil placed in the school for the purpose of education had been converted to the Catholic faith or induced to become a member of the Community.

The year 1829 marked the beginning of a religious revival in and about Boston, which in a few years developed in a marked degree. One of the first manifestations of this awakening was a pronounced hostility to Catholicism, and especially toward the convent. The feeling against the convent was intensified by the alleged "escape" of Miss Rebecca Teresa Reed, which she intimated was to avoid persecution. Miss Reed was the daughter of W. C. Reed of Somerville. By the death of her mother she was left practically homeless. After working about in families in the neighborhood she suddenly manifested a desire to become a nun. She made several applications for admission to the convent, alleging that she was eager to find shelter in the Community. Her applications were refused because she was not a suitable candidate. She finally approached some of the clergy, through whose intervention (after a written communication to her father, which was never answered) she was finally received. At the time of her entrance she was wholly ignorant of the commonest rudiments of an education; she could hardly read, and still less could she write. She was immediately placed under a course of elementary instruction and appeared grateful for the kindness shown her. Frequently she expressed a desire to enter upon her novitiate. As she was entirely unfitted and unqualified for admission to the Order, it had been decided to dismiss her at the end of six months, when she unexpectedly departed. Her departure or "escape," as she preferred to call it, was an extremely amusing affair, and was witnessed by the Superior and several of the Sisters and pupils. She broke through some lattice work and climbed a high fence amid the laughter of the spectators who had been called "to see Miss Reed run away." She could have with as much success and infinitely less trouble accomplished the same thing by walking through the open door.

After the "escape" she told marvelous stories of ill-treatment and wrongdoing at the convent. These stories, much amplified, were, after the destruction of the convent, published in book form under the title of "Six Months in a Convent." Although the title page bears her name, the book was not written by Miss Reed, but was prepared by "a committee on publication."

Her wild stories, which were without doubt the product of a diseased mind, grew as they traveled, and caused intense excitement. About this time came the publication of a novel, "The Nun," by Mary M. Sherwood, in which a mob sack and burn a convent. This book in the excitement of the time was widely read and prejudiced some people who could not forbear associating the only convent that they

knew with those of which they had read in the book.

During the winter of 1833-34, the revival which started in 1829 reached extraordinary proportions. The Reed episode was seized upon and exploited by fervent preachers, who forthwith proceeded to denounce Popery in unmeasured terms. The Rev. Lyman Beecher delivered a course of lectures in Boston in which the "Devil and the Pope of Rome" were introduced as inseparable co-workers in the same cause. Dr. Beecher fiercely denounced convents and portrayed in emphatic language the evils which were popularly supposed to exist within their walls. He seized with avidity on the stories of Miss Reed, and, though they were palpably a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, treated them as facts.

Following closely upon these events was the "flight" of Miss Harrison—Sister Mary John. Miss Harrison, who was a native of Philadelphia, entered the Order in 1822 and became a member in full communion in 1824. She was a woman of tireless energy and one of the most devoted workers in the convent. As she was Mother-Assistant and the teacher of music, a large share of the labor of the institution fell upon her. The preparations for the "Coronation Day" (graduation day) of 1834 increased her work. For a long period of time she had been giving fourteen lessons, of at least forty-five minutes, each day, and this with the confinement and lack of out-door exercise impaired her health and brought on a nervous excitement or fever, which on July 28, increased to a delirium. While in this condition, and without consciousness on her part, she left the convent and proceeded to the home of Mr. Edward Cutter, nearby. From there, at her request, she was taken by Mr. Cutter to the house of Mr. Cotting at West Cambridge. Two of Mr. Cotting's daughters had been her pupils at the convent and had retained a warm friendship for her. A night's rest and the tender care of the Cotting family restored her, and the next afternoon, at her own earnest request, and accompanied by her brother, she returned to the convent, where she remained until its destruction.

The story of her "flight" became known and in its travels received many malicious additions. Rumors of her torture, imprisonment and even burial alive became current. The Boston daily press published these rumors without comment and likewise without any attempt at investigation as to their probability. On August 8, 1834, an article appeared in the Mercantile Journal, stating that a young lady had disappeared from the convent. The next day a denial was published by Mr. Cutter. By this time the excitement had reached such a point that the Selectmen of Charlestown decided to investigate the affair. On the afternoon of Monday, August 11, they visited the convent and thoroughly inspected it. According to their rather imperfectly phrased report, which unfortunately did not appear until the 12th, "they were conducted by the lady in question," Sister Mary John, "throughout the premises and into every apartment of the place, the whole of which is in good order and nothing appearing to be the least objectionable; and they have the satisfaction to assure the public that there exists no

cause of complaint on the part of the said female, as she expresses herself to be entirely satisfied with her present situation, it being that of her own choice, and that she had no desire or wish to alter it."

This statement was certainly explicit, but unfortunately came too late. It is doubtful if it would have saved the convent even if received earlier. A conspiracy had been formed for the purpose of destroying the hated institution, and it was doomed. The "Boston Truckmen" and other associations had been holding secret meetings and had fully matured their plans. Inflammatory circulars and placards denouncing the convent were scattered broadcast and in one the date for its destruction was set for August 14, 1834.

On the night of the 11th, soon after nine o'clock, the rioters began to assemble in considerable numbers, arriving on foot and in wagons from different quarters. A party numbering about fifty proceeded to the front of the building, using violent and threatening language. They were addressed by the Mother Superior, who desired to know their wishes. When told that they wanted to enter and see the persons alleged to be secreted, she answered that the Selectmen had that day visited the institution and could give them satisfactory information, and also that any of them, calling the next day at a suitable hour, might see for themselves. She at the same time remonstrated against such a violation of the peace and repose of so many children of their most reputable citizens. Shortly after, the same, or another party, with increased numbers approached the convent, using much threatening and indecent language. The Superior again addressed them in terms of remonstrance, and asked if any of the Selectmen were present. One came forward and announced that he was there to protect her. She urged him to disperse the mob, which he attempted to do, but without success, after which he returned home and retired to bed. At about eleven o'clock a bonfire was started on the land of Alvah Kelley, adjoining the convent grounds, the fences of which were taken for fuel. This is believed to have been a signal agreed upon for the assembling of all concerned in the plot. The bells were then sounded as for an alarm of fire, and great multitudes arrived from all quarters. Upon this alarm the Selectman above mentioned arose and summoned the other members of the Board. In the meantime the Charlestown and some of the Boston fire-engines arrived and halted on the road near the foot of the hill, where some of them remained through the night.

The attack on the house was commenced by the breaking of fences and the hurling of stones and clubs against the doors and windows. At the time of this attack there were within the house about sixty girls and ten women, of whom one was in the last stages of consumption, another suffering under convulsive fits, and the unhappy Sister Mary John in a raving delirium. No warning was given of the intended assault, nor could it be known by the miscreants who made it, whether their missiles might not kill or wound the helpless inmates of the doomed house. After the first attack the assailants paused to ascertain whether they had anything to fear from any

secret force concealed in the convent, or in ambush to surprise them. In the meantime the Superior, and her terrified Sisters and flock of little ones retreated to the garden in the rear of the building. The rioters, on finding that they had but women and children to contend with, regained their courage and renewed the attack. Plunder and destruction was the order of the occasion. Those eminently practical spirits who are usually at the front on such occasions took advantage of the opportunity to search for such valuables as could easily be carried away in the pocket. About the time of the second attack, two of the Selectmen arrived and entered the convent with the rioters for the purpose of protecting its inmates and preventing its destruction.

Three or four torches, which were or at least resembled the engine torches, were then brought up from the road. The rioters proceeded through every room in the building, plundering and destroying as they went. Pianos, harps and other valuable instruments, the little treasures of the children, and even the vessels and symbols of Christian worship were sacrificed by them in their brutal fury. At about one o'clock, after having thoroughly ransacked the building, they proceeded with great deliberation to set fire to it. The broken furniture, books and other combustibles were placed in the middle of several of the rooms and the torch applied. With shouts of exultation the Bible was thrown upon the first pile kindled. As the vestments and altar ornaments were added, the shouts and yells were repeated. Leaving the convent in flames, they passed to the library or Bishop's lodge, which they ransacked and burned. They then proceeded to the farmhouse at the foot of the hill, which had been occupied before the convent was built. After assuring themselves that they had nothing to fear from any force concealed within, they applied the torch, and the building was soon a heap of ashes. Not yet satisfied, they next visited the tomb which contained the bodies of five or six nuns, and wrenching open the coffins, exposed to view the mouldering remains.

While these events were taking place the Superior and the terrified Sisters and children were huddled in the garden, hemmed in on one side by the burning building and on the other by a strong, high fence. During the excitement, their good neighbor, Mr. Cutter, and his men worked their way around to the rear of the convent premises, broke through the fence and thus made a way for the escape of the party. After leaving the grounds they went to Mr. Cutter's house, where a few remained. The rest of the company, including the Superior, deeming it unsafe to stay so near the scene of the riot, set out with Mr. Cutter and his men to find another place of refuge. After several futile attempts to arouse some of the residents along the road, they arrived at the house of Mr. Joseph Adams on Winter Hill. Mr. Adams with no little peril to himself extended to them the shelter of his home. Shortly after their arrival, a gang of the rioters in search of the Superior came to the house and loudly called for Mr. Adams. With great presence of mind he presented himself at an upper window, attired in a night dress and cap,

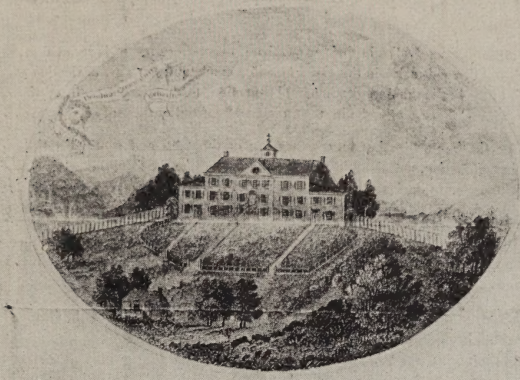
and, with an air of sleepy astonishment and the bewildered manner of speech of one aroused from a deep sleep, inquired the cause of all the noise. From a confusion of voices and much foul language he learned that they were in search of the Superior, who had been seen going in the direction of Winter Hill. He was also informed that "he had better tell all he knew if he had any notion of what was good for him." Mr. Adams was most astonished; he was ignorant of everything; he did not know that the convent was burning, but was anxious to learn all about it and made numerous inquiries. By his interrogations he started them all talking, explaining, answering questions, boasting among themselves, and contradicting each other, until they forgot the purpose of their visit and finally departed, wrangling over the events of the night.

The destruction of the convent was accomplished by a mob of not more than one hundred and fifty, and was witnessed by fully two thousand persons. There can be no doubt that a large number of those present were indignant spectators, who would gladly have aided in the defence of the place, if some one in authority had the courage to direct them. From the evidence at hand it would seem that a handful of determined men could have dispersed the rioters. A more cowardly performance has never been recorded in the history of New England. We have had other mobs, but this was the only one that made war on defenceless women and children.

The morning papers of the 12th barely mentioned the outrage, but the story became known and spread rapidly. The contemptible character of the whole movement and the cowardice of the rioters aroused the disgust and indignation of all reputable people. On the afternoon of the 12th, a monster mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, at which some of Boston's most distinguished citizens expressed their condemnation in no measured terms. At this meeting Mayor Lyman appointed a committee to investigate the outrage and take measures to bring the perpetrators to justice. This committee made a thorough and careful investigation and secured the arrest of thirteen of the rioters, who were subsequently put upon trial. Although their guilt was plain, all save one were acquitted. The sole conviction was that of Marvin Marcy, Jr., a lad of seventeen, who was the least guilty of all. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, but upon the petition of the Bishop, the Superior, and thousands of Catholics, was pardoned in a few months.

The losses suffered by the Bishop and the pupils has been placed at not less than fifty thousand dollars. For many years efforts were made to have the legislature make good the money loss, but without success.

For more than a half a century the ruins stood a monument to the events of that awful August night, but now they, and likewise the hill, are but memories of the past. The property, years ago, passed into other hands, and Mt. Benedict has been cut away and used to fill up the old Middlesex Canal and the lowlands along the Medford turnpike and the Mystic River. Thus disappeared the last traces of New England's first convent school.



# URSULINE COMMUNITY,

## MOUNT BENEDICT—CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

THIS beautiful and extensive Establishment is situated about two and a half miles from Boston, upon a delightful and healthy spot, commanding one of the most beautiful prospects in the United States.—In it Young Ladies are received from the age of six, to that of fourteen.

The plan of education, pursued by the Ladies of this Community, is extensive; comprehending all those attainments which may be found necessary, useful, and ornamental in society. Devoted by their Institute, to the education of female youth, they spare no pains to adorn their minds with useful knowledge, and to form their hearts to virtue.

To attain this twofold object, their first care is, to instruct them in the great and sublime truths of Religion;—to endeavor to impress them with its salutary maxims;—and to point out the duties it imposes on them, towards their God, their parents, and superiors; towards other members of society, and towards themselves.

The school consists of two *Departments*, distinguished by the appellations of *Senior* and *Junior Class*, each occupying separate apartments, and having no communication whatever.

The Young Ladies in the Junior Department are taught the common branches of education, such as, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, ancient and modern; and particular attention is paid to Orthography. They are also taught all kinds of plain and fancy Needlework, and the *Extra Branches*, if required:—when sufficiently advanced, they are removed to the *Senior Department*.

Here are taught plain and ornamental Writing;—Composition, both in prose and poetry;—ancient, modern, and natural History;—Chronology;—Mythology;—the use of the Globes;—Astronomy;—Rhetoric;—Logic;—natural and moral Philosophy;—Chemistry;—Arithmetic;—Geometry;—and Botany;—every kind of useful and ornamental Needlework;—Japanning;—Drawing, in all its varieties;—Painting in Oil Colours;—also, Painting on Velvet, Satin, and Wood;—and the beautiful style of Mezzotinto and Poonah Painting. Music on different Instruments is likewise taught.

PROSPECTUS OF THE URSULINE CONVENT, CHARLESTOWN, MASS., ISSUED ABOUT 1829.
THIS CONVENT WAS DESTROYED BY THE MOB, AUG. 11, 1834.

Page reduced one third from original.

The Young Ladies in this Department may also attend to Cookery, during the last Quarter of their residence in the Institute. They will possess every advantage in this respect, being superintended by a person, who, to a perfect knowledge of the art, has joined many years' experience:—the charge is $20.

To accelerate the advancement of the Young Ladies in their respective classes, every means is resorted to, which is calculated to act upon the youthful mind, in order to excite and maintain therein, a laudable emulation: such as, distinction of places; daily marks; weekly repetitions; privileges granted to application and merit; honorable mention, made every month, of those, whose assiduity in their studies, and excellency in good conduct, deserve approbation; premiums distributed at the end of the year, &c.

The annual Examination takes place in the month of June, commencing on the 29th and continuing three days. At the close two Young Ladies are crowned, one in the *Senior*, and the other, in the *Junior Class;* the former receiving, at the same time, a gold medal, and the latter, a silver one. These Young Ladies shall have been in the Institution, one year, at least; during which time, they must have distinguished themselves, by their amiable deportment, general good conduct, and excellence in their studies.

The Ladies who preside over this Establishment, are scrupulously careful to supply those, placed under their care, with abundant and wholesome food; and to watch over their health, as well as their morals, with all the solicitude of maternal tenderness.—Cleanliness and neatness are rigorously attended to.

The garden adjoining the Establishment, to which the Young Ladies always have access, during the hours of relaxation, is beautifully laid out, and consists of two acres of land.—Besides this, they are allowed, on days of recreation, to extend their walks over the whole farm, which embraces twenty-seven acres; always, however, under the immediate superintendence of one, or more of the Ladies. During the Summer season, they are allowed two acres of land, which are divided into flower-gardens, and are cultivated by themselves.

Every Young Lady, on entering the Establishment, must be furnished with the following articles:—six napkins, six towels, one knife and fork, one silver goblet, one silver desert and tea spoon, and two prs. sheets and pillow-cases.

For the summer-uniform, each Young Lady must be provided with two dark slate-coloured pongee dresses;—four prs. hose, of the same colour;—two black bombazett aprons;—two white dresses;—four prs. white hose;—one light blue satin cape and sash;—a blue belt;—two black silk aprons;—a garden bonnet, and apron, with long sleeves, both made of slate coloured cambric; and a Leghorn-hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.—For the winter-uniform, each Young Lady is to be provided with two black Circassian frocks;—four prs. black cotton hose—(jet black is preferred to blue black, on account of durability;) a dark blue marino cloak; and a silk hood of the same colour.

Parents being ever sensible to the happiness and welfare of their children, and anxious to know, even the smallest details of what concerns them, every three months, Bulletins will be issued, relating to their health, the extent of their application, and their progress in study.—Care will be likewise taken that their children write to them the 15th of each month.

Three months' notice of the removal of each Young Lady is requested.—No boarder is allowed to sleep out, except in case of illness.—Permission to dine out, is granted once a month.—No visitors are allowed on Sundays.—The religious opinions of the children are not interfered with. A vacation of six weeks is allowed every year, commencing on the 1st of July, and terminating on the 15th of August.

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# TERMS.

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| Board, Tuition, &c. per annum, payable quarterly in advance, | $125 00 |
| Ink, Quills, and Paper, | 4 00 |
| Use of Bed and Bedding, | 6 00 |
| Taxes, | 1 00 |

# EXTRA CHARGES.

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|---|---|
| For each of the Languages, except English, per quarter, payable in advance, | $ 6 00 |
| Piano, | 6 00 |
| Harp, | 10 00 |
| Harmonicon, | 6 00 |
| Guitar and Vocal Music, | 6 00 |
| Use of the Instruments, | 1 00 |
| Flower, Landscape, and Figure drawing, | 6 00 |
| Painting on Velvet, Satin and Wood, | 6 00 |
| Do. in Oil Colors, | 15 00 |
| Japanning, | 15 00 |

Dancing, at the Master's charge.

## ENGLISH BOOKS.

Walker's Dictionary, Murray's Grammar and Exercises, Woodbridge's Geography and Atlas, Tytler's History, Questions to do., Goodrich's History of the United States, Polite Learning, Smith's Arithmetic, Tooke's Pantheon, Jamieson's Rhetoric and Logic, and Questions to do., Blair's Chemistry and Philosophy, and M'Intire on the Globes.

Besides these, the Senior Class is furnished with the following books, for perusal, in order that they may acquire a more extensive knowledge of History. Rollin's Ancient History, Ferguson's Roman Republic, Russell's Ancient Europe, Russell's Modern Europe, Robertson's Works, and History of the United States, by Ramsay and Marshall.

## FRENCH BOOKS.

Nugent's Dictionary, Word Book by Hentz, Wanostrocht's Grammar, Reader by Hentz, Telamaque, Numa Pompilius, and La Fontaine's Fables.

## LATIN BOOKS.

Ruddiman's Grammar, Liber Primus, Cornelius Nepos, and Virgil.

## SPANISH BOOKS.

Dictionary, Grammar by M. Josse, and El Traductor Espanol by Mariano Cubi J. Soler.

## ITALIAN BOOKS.

Novelle Morali de Soave, Veneroni's Grammar, Bolarelli's Exercises, and a Dictionary.

These Books may be procured at Waitt & Dow's in this town; and the parents of the young Ladies are requested to apply there, as uniformity in the books is not only more convenient, but even requisite.

The uniform may be had at Theodore Baker's, No. 223, Washington Street, Boston.

THIRD PAGE OF PROSPECTUS.

MASS FOR NIGHT-WORKERS AT 2.30 O'CLOCK, IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

*Photograph by S. H. Horgan.*

(See page 601.)

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MARTINELLI.

# PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

At Baltimore, May 8, Sebastian Martinelli, Titular Archbishop of Ephesus, received at the hands of Cardinal Gibbons the red biretta, and donned the robes which made him a Prince of the Church.

The ceremony, which was the second step in his elevation to his new position, was marked by all the pomp and brilliancy attendant upon such occasions. It took place in Baltimore cathedral. Among those who witnessed it were men and women prominent in every walk of life.

The initial step to the ceremony took place in the palace of Cardinal Gibbons, and consisted of the transmission of the biretta to Cardinal Gibbons by Mgr. Marchetti, the papal ablegate.

While this was in progress a procession was formed in front of Calvert hall, a block away, in which were seminarians, priests, Franciscan, Augustinian and Dominican monks. the members of the faculty of the Catholic University in Washington, abbots, bishops and archbishops. At ten o'clock they moved through Cathedral street to Charles street, passing the palace of the Cardi-

nal, where they were joined by His Eminence, who took his place last in line. Thence the procession moved to the main entrance of the cathedral, where the impressive ceremony took place.

Cardinal Martinelli is one of the best known Catholics in the United States. He belongs to the Augustinian Order, which he joined when a young man in his native diocese of Lucca, and in which he attained considerable prominence when a professor in Rome.

He was rapidly advanced in his Order and became Superior General of the Augustinians, which position he held when Pope Leo XIII appointed him Apostolic Delegate to the United States, succeeding Mgr. Satolli, who had been made a Cardinal. He has made hosts of friends in this country by his retiring disposition and unassuming manner.

He will remain in America a few months before returning to Rome.

RT. REV. JOHN J. O'CONNOR, D. D.

Pope Leo, during the past month, has filled two vacant bishoprics — those of Newark, N. J., and Portland, Me. Both appointees are distinguished churchmen.

Rt. Rev. John O'Connor, the new bishop of Newark, is a man of erudition and splendid executive ability. He is a native of Newark, where he was born July 11, 1855. He is an alumnus of the American College at Rome, and spent four years at the University of Louvain.

He was ordained December 22, 1877, in the Cathedral of Mechlin, and will celebrate his silver jubilee as a priest next year. In 1895, he was selected as rector of St. Joseph's church, Newark, to succeed Rev. Peter J. O'Donnell. He had in 1892 succeeded the Very Rev. William P. Salt, as vicar general of the diocese, and retained this office after his appointment to St. Joseph's, and up to the time of Bishop Wigger's death, when, by virtue of his office, he became administrator.

RT. REV. WM. H. O'CONNELL, D. D.

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The new bishop of Portland is Rt. Rev. William H. O'Connell, Rector of the American College at Rome, and a prelate of great learning and polished manners. He has conducted the difficult duties of his official position in the Eternal City with rare diplomacy and acceptability, and he comes to the Maine diocese singularly well equipped for its requirements. Bishop O'Connell is favorably known in the archdiocese of Boston, having served as a priest there twelve years before going to Rome. He was ordained in 1884.

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The progressive character of the American priest has been repeatedly manifested in movements for the benefit, spiritual or temporal, of his people. The latest outcome of this alertness to recognize and meet the needs of the times is the opening of St. Andrew's church, New York, for a Mass at 2.30 o'clock, for the accommodation of the night workers on newspapers, in the Post Office and other offices located in Printing House Square. The energetic pastor, Rev. Luke J. Ev-

ers, courteously acceding to the request of the editor of DONAHOE'S, contributes to this issue a brief but deeply interesting account of the inception and development of the movement.

REV. LUKE J. EVERS.

Having studied the situation, Father Evers made an appeal for permission to celebrate Mass on Sundays and Holy days at 2.30. It was a hardship for men and women who work until 2 A. M. or later, to get up to attend Mass, especially as it took them an hour or two to get home. So successfully did Father Evers urge their interests that permission was granted by the Holy Father, and on Sunday, May 5, the

first Mass at such an hour was celebrated. About seven hundred men attended, and on the following Sunday the number increased to one thousand. A choir is forming, and Mr. J. O'Mahony, a brother of Mr. Edward O'Mahony, the celebrated basso, will be organist.

Rev. Luke J. Evers was born at Sing Sing, N. Y., in 1860. He entered Notre Dame University in 1872. and was graduated at the age of seventeen years. He made his course in theology at Notre Dame, while teaching music and Greek, and directed the orchestra and band for three years. In 1882 he was ordained, and worked for five years in St. Patrick's, Newburgh, with Rt. Rev. Mgr. Mooney; nine years in St. Catherine's, New York, and three years in Tarrytown, N. Y.

That the good work begun by Father Evers is fully appreciated by those for whom he worked so earnestly and successfully is convincingly proved by their response to his efforts in their behalf.

Archbishop Corrigan has expressed himself well pleased with the large attendance on the first day, and from all over the country Father Evers is receiving letters inquiring about the success of the movement.

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# THE MASS FOR NIGHT WORKERS.

BY REV. LUKE J. EVERS.

It is quite a revelation to many to hear of the large number who attend the Mass in our Church every Sunday morning at 2.30 o'clock. Many have never thought nor even dreamed of the large army of men and women working during the night in large cities like New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, etc. Yet when you come to study it out, and make some definite statistics of it, you will find the numbers amazing. These men and women have, I might say, turned night into day and day into night; when they are toiling we are sleeping, and when we are enjoying the bright sunshine of day they are resting. It was but a mere chance that led me into the study of the conditions which obtain in the lives of the hundreds of men who are employed in the offices of the New York daily papers, the Post-office, and many other offices which are situated in and around Printing House Square. When it was first brought to my attention I came to realize, after a few months' study, that the number of men laboring during the night, was very great, and that among this army of mechanics there must be a large number of Catholic men to whom the comforts of religion were lost, because they could not attend Holy Mass at the ordinary morning hours. They have to work from early evening till two or three in the morning. Then, fagged out, and with scarcely a trace of blood in their faces, they go home to sleep till long after noon. Now, how were these men to attend to the duties of religion? How was religion to reach these men with its saving truth? This was the problem.

Living among them for some two years, meeting and speaking with them, suggested the idea of having a Mass for them at an hour in the morning when they could leave the printing offices, step into the church, hear

Mass and a five-minute instruction, go to their homes at about half after three, sleep till noon time, and spend the Sunday afternoon in the bosom of their families, which they had not done for years. When these facts were collected and made known to Rome permission was granted to have a Mass said every Sunday morning at 2.30 for printers and night-workers in New York City. This is but another evidence of the solicitude of the Catholic Church for the good and salvation of souls. She is ever ready and willing to do any work, make any sacrifice and effort to help her children in the way which may lead them to God. The Catholic Church is ever striving to reach all and every one of her children. At the present time we have on all sides cries for reform in society, reforms in governments, reforms in cities, and such reforms amount to nothing. And why? Because to reform, we must reach the individual, the man singly, and reform him, and when we have Christianized him, when we have made him a God-fearing, law-abiding, and in his heart and soul a God-loving man, then you may think of reform, but not till then. We have reform societies trying to reform abuses in society, state, and city, and they accomplish nothing, because they are trying to reform men in crowds or in gangs, if I may use the phrase. The Catholic Church looks to the individual, brings reform into his soul and heart Unless this is done, you may try to reform, but you have only a lion in sheep's clothing.

Some have, and others may find fault with such a movement on behalf of night-workers, complaining that it entails a great deal of unnecessary labor and hardship in getting up at that hour, but I would say that I do not think it will be inscribed on our tombstones when we are laid to rest—"He died for want of sleep." The many letters I have received from so many of the large cities in different parts of the States prove the interest that the night-workers take in the new movement. The success of the movement here is beyond anything we expected. I have been asked if such a movement will be inaugurated in other large cities in the United States, but I must answer with this I have nothing to say or do. Those Unions who have written me I have always referred to the Ordinary of the diocese, or the pastors among whom they work. Will the movement be a success? I firmly believe it will, and by it religion will reach a vast number of men and women who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow by working in the long night hours, and we shall feel we have done something for souls, who were deprived for years of the comforts and solace of Holy Religion. We shall also feel that we have in some way fulfilled the injunction—"preach the gospel in season and out of season!"

# THE IRISH LAWYER.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

There is a quaint medieval legend that tells how a certain pious lawyer, deploring that the profession to which he belonged had no patron saint, made a pilgrimage to Rome to entreat the Pope to rectify the matter; and that the Pope proposed that the pious lawyer should go, blindfold and praying, round the Church of St. John Lateran and take random hold of the statue of some saint, the saint thus chosen to be patron of the legal fraternity; and that the lawyer, groping his way, in accordance with the proposition, round the church, halted in front of the statue of St. Michael and cried, "Let this be our patron," but laid hold, unfortunately, not on the effigy of the great Archangel but on that of the devil, writhing beneath the Archangel's feet and lance; and that ever since then the lawyers have as their patron —but why finish the awful story?

The average Irish lawyer will contend that in this archaic if not venerable legend there is, from his own grim experiences, a strong leaven of truth; that in Ireland, save to members of a certain class, the legal profession is domineered by a demon more malevolent than ever fled at command of Saint Patrick.

Unenviable in many respects is the status of the Irish lawyer, if he be of nationalist proclivities. The paths of promotion centre towards an alien sun of patronage, the British Crown. And the Crown has its favorites, a superabundance of them, among the legal sons of sympathizers of the English garrison in Ireland and of the pernicious anti-Irish element and influence in Irish politics. To these, natives by birth but aliens in sentiment, are distributed the judgeships of King's Bench and Common Pleas, of assize and quarter sessions; to them go the Crown business and the fat Crown fees. Meanwhile—unless they be fortunate enough to build up a fair private practice for themselves, for which the contest is close and the opportunities rare—the regular Irish barrister sits amid a sea of white horsehair wigs in the dingy Four Courts library, longing for the briefs that seldom come, and the regular Irish attorney loafs around his office in the provincial town, waiting for the scanty six-and-eightpences that chance litigation may send his way.

Of course many worthy Irishmen, sterling and aggressive patriots to boot, including Curran, O'Connell, and Butt, have carved through legitimate channels the way to success. Nevertheless, to have a chance of winning the favor and golden patronage of the English Government, an Irish lawyer must now as ever be or become what is called in Ireland a West Briton. It is only then his merits are recognized by the Crown: "Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray."

Yet is the legal calling in Ireland one of highly respectable antiquity. Even in pre-Ciceronian days the Brehons of the Gael framed their laws and delivered their judgments. When St. Patrick came he found an elaborate

and well-established code, a pagan one, of course (mainly the work of King Ollave Fola, many centuries before), but easily capable of purification. This work was performed by a committee of three kings, three bishops—one of whom was Patrick—and three sages. Thus, according to the ancient chronicle, was revised, A.D. 438, the Brehon Law, under which Ireland was practically governed for nigh twelve hundred years:

"What did not clash with the word of God in the written law and in the New Testament, and with the consciences of the believers, was confirmed in the laws of the Brehons by Patrick and by the ecclesiastics and the chieftains of Erin; for the law of nature had been quite right, except as to the Faith and its obligations, and the harmony of the Church and the people."

In this code were embodied, with qualifications, the Gælic version of the Roman lex talionis, on the "eye-for-an-eye" principle, as introduced by King Felimy the Law-maker in the second century, the chief maxims of Cormac Longbeard's "Advice to Princes," with other notable foundations and elaborations of ancient Irish jurisprudence. The kings and chieftains, under counsel of their attendant Brehons, sat in judgment in important cases, often involving questions of life or death.

"Honor to the senior, truly, and converse with the learned; but if jewels and treasures are given to anybody I will not seek to deprive him of them," was King Laoghaire's offhand decision after hearing the opposing pleas of some chieftains in regard to inheritance. He was the last pagan monarch of Ireland, and continued, despite St. Patrick's labors, to swear by the sun and moon, and when he died he was buried erect, in full war panoply, in the ramparts of Tara. But some of his Christian successors were also unhappy in their decisions.

"To every cow her calf, and therefore to every book its copy, or little one," declared, in the sixth century, King Dermod, deciding that Columbkille should give back to Finian the transcript he had secretly made of the latter's copy of the Psalter—a decision which brought about the bloody "Battle of the Book," at Cooldrevny, resulting in Columbkille's being sent on penitential missionary exile from Ireland.

But in the main the Brehon Laws—and, by the way, those guarding morality were specially severe—were rigidly enforced and faithfully observed. Moore's picture of the beautiful maiden in rich and rare attire and with the bright gold ring on her wand traversing Ireland without escort, fear or molestation, in the reign of one of the old kings, is no mere poetic myth. The hand of the Brehon law was heavy; near every high chieftain's fort, down to the time of Queen Elizabeth, a tall gallows frowned ready for the malefactor.

The Brehons themselves, in their tall caps and distinguishing raiment of six colors, and with their well-grounded knowledge of "erics" and "honor prices," were chiefly in demand in civil cases. They usually held court on some high hill or in the middle of a bridge. At the opening of a suit the judge had to receive his "ulliege," or fee, from both parties, thus ensuring his remuneration, ere he delivered judgment according to the letter of the ancient law.

"Quaint though the clamorous claim, and rude
The pleading that convey'd it,
Right conscience made the judgment good,
And loyal love obey'd it."

In time of war the persons and possessions of clergy, bards and Brehons were respected by the contending parties, who extended to them the rights of neutrality.

In course of time came the Anglo-Normans who established in Dublin and their other garrison towns the code of laws they had borrowed from the Franks and introduced into conquered England, laws which—albeit Anglo-Saxons had little or no part in framing them—are admitted to have been the foundations of what is known as the British Constitution. But the imported law, however meritorious, failed to take much root in Ireland. Its courtrooms, where the legal phraseology was Norman-French even down to the time of Cromwell, were used only by the foreign colony, which after a time fell away in large sections, adopting the native dress and customs of the country and with them the Brehon Laws.

Dublin was naturally the centre of English law and lawgivers in Ireland. The Superior Courts were held outside the city walls at Collet's Inn, and there, too, was the Exchequer, when, one day in 1348, the Clan O'Byrne made a raid, broke up the courts, set judges and lawyers flying, carried off the money chests of the Exchequer and set the building on fire. About the same time the powerful Bourkes of Connaught declared their independence, and thenceforth, for two hundred years, save where a Bristol colony dwelt in the walled city of Galway, the English king's writ failed to run west of the Shannon. It was a triumphant and profitable time for the Brehons.

In these times the monks from the various monasteries practised law in the English courts and probably out in the Irish country. From the canon to the civil law was but a step, and these ecclesiastical lawyers were skillful pleaders. They worked, nominally, free; but over the shoulder of each hung a long, narrow purse into which his client, if satisfied, might quietly drop some coin in payment for the legal service rendered. The attire of these lawyer monks was adopted by their lay colleagues and successors, and still, after the lapse of many centuries, an imitation of the same purse is worn by English and Irish barristers over the left shoulder of their black stuff gowns. But it is only an imitation one; the mouth of the purse is sewn up; the sagacious member of the bar prefers to receive his fee in hand rather than trust to the behind-back dubious liberality of his client.

So great was their appreciation of good judges and so great their abhorrence of bad ones that the Irish attached an almost supernatural importance and responsibility to the judicial function. They told queer stories about their judges, stories of a true Gælic flavor, representing Nature herself as outraged and convulsed at any display of rascality on the Bench. For instance, if a judge rendered an unjust sentence, the cows would abandon their natural instincts and drive away their calves, and the acorns would fall from all the oaks in that part of the country—considered a great calamity at a time when Ireland was waving with great forests and the acorn formed the staple food of swine

and other animals. Whenever the Judge Sean Macaighe ("old McCoy") delivered an unjust sentence his right cheek became covered with large blisters. Moran the Just was the inventor of a wonderful flexible chain or collar that, placed around the neck of a judge, would contract and threaten to choke him if his decision was not right. Alas for the later Irish Bench that few of its members had or have the sensitive cheek of Sean Macaighe! As for the Iodhain Morainn, or collar of Moran, it would, if modernly available, have caused many an Irish judge to grow, from strangulation, more purple than his robes of office.

It was at the close of the sixteenth century that the final fierce effort was made to force the English law on the Irish country. The western province got some idea of the new law in January, 1584, when a sessions court, a "bloody assize," was held in Galway, under the auspices of Sir Richard Bingham, of evil memory. Attorney-General Gerald Comerford prosecuted, and seventy persons, men and women, were given to the gallows, and a similar tragedy took place the following December. Comerford, a fighter as well as a lawyer, entered Mayo with a military force and took possession of a castle; but here he was besieged and captured by the redoubtable Blind Abbot, chief of the Bourkes, who, however, spared his enemy's malignant life.

After the extinction of the old Brehons (many of whose descendants adopted the present numerous surname, Judge) some of the Irish gentry began to study the English law and adopt it as a profession. Among these was the patriotic Sir Phelim O'Neill, who organized Ulster for the great insurrection of 1641. Through the able strategy of this lawyer-general several towns and fortresses were taken simultaneously. As humane as brave, he was active in preserving order and preventing and punishing outrages. His heroic defence of Charlemont is one of the grandest though least known incidents in Irish history: with a garrison of seven score men he defended the place for six weeks against a Cromwellian army numbering thousands, killing over five hundred of the enemy and only surrendering when his gallant band, with whom fought shoulder to shoulder the women of the place, was reduced to thirty, with ammunition almost run out. Ultimately betrayed and captured, he refused to buy his life with a lie, and was treated with tigerish cruelty. A candid and impartial Protestant trooper-settler, his contemporary, describes how, when brought a prisoner to Carrickfergus, Sir Phelim was courteously greeted by his admiring old opponent, the English Colonel Venables: "on which he called for a glass of wine and drank to Sir Phelemy, and made him drink the glass twice, and sent him to a chamber with a guard, and within two days sent him to Dublin on a little paced nag—where he was sentenced to be quartered. After which he was demanded, if King Charles the First gave them (the Irish) commission to raise that warr, which if he would avouch he should have his life. To which he made manly answer that the king was so far from giving them commission that he did not know of their rising. On which he was executed half alive (i.e., half hanged) and quartered; one of which (quarters) was sent to be put up in Lisnegarvy (now Lisburn), as a memorial of his

burning of that town at the beginning of the warr, in November, '41; another quarter set up in Dundalk, for taking that town then; another quarter in Drogheda, for besieging the same with forces the same winter; and the other quarter, and his head, in Dublin, as being the chief man contrived and plotted to take it on Friday night, the 23rd of October, '41, who was not there the same night but at Charlemont.

"He was," continues our trooper narrator, "a well-bred gentleman, three years at court, as free and generous as could be desired, and very complaisant; stout in his person; but, not being bred anything of a soldier, wanted the main art, that is, policy in warr, and good conduct (in military methods)."

Such was the first of the patriotic Irish lawyers under the imported code, such his heroic career and bloody doom. Save the above-quoted rugged soldier writer (whose manuscript, written about 1685, was first edited and published some years ago by the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S. J.) scarce any Irish historian has arisen to do justice to Sir Phelim's memory.

Contemporaries of Sir Phelim were two other Catholic lawyers, Patrick D'Arcy of Galway and his nephew, Geoffrey Browne (ancestor of the present Lord Oranmore, of Mayo, of "anti-Popery" proclivities), D'Arcy and Browne defended the interests of the western gentry when Charles I, through his deputy, "Black Tom" Wentworth, deprived them of their land titles—in reward for which act of plunder Chief Justice Lowther received a large bribe in gold and Attorney-General Hilton was raised to the Bench, in the ermine-blackening system of corruption since so familiar in Ireland. At the opening of the parliament of the Catholic Confederation at Kilkenny, in 1642, Patrick D'Arcy, "bare-headed, and seated on a stool, represented all, or some of the judges and masters of chancery, that used to sit in parliament upon the woolsack." Chancellor D'Arcy did not give unqualified satisfaction to his colleagues of the brawling, intriguing council, which mainly consisted of timid "Castle Cawtholics" driven to bay; one of them describes him as "a haltinge barrister, a perfidious member of his nation." Geoffrey Browne was one of the commissioners sent, in time of stress, to pawn Ireland to the Duke of Lorraine for considerations of arms and money. Later came the grim Puritan judges and parchmenteers of "Cromwell's slaughter-houses," as the Protector's courts were called, to rob the gentry and general people of life or land or both. Patrick D'Arcy lived to witness the Restoration, also to act as second in a proposed duel between Judges Alexander and Aston, two of Charles II's judges, who disputed as to precedence. Aston, showing the "white feather," declined the challenge and threatened to prosecute D'Arcy for bringing it. Thereupon the sturdy old Galweygian, now aged sixty-two, vowed, despite his years and his lameness, to horsewhip Aston, who fled to England and did not return till after the death of the bellicose old lawyer, who passed away in 1668 and was buried in Kilconnell abbey, Galway.

James II, of unfortunate memory, came in his hour of need to Ireland and sought to conciliate his Irish subjects and co-religionists by admitting them to Parliament and also by elevating some of them to the judicial

Bench. Sir Richard Nagle, an able lawyer, was made Speaker of King James' Irish Parliament—the last fairly representative one to meet in Ireland; he was from Carrigancurra, in Cork, where the remains of his paternal castle still overhang the Blackwater. The ancestors of the present Lord Dunsandle and Sir Henry Lynch-Blosse were made judges, and Gerald Dillon of Roscommon became Prime Sergeant, a title high in law. The latter, with John Brown, soldier and lawyer (ancestor of the present Lord Sligo), had chief part in drafting the Treaty of Limerick, guaranteeing Irish-Catholics some of their rights. The treaty was broken almost as soon as made; Catholic judges were hurled from off the Irish Bench, not to return thereto for about a century and a half, and then only on the abandonment of national feeling and principle.

A witty and worthy Catholic lawyer of the penal days was Sir Toby Butler, of Clare, who had been solicitor-general for Ireland under King James. A man of strong intellect and powerful eloquence, he, with two other eminent Catholic lawyers, Sir Stephen Rice and Richard Malone, championed the Catholic cause at the Bar of the Irish House of Commons—where now no longer could sit a Catholic member—against the infamous penal laws, but championed it in vain. Brilliant, social, convivial, he rode on horseback from assize town to assize town, followed by his clerk and valet, one bearing his circuit library, the other his wardrobe, his success and fame increasing at every stage. He was, in a large extent, the O'Connell of his time; his knowledge of the law and his powers of mordant repartee made him the terror of the shoneens whom intrigue and bigotry had raised to the judgment seat. Occasionally he was careless in attire, which once caused a judge of speckled character to twit him with the remark that the ruffles on his wrists looked rather soiled.

"Oh, yes, my lord," blandly retorted Sir Toby, "but my hands, as you may perceive, are clean"; and the suddenly mortified judge flushed as a roar of significant laughter rang through the crowded court.

Sir Toby owned some land which, being unable to directly hold it as a "Papist," this being contrary to the penal laws, he conveyed in trust to his friend, Philip Tisdal, a celebrated lawyer and a Protestant. But one John Brennan, getting wind of the arrangement, claimed the Papist's land, by right of the penal law, as a "discoverer," and got it, May 23, 1720. The earnings of his legal toil thus swept from him, Sir Toby sank under the cruel blow. He died on the 11th of March following and was buried in St. James' churchyard, Dublin, where a humble monument marks his grave. So passed away practically the last of the old Irish Catholic lawyers.

Under the gloom of the penal cloud Roman Catholics were not supposed to exist in Ireland; still less were they supposed to appear and plead in law courts, even though a cloud of greedy-beaked, red-tape legal vultures rended from them piecemeal most of their few remaining shreds of landed property. The complicated, harassing, voracious penal code was put in dire effect, as described by one who witnessed it, namely, Bishop John O'Connell, of Kerry, in his "Dirge of Ireland" (translated):

"And laws were framed to harrow and to vex,
Dire penal laws! their very name perplex—
Assizes, sessions, livery, college rents,
Wardships, exchequer courts and parliaments.

"Greenwax and capias, latitat, replevin,
Bailbonds, bills, fines, and wrongs that cry to heaven,
Provosts and portrieves, tipstaffs, sheriffs, manors,
With aught but justice written on their banners."

Corruption on the Bench, in the persons of Chief Justice Whitshed and some of his colleagues, was vigorously lashed by Dean Swift, to but little avail. Catholics could only practise law by swearing that they were Protestants; and this some of them did, though disbelieving their own oaths as strongly as did the Protestant primate, Boulter, who believed that a lawyer proselyte should prove his sincerity by five years' attendance at Protestant churches before being admitted a barrister. "We must be all undone here," wrote Primate Boulter to the English prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, "if the bar, as a profession, gets into the hands of the converts, where it is already got, and where it every day gets more and more." It looked as if St. Michael's adversary, he of fiery breath and barbed tail, was actually asserting his alleged patronship.

Among the 'verts was Barry Yelverton, who was afterwards made a judge and presided at several noted trials, including that of the noble Presbyterian patriot, William Orr, sentenced to death on the verdict of a drunken jury. Yelverton, who was created Lord Avonmore, was of poor antecedents. The lawyers used to chuckle over an alleged early conversation between him and his maternal parent.

"Mother, I wish I had eleven more shirts." "Why, my son?" "Because every gentleman should have at least a dozen."

Few were the Irish lawyers who took part in or even sincerely defended in their professional capacity the national movement of 1798. But these were as brilliant stars amid a black murk of treachery and tragedy. Wolfe Tone, B. L., traveled the Leinster circuit, but the quips and quibbles of the law, with the odious general personnel of Bench and Bar, ill-suited his disposition. He pretty soon, as he tells in his memoirs, became "sick and weary" of the business. "I continued, however, for form's sake, to go to the courts, and wear a foolish wig and gown, for a considerable time, and I went the circuit, I believe, in all, three times; but as I was, modestly speaking, one of the most ignorant barristers in the Four Courts, and as I took little or rather no pains to conceal my contempt and dislike of the profession, and especially as I had neither the means nor the inclination to treat messieurs the attorneys, and to make them drink (a sacrifice of their respectability which even the most liberal-minded of the profession are obliged to make), I made, as may well be supposed, no great exhibition at the Irish bar." One of the bravest and most self-sacrificing of men, Tone, selected the patriot's career and met his doom unflinchingly.

Tone was a member of the Law Club, founded in 1791; John Philpot Curran, "prior" of the St. Patrick's Society, or "Monks of the Screw," a select convivial coterie which was in its heyday from 1779 to 1785. At a time when it was almost treason to defend a United Irishman on trial for his life the "little brown man" was the

able and fearless advocate of Irish patriots in the dock. "You may assassinate, but you shall not intimidate me!" was his declaration to the savage military who crowded the courtroom, clanking their musket butts on the floor and pointing their bayonets at his breast. He it was who defended the Cork barristers, John and Henry Sheares, and McCann, and Oliver Bond, hounded to death by the English government through its willing instruments on the Irish Bench.

As for the other lawyers in general, they had, in 1798, to show their exuberant loyal zeal for suppressing their countrymen in arms for liberty, exchanged their black gowns for gleaming scarlet. The uniform of the redoubtable Lawyers' Corps consisted of a scarlet coat turned up with blue facings, yellow waistcoat, red stripe down the breeches, long boots and cocked hat. This uniform the doughty corps, which never faced an insurgent pike-charge or an onset by Humbert's bluecoats, wore even when practising in court. A member of the Lawyers' Corps was, through circumstances, Daniel O'Connell, then commencing the study and practice of law in Dublin.

McGuickin, attorney for the United Irishmen of Ulster, basely sold their secrets to the Crown; Samuel Turner, a barrister of Newry and false friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, proved a mercenary traitor. On the other hand, Thomas Addis Emmet faithfully and manfully defended his United Irish clients; to prove that their original oath was not seditious he solemnly took it in open court. He came to America, where he succeeded in his profession, and in New York a handsome monument commemorates him. The monument of his younger brother, Robert, done to death by sentence of the infamous Judge Norbury, still remains, in accordance with his own instructions, to be erected, and his epitaph written.

Duelling was common among the lawyers, as among other professions, and sometimes the result was fatal, as when Lawyer Fenton shot Barrister Hillas through the heart, and the details evoked from Justice Fletcher the declaration, when Mr. Fenton was brought to trial, that, although the law said plainly it was a case of wilful murder, a fairer duel, he vowed, he never heard of in the whole course of his life. An uncanny-looking being was this Justice Fletcher, with vulture eyes, red pimply nose and beetling eyebrows, his flowing judicial wig enhancing his ghoulish aspect on the Bench. Yet he was strangely vain of his personal appearance. He had a surly temper, but enjoyed the flashing arrow-like wit of the bar, particularly as none of the darts was directed at himself. "Cracked John" Kirwan, the court's interpreter, was his bête noir. John was privileged to lunch in the judge's chamber, and one day, when the judge went to lunch, he found nothing to eat, John's vigorous appetite having swept the table. Returning mad and hungry to court, Judge Fletcher was confronted by an Irish-speaking witness, who, looking at him wonderingly, exclaimed, "Dar mo chianseois, is an fear is granach dha chonnairch me ariamh," which caused a laugh to go around the court.

"What was that the witness said?" inquired the judge of the interpreter; but "Cracked John," probably grateful for his late generous luncheon, modestly replied, "Oh, my lord, I could not tell your lordship." The judge pressed the question, but John

strenuously protested that he could not tell even if St. Peter came down from heaven to ask him. The judge, enraged, vowed that he should tell, and called two constables. "And now, sir, to show you I cannot be trifled with, I am about to commit you to jail for contempt of court."

"Oh, if it comes to that," said John in alarm, "I'll tell it without scruple. He said, my lord—"

"Speak slowly, sir, as I must have it on my notes."

"He said, my lord, that, upon his conscience, you are the ugliest man that ever he saw."

And the judge, hungry and savage, laid down his pen and glared, by no means sympathizing in the sudden roar of mirth at his expense.

Another over-inquisitive judge, unacquainted with the Gælic, fared badly in like manner. The sartorial resorts of Irish judicial dignity, the white wig and crimson robe and ermine trimmings, do not solemnly impress a rustic with a Celtic eye for the ludicrous. It was this prisoner's first time in a law court, and when he was placed in the dock and looked at the judge he spoke to the interpreter in Irish and the interpreter answered him. The judge demanded what was the conversation. The interpreter, embarrassed, said it was of no importance whatever. The judge, insistent, enforced his question with a threat of imprisonment, whereupon the interpreter reluctantly replied:

"He asked me, your honor, 'Who is that ould divil of a woman sittin' up there in the red bedgown?' and I tould him, 'Shut up, you fool, that's the ould divil that's goin' to thry you for your life.'"

As a rule the Irish-speaking witness is disliked by the Castle-appointed jurists, who know about as little of the native language as they do of the ways and ideas of the people. It is not many months since the rather silly and blundering Judge Dane, who presides over the Mayo county court, refused to hear an Irish-speaking witness and superciliously ordered him off the stand—a proceeding which brought a Parliamentary storm round the ears of his honor, necessitating him to a forced plausible "explanation."

When the infamous Legislative Union of Ireland and England was first proposed the Irish Bar lined up well against it, the votes being—against, 166; for, 32. But this, from an Irish point of view, was the last patriotic rally of the Irish Bar. Several of its membres were bought over with money, place or peerage by Castlereagh. "Thank God I have a country to sell," was the memorable expression of one of them, namely, Harry Deane Grady, barrister, M. P. for Limerick, whose three fair daughters became Ladies Massareene, Muskerry and Roche. Corruption, dullness and incompetency were raised to the Bench, while merit and honesty were ignored. "Ah, Mayne, there you sit," said the witty barrister, Jerry Keller, to one of the typical Crown appointees; "your gravity raised you up there, and my levity kept me down here." Judge Mayne's gravity, however, had the salutary effect of putting a ban on duelling, while the witty Jerry, himself a Unionist, was rewarded with a good office. Sir Jonah Barrington gives a list of thirty-four barristers who supported the Union and were each and all duly rewarded by Castlereagh; eight of them were made high-court judges at $16,500 a year.

At length into the forensic arena

came prominently Daniel O'Connell, brilliant, fearless and aggressive, armed with rhetorical scimetar or club as the occasion might demand. Ablest Catholic lawyer and statesman of his time, no need here to sketch his remarkable career. Soon afterwards appeared in public life another Catholic barrister, Richard Lalor Shiel, eloquent and cynical, astutely combining "patriotism" and place-hunting. By favor of Government he was soon admitted to the inner Bar, being made K. C., or King's Counsellor, a decree which he was blamed for taking while O'Connell was vindictively excluded. "Make way for King's Counsel," was the sarcastic salutation of "Dan," when Shiel, in his silk gown, came shouldering through the crowd in the Four Courts. K. C.'s, by the way, wear silk; B. L.'s, or barristers-at-law, plain black stuff gowns; whence the defiant witty reply of Curran, when threatened with removal from the former grade for his zeal in defending the United Irishmen: "They may take the silk, but they must leave the stuff behind."

A contemporary patriotic orator, barrister and author was Charles Phillips, of Sligo. As a lawyer he was able and ingenious—once, as it happened, to his own personal discomfiture. At the Galway assizes, in 1817, he defended an aged, amorous, wealthy lady, the Widow Wilkins, from whom Lieutenant Blake, a young naval fortune-hunter, sought to obtain $25,000 for breach of promise of marriage. In his uniquely effective defence Counsellor Phillips hurled unmerciful shafts of ridicule at his own client, who, to make his barbs more stinging, had been in her heyday a very beautiful woman.

"How vainglorious," he thundered, "is the boast of beauty! How misapprehended have been the charms of youth, if years and wrinkles can thus despoil their conquests, and depopulate the navy of its prowess, and beguile the bar of its eloquence! How mistaken were all amatory poets, from Anacreon downwards, who preferred the bloom of the rose and the thrill of the nightingale to the saffron hide and the dulcet treble of sixty-five!" (Here, in confusion and rage, his client rose and left the court). "The reign of old women has commenced, and if Johanna Southcote converts England to her creed, why should not Ireland, less pious, perhaps, kneel before the shrine of the irresistible Widow Wilkins!" Then, turning on the plaintiff, he lashed him for "acceding to the atrocious combination by which age was to be betrayed and youth degraded, and the odious union of decrepitude and precocious avarice blasphemously consecrated by the solemnities of religion!"

The jury brought in a verdict for the Widow Wilkins, but the latter, not appreciating the forcible line of defence, met Phillips outside the courthouse and fiercely horsewhipped him until he sought safety in flight.

Sir Michael O'Loghlen, of Clare, able and upright, was the first Catholic to be raised to the Bench after the passing of the Emancipation Act. He was appointed to a judgeship, Master of the Rolls, in 1837. His statue, finely executed, stands in the hall of the Four Courts.

The last attempt to revive the duello in Ireland, at least among the legal fraternity, occurred in 1844, at the state trial of O'Connell and his colleagues, when the Hon. Thomas Berry

Cusack (facetiously known as "Alphabet") Smith, Attorney General for Ireland, flung across the table a "murderous challenge" to Gerald Fitzgibbon, counsel for one of the traversers.

When Lever wrote his well known "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," which originally appeared in serial form, he aroused the ire of a real Charles O'Malley, who had been a dragoon but was now a barrister. The latter wrote demanding that Lever change the hero's name before he published the book, but the demand was deemed preposterous. The ex-dragoon was mollified, however, at the description of the dashing cavalry officer, his namesake, and complacently endured being termed "the Irish Dragoon."

Prominent among the "Young Irelanders" were John Blake Dillon, B. L., gifted and popular, who, disguised as a priest, had to fly to America for his part in the attempted insurrection of 1848; Thomas MacNevin, B. L., a talented author; and Thomas Davis, B. L., the national poet, whose name to his countrymen is one of reverence. John Mitchel was a practising attorney in Banbridge till 1845, when he succeeded Thomas Davis, who died that year, as editor of the celebrated "Nation." Three years later Mitchel founded the daring "United Irishman," for the purpose of promoting "holy hatred of foreign domination," which of late, as he put it, had "worn a vile nisi prius gown, and sniveled somewhat in courts of law and on spouting platforms." For his writings he was tried and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. "Munster for ever!" said Sir Colman O'Loghlen, approvingly patting on the back the Crown lawyer who prosecuted. But Mitchel was convicted not by Jonathan Henn's eloquence but by the packed jury.

A lawyer poet of that period was John O'Hagan, best known as author of "Dear Land." Another was Samuel Ferguson, an excellent antiquarian and graceful poet, whose legal and literary merits remained, however, comparatively unrecognised by Government until he wrote an imperialistic, Kiplingish poem called "The Widow's Cloak," laudatory of Queen Victoria's army and navy; then he was knighted. Another was Michael J. Barry, author of "The Green Flag" and other fiery national songs, who, afterwards, changing his colors, was appointed police magistrate, and as such, in the Fenian years, is said to have jeeringly sent street-singers to jail for singing some of the songs he himself had written. To one of these he said, "I presume that your motto is 'the hat without the crown,' " in allusion to the Irish national emblem, the crownless harp.

Bench buffoons who exaggerated their natural brogue and cracked stage-Irishman jokes were many, from Chief Baron Standish O'Grady (afterward Lord Guillamore) to the present Lord Morris. The former, when the chatter grew too loud in the courthouse of Tralee, remarked to the high sheriff, who was unconcernedly reading a book, "Mr. Sheriff, if you allow this noise to continue you'll never be able to finish your novel." Again, when the jury acquitted an old offender, although the evidence against him was strong: "Then tell the jailer not to let him loose till I get half an hour's start of him, for I'd rather not meet him on the road." Michael, or as he chose to sign himself, "Mick" Mor-

ris, a Galway Catholic whose Toryism and native shrewdness raised him to the Bench and to the peerage, joked in much the same manner, and his large, flexible mouth gave him a ludicrous power of grimace. He is now retired from the Bench, but his son was returned member of Parliament for the Tory borough of Galway at the last general election.

Brilliant, eloquent, unscrupulous, William Keogh, B. L., came prominently into law and politics in the forties. The gold of a London Jew enabled him to become M. P. for Athlone. A prince of good fellows, with more than the "bluff" of a star American politician, he soon established himself in the confidence of the Irish people, and especially of the priests, as champion of the Catholic Church. In conjunction with that prince of Irish political tricksters, John Sadleir, and others of similar stripe, he formed the Irish parliamentary party derisively called by English newspapers "the Pope's Brass Band." Suspected of conspiring with the enemy, he publicly swore, "so help me God," that he would not support any minister or party that would not concede the measures demanded by Ireland. At election time he intimidated adverse voters with significant reference to "long nights and bloody blankets." After the general election of 1852, the leaders of the "Brass Band," at a time when the Irish vote was easily able to keep in or throw out any Government, basely sold themselves to the Whig Cabinet. Sadleir was made Lord of the Treasury and Keogh Irish Solicitor-General. The failure of queer financial speculations, including daring forgeries, drove Sadleir to a suicide's grave and burst his Tipperary Bank, causing ruin and misery to thousands; but at the very same time, October, 1856, his colleague Keogh was raised to the Bench as Judge of the Common Pleas. Nine years later the latter was fittingly chosen by the English Government to try the Fenian prisoners on a charge of treason felony, and his severity towards the brave fellows was such that O'Donovan Rossa denounced him from the dock as "a regular Norbury." Isaac Butt, afterwards leader of the Home Rule movement, ably defended the prisoners, but in vain; the vindictive sentence of the quondam "patriot" on the Bench sent some of them to prison for twenty years, others for life. Judge Keogh's end was dark and unhappy as that of his former colleague, Sadleir; his mind gave way and on September 30, 1878, he cut his throat, in Bingen on the Rhine.

The vicious system of jury-packing has been brought to a high science in Ireland by Crown lawyers anxious to obtain conviction in political and agrarian cases. The late eminent lawyer, Lord O'Hagan of Tullahoge, did much to check the evil by his measure of Jury Reform, for which his memory is held in high and deserved regard by the Irish people—as is also, especially on account of his splendid work in defence of Parnell at the Times' Commission trial, that of the late Lord Russell, of Killowen. Largely identified with jury-packing is a personage whose life-story to some extent resembles that of Judge Keogh. Barrister Peter O'Brien, stout and florid-faced, with yellow eyelashes and protruding under-lip, first ambitioned a political career and from the platform called impressively on the spirit of his illustrious sire to witness his de-

votion to the national cause of Ireland. Failing in this line he turned him to the law, and, obtaining some employment in Crown cases, he distinguished himself in the specialty of jury-packing. When a panel is called, the Crown has unlimited right to tell men, without any questioning or explanation, to stand by as not reliable to act as jurors, while the prisoner's right of challenge is limited and soon exhausted, so, the religion and political principles of every man on the panel having been ascertained by the spies and detectives of Dublin Castle, the knack of packing a jury is not so very difficult, after all. What was unique about Mr. O'Brien's performance was the spectacle of a Catholic ordering Catholics out of the jury box as not to be depended on to try Catholics. By it he earned the contempt of the Irish people, who dubbed him "Peter the Packer," but at the same time he gained the affectionate consideration of the English Government, which always appreciates devotion of this kind in Irishmen. Accordingly, he is now Lord O'Brien, Chief Justice of Ireland!

A visitor to Sligo courthouse in assize time may see jury-packing in full swing provided there be some case of political color—an editor on trial for denouncing a Crown official or a peasant for boycotting a landgrabber. As the panel is called and juryman after juryman appears on penalty of fine, a dapper, monocled member of the Bar keeps monotonously repeating "Stand by," while a robust, florid, clean-shaven man keeps prompting him whom to let in and whom to keep out.

"Hear the echo of that Right-destroying word—
'Stand aside!'
Hear and ponder on the insult when you've heard
'Stand aside!'
To your stock and to your seed,
To your country, to your creed;
'Tis anathema! — that spirit-slaying sword,
'Stand aside!'"

The dapper man with the eyeglass is Featherstonhaugh, Crown Prosecutor; the rosy, oleaginous man prompting him is Malachy Kelly, of Castlebar, Crown Solicitor for Mayo, a Catholic, but the most relentless jury-packer in Ireland, alert and zealous to keep his co-religionists out of the box when the authorities do not desire their presence there. Sligo is a favorite place for the trial of political offenders, the district having been thickly planted with Cromwellians, many of whose descendants make excellent material for Crown juries, they possessing all the hereditary virulence of the border Orangeman.

A hard blow was given to jury-packing only last February. Some time previously Messrs. Muffeny and Maguire, members of the United Irish League, were brought to Sligo and put on trial for boycotting. Out of a jury panel of 258 names, the majority of them Catholic, not a single Catholic was allowed on the jury. Ten true-blue Orangemen were placed in the box, and the unfortunate accused, duly found guilty, were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Mr. P. A. McHugh, M. P., ex-mayor of Sligo, criticized in his newspaper this atrocious mockery of justice, whereupon he was haled up to Dublin and tried for libel before the forementioned Lord Chief Justice. The latter, distinguished ex-packer that he was,

naturally charged for conviction, but, although the Crown had secured eleven out of the twelve, the jury disagreed, and Mr. McHugh returned in triumph to Sligo, where he was received with wild, torch-lighted, popular enthusiasm.

In the present Irish Parliamentary party there are several able lawyers, notably the leader, Mr. John E. Redmond, and Mr. Timothy Harrington, lord mayor of Dublin. Outside it stands another lawyer, "Tim" Healy, subduing his wrath in sphinxlike silence, and, still further outside, another, the honorable and elegant Arthur O'Connor. The latter, whose polished eloquence was heard some time ago in America, is an authority on financial matters, and he has recently made practical personal application of the study by accepting a well-paid position of judge on the English Bench. He is the first of the new Irish lawyer politicians to slip into the old, well-worn, infamous groove of place-hunting.

And there are others that will bear watching.

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## TO ERIN.

BY ROBERT COX STUMP.

Thou, sadder Greece and holier, still art fair,
Though dead the youth-dawn on thy cheek, and missed
Thy harp-strings' olden music; vainly list
The cliff-born echoes for each well-known air.
Madonna-like, thy griefs win unaware
Upon men's hearts. Thine, woe's supreme acquist—
The hope deferred, the mother-lips not kissed
By gladness evermore, and arms left bare.

Fraud sought to bribe thy firm fidelity,
Lust touched with hand profane, but found thee pure;
Force sieged thee, crying triumph;—yet endure
Thy salt tears' prayer, thy deep wrongs' memory,
Indelible as stars that dawn assure,
Calling on God from far futurity.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

# THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

BY REV. JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

A few years ago while making some cursory study of the historical paintings in the National Gallery at Versailles, the writer counted eight distinct canvasses representing the battle of Fontenoy. It is an admitted fact that the day at Fontenoy, so glorious to the armies of Louis XV, would have been a field of inglorious disaster, were it not for the pluck and genius of the Irish Brigade. Yet in all the eight paintings at Versailles there is no semblance of an Irish banner or symbol.

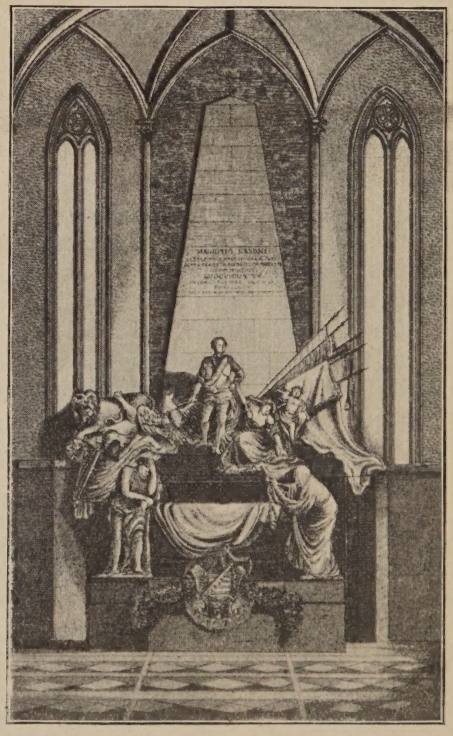
It must be confessed moreover that not even in the days contemporary with Fontenoy did the national vanity of the French permit due popular credit to be given their Celtic auxiliaries. In the biography of M. Emery, the famous Sulpician, who fenced in his time with Fouquier-Tinville and later on with the conqueror of Austerlitz, we read that when he was but a boy at the Jesuit college of Dijon, the young Emery was chosen to compose a poem of welcome to Count Lowendahl. The latter, descended by illegitimate alliance from the royal house of Denmark, had adopted Catholicism and risen to lustrous fame in the service of France. Just at that time he was everywhere hailed with such acclaim as was given later to the marshals of Napoleon. It was Lowendahl who at Fontenoy, in the crisis of impending defeat, seeing the best regiments of the kingdom broken to pieces by that reckless youth, the Duke of Cumberland, the twenty-two-year-old brother of King George, put spurs to his bay horse and, in the words of an English authority, "galloped off to let

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS II., KING OF POLAND.

loose the Irish." The exiles, five thousand men of splendid physique, marshalled under the leadership of Count Lally of Tollen-Daley, and with Lord Clare, Creagh, Dillon, and Bulkeley, heading each his regiment, swept on to the attack with an impetuosity which "saved the day." In Emery's poem much is said in commendation of the motley combatants. Belgians, Dutch, English, Bavarians, Austrians, and of course French, receive much praise: but the Irish, who really did the prodigies of that day's valor, are not so much as mentioned.

Voltaire in his "Precis du Regne de Louis XV" has written fine things of Fontenoy, but yet without giving the Irish troops that large measure of praise which we find English and German authorities so willing to bestow. Marshal Saxe in his official reports was fair and detailed in his praise of the Irish Brigade: so that the French historians, having complete access to those reports, are little to be excused for their reticence. Lord Charles Hay, who was the same valuable aid to the Duke of Cumberland that Lowendahl was to Saxe, has left a narrative which tells of the crack English regiments at this battle. The Coldstreams, the Welsh Fusileers, the Scots' Guards, the Orange Dragoons from the north of Ireland, and Lord Stair's Regiment (now called the Inniskillings) were in the line-up which met the Irish. The Black Watch too was there, fighting that day for the first time under the Union Jack, the pick of all Scotland among its Highland tartans.

Just what France and England were quarreling about in 1745, the year of Fontenoy, would be difficult to say. Five years before that, they had taken up arms over the question of Maria Theresa's claim to the throne and em-



MAUSOLEUM OF THE MARSHAL OF SAXONY.

pire of her father; but already that question of the Austrian succession had been settled by the death of the Bavarian pretender and the general recognition of the tactful empress. War, however, was popular just then in both nations. France, rich and strong, glowing moreover with the pride of her immense military renown, was eager to continue the traditions of victorious conquest inherited from the former reign. England, on the other hand, having everything to gain by war, just as she reasoned that her rival had everything to lose, saw clearly enough that it was to England's advantage to keep the coalition together and cause the frontiers of France to be menaced with continual invasion. "War continued," says Voltaire, "because it had begun." The fact was that English counsels dominated the

LOUIS XV.

Allies for the simple reason that England was footing all the bills; the armies of Holland, Hanover, and Austria, were in the pay of the English ministry.

The campaign of 1745 opened with France taking the offensive. The theatre of the operations was that little kingdom of Belgium which has been called the cock-pit of Europe. Siege was laid to Tournai, a city near the

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, STRASBURG, WHERE MARSHAL SAXE IS BURIED.

western border and then comprised in what was termed the Austrian Netherlands. Although conquered by Louis XIV in 1667 and fortified by Vauban, it had gone to the Austrians by the terms of the treaty of Utrecht signed in 1713; and ever since that event there had been something of a national demand for its recapture. Marshal Saxe, the brainiest soldier of his epoch, commanded the armies of the French; and to popularize the war still further, the King, who never lacked courage even when he lacked activity, set out to join the besiegers; and along with him went the young Prince, the Dauphin, just married to the Infanta of Spain.

The Allies woke up with a start when they learned that Saxe had invested Tournai. They were loitering just then in camp near Brussels, and they numbered 56,000 of the very finest kind of troops, with every corps complete, their commander being the Duke of Cumberland, a prince just then of the age at which the Great Condé had posted down from Paris and won Rocroy. No one may question Cumberland's impetuous bravery, although his tactical knowledge amounted to little. Just how many he was ranged against cannot be accurately stated. Frederick Dixon says that Saxe crossed the frontier

with an army of 76,000 and had 53,000 under his charge at Fontenoy; Sismondi, on the other hand, mentions that the French at Fontenoy were about 40,000; and Voltaire, who places the full strength at above 72,000, says that according to the "official" reports, 24,000 did not participate in the fight, doing merely guard duty, 18,000 men under the Marquis de Breze being left in the trenches around Tournai to prevent sorties by the garrison, and 6,000 on the south side of the Scheldt to protect the pontoon bridge in case of retreat. Dumortous places the number of French combatants at less than 50,000, and O'Callahan, the historian of the Irish regiments in the service of France, intimates that with this aggregate are to be added the 5,000 Irish Jacobites constituting the famous Brigade. We may hence conclude that in point of numbers both armies were pretty evenly matched, and that together they made up a total of about 100,000 soldiers. Austrian Catholics, Belfast Orangemen, Hanoverian Lutherans, Calvinists of Holland and Scotland, and Englishmen of high, low, and no church,—made up the Allies; at the head of the French forces was a staunch Protestant, Maurice of Saxony, commonly known as Marshal Saxe, a commander of great genius, but a man of unbounded profligacy. Saxe was the natural son of the king of Poland, his mother being a Swedish countess. On the day of Fontenoy he was so sick with dropsy that he was obliged to recline at full length upon a sort of a basket ambulance-carriage, and in this osier contrivance he was carried from one part of the field to another.

The Allies came on at so leisurely a pace that Saxe had ample opportunity to select his own fighting-ground and take every means of strengthening his position. He crossed to the north of the Scheldt five miles east of Tournai, forming his lines in wedge fashion, with the river constituting its base and Fontenoy village its apex. His right rested back on the river at the hamlet of Antoin and his left at the village of Ramecroix. From both of these points the ground sloped gently upward all the way along to the high ground at Fontenoy; the ridge all the way too was fortified with strong redoubts, and Antoin, the only point which could with any ease be rushed, was covered by batteries stationed across the river and dominating every approach to Antoin. On the other side of the triangle, from Ramecroix to Fontenoy, matters looked equally favorable. Ramecroix itself was defended in the rear by the river and its marshes and in front by the dense forest of Barri, which was flanked by strong redoubts and bristling with guns. A ravine separated the woodland from the elevated slope of Fontenoy; and upon the summit were massed the most choice regiments of France with one hundred and ten guns which swept all the roads and meadows below.

On the 10th of May the Allies met the French outposts a mile east of Fontenoy, and firing of a desultory nature began without further delay. Cumberland was for bringing on a general engagement at once, but the roads were in wretched plight and his artillery did not come up until evening. King Louis too was ready and waited all the afternoon on horseback. That night both armies bivouacked where they stood.

The daybreak was clear and balmy, typical of early May. At four o'clock in the morning, Louis was up in his saddle, despatching a messenger to arouse Marshal Saxe. In the ranks of the allies the bugles of the reveille had already sounded and columns of troops were debouching and deploying. The plan in view was to pierce both sides of the triangle which constituted the French position; the Dutch and Austrians were to attack

MARSHAL SAXE.

THE CONQUEROR OF FONTENOY.

from Fontenoy to Antoin, and the English and Hanoverians were to attack on the Ramecroix side, from Barri forest to Fontenoy. If these attempts turned out successfully, the French centre would be severed from both its wings, and might look in vain for retreat across the Scheldt. The plan was simple enough; but it must be seen at once that neither of these attempts could be made without encountering a tremendous cross-fire of artillery. Moreover the wood of Barri was strongly entrenched and bristled with guns, like a fortress. To try to get through in that neighborhood was like courting decimation.

The fighting soon commenced. The Dutch prince, Waldeck, attacked with two divisions. One of these met with such disaster at Antoin that its remnant galloped away in terror-stricken rout and did not halt until safe within a walled town, ten miles away. The other division, taking the Fontenoy end of the attack, behaved with more credit, but met with scarcely better success. Knowing that the English under Cumberland were attacking Fontenoy from the other side at the same time, the Waldeck division advanced up the slope, with sanguine hopes. When they were half-way up, the French opened fire and let them have it:—the Dutch were soon reeling back down hill in pell-mell disorder. On the English side, i.e., toward Ramecroix, the attack was also made in two divisions. Cumberland took the Fontenoy end of the operation and his lieutenant, Ingoldsby, was to attack farther down toward Ramecroix, with explicit orders to get into the Barri wood and clear it. After an hour's toying with the forest, Ingoldsby found it too tough a proposition, its every crevice fairly alive with sharp-shooters and its redoubts and abattis bristling with heavy guns. The brother of King George had better success. With plucky bull-dog tenacity he held right to his work, pushed his men steadily up-hill right against the French centre, actually piercing that centre and forcing the

French battalions rearward a hundred paces. Of the ravine which they had climbed, Saxe said: "It was filled in one moment with dead bodies; still they held on." As Ingoldsby and Waldeck had both been repulsed, Cumberland saw that he must at once get out of where he was, and nothing remained therefore but to order a retreat down the very slope which his men had climbed with much difficulty. This time the French fire was in their backs. During the morning another attack was made on the same plan as the first; but this attack showed that the Dutch had even less courage than before, and Ingoldsby, who was sent again to Barri wood, failed completely. For his failure he was afterward court-martialed and dismissed in disgrace as a coward from the army. In the words of a contemporary:—"He smelled too long at the medicine to care much about swallowing it."

Finding his Dutch auxiliaries too dispirited to attempt a third assault, young Cumberland swore that he would take his own Englishmen and go it alone. He determined to push in by the ravine between Barri wood and Fontenoy hill; this meant an avenue too rough for either cavalry or artillery, so the soldiers had to cut the traces and then, tying ropes to a number of the cannon, they hauled them clumsily along as best they could. They advanced in a solid mass, forty soldiers abreast. It was truly a case of "into the jaws of death." No matter: upward they trudged. The round shot came pounding into their faces and scooping out great gaps in their lines:—they closed up at once, pushing and straining, and drowning ever the noise of the cannon with their own wild soldier cheers. Many had perished on the way up, but the summit was reached at last, and the Englishmen, like one block of determined humanity, were there without having yet fired a shot. So sudden had been the operation that it seemed like an irruption of devils from the underworld. The French regiments off some distance on the ridges could scarce believe that these were the redcoats who had made their way right into the very heart of the French centre, and were beginning to slew around their guns for execution. The moment was one of panic and consternation, and the officers of the Gardes Francaises rushed to the head of their men, shouting to them to deploy and charge the cannon. It was to be a terrible duel and at shortest range. The Grenadiers of England, under Lord Charles Hay, had scaled the crest and were plunging madly to the line-up.

Voltaire tells us that the French officers, in their sky-blue coats and crimson tunics, all resplendent with silver-trimmings, doffed their high-plumed hats and bowed with courtly grace as the Grenadiers approached. The latter, following their leader, uncovered their own heads and swung their caps politely in return of the salutation. Lord Charles Hay then, bowing to the foe, uttered the words: "Gentlemen of the French Guard, be so kind as to fire." To this the Count d'Anteroche replied: "Gentlemen of England, it is not our custom to fire first. Please to do so, yourselves." There is another story, attributed to Hay himself, which declares that Hay said nothing of the kind, but that he merely turned with great coolness to his men and told them to thrash the

French, qualifying the latter moreover with a few expletives which would not sound well in a catechism-class. It is an assured fact, however, that as the English drew up into quick firing-line, a wag in the very first row shouted out: "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us duly thankful!"

Events follow with rapid succession on a battlefield. The English Grenadiers swept into the Gardes Francaises with a wicked rolling musketry which sent the latter scurrying with a loss of over four hundred; the Swiss Guards were routed next, leaving two hundred and eighty dead; the Battalion de Courten were next hurled back with a loss of three hundred. The French centre was thus splintered badly. The regiment d'Aubeterre, its commander mortally wounded, reeled back with the loss of over half its complement; the famous regiment called the Maison du Roi, the pride of France, was smashed to pieces in three fierce volleys. Saxe made a frantic effort to do something with his reserves. His cavalry charged fiercely, but only to shatter itself against a wall of bayonets. The Carabiniers lost twenty-seven officers alone; the Dragoons were almost annihilated; the Garde du Corps went galloping to the rear with four hundred and sixty empty saddles. The regiment of the Gendarmerie, having just arrived by a forced march from distant Douai, was ordered at once into action, and in fifteen minutes' time that same regiment was put out of action and went staggering to the rear with thinned and mangled ranks. Thirty-nine general officers fell in these rushes. Even the fine regiments, des Vaisseaux, Normandie, and de la Couronne, went down ingloriously.

Truly matters looked bad for France. Saxe, trembling for the very safety of the King, sent orders for Antoin to be evacuated, and he also directed the escort of His Majesty to cross to the south of the Scheldt. Louis refused to budge, saying that the end was not yet. Just about this time came a message from Lally of the Irish Brigade. All the morning long he and his men had been stationed on guard, or rather on reserve duty, in the rear of Barri wood. They were chafing with rage and impatience at the thought that while so many shattered battalions were reeling back helplessly, they themselves had not yet had the chance to get a crack at the English. Lally was furious lest the retreat should sound before his men got an opportunity to be of some active benefit. One of the Richelieu family, galloping near him, told him that every French battery was hors de combat, that the guns at the ridge, the only ones left, were run out of balls and were merely keeping up the pretence with blank cartridges. Lally then told him of a reserve battery of four guns, of which Saxe himself seems to have been totally unaware. The news was dashed on that moment to Saxe; and a few minutes later Lowendahl came tearing down on his mad horse with the message to bring on that battery at once and the Irish along with it. The exiles met that announcement with one united voice of enthusiastic cheering. "Remember Limerick," was the word that passed along from file to file as the regiments of Roth, Creagh, Dillon, Lord Clare, Berwick, Bulkeley, and Lally wheeled into marching order. "Remember Limerick and Saxon faith," was the cry which stirred the

hearts of those men just as "Remember the Maine" stirred the animosity of souls in our own day. O'Callaghan says that the men of the Brigade passed their shouts along in Gælic, but I find no other authority for that statement. Lally himself, although he spoke English with a good, rich brogue, was a born Parisian; and it is very doubtful if he even knew what was meant by the term "Sassenach."

It was Lally who shouted the words of harangue: "Forward against the foes of Ireland and France, and do not fire until you feel your bayonets in their bellies!" The regiments swung firmly into line, taking soon a double-quick pace. They rounded the wood and made straight on for the slope of Fontenoy; there at the top the English, formed in a rough square, were pouring out a nasty fire from three sides. The Irish kept on; "they led the attack with magnificent courage," said Saxe afterwards. It was an uphill job in the face of a rain of bullets. English accounts state that their soldiers at the summit could hear the Irish soldiers saying, "Steady--steady," to one another, as they pushed up through that path of death. Not a shot did they fire, for Lally's strict injunction to them had been to use the bayonet. In this way they cleared the hilltop and then in a moment dashed down upon the Britishers. The fighting became very fierce; Lord Clare was unsaddled by a bullet; Lally's face streamed with blood and grime; Roth, wounded on his horse, kept urging on his men; poor Dillon lay dying; and Creagh got a bullet which would have killed him only for the cross of St. Louis which he wore. This cross was hit with such violence that it became imbedded in the flesh of his bosom.

During a strange momentary lull, an English officer, springing into the open, raised a sword of challenge to Anthony MacDonough, who was dashing in at the head of Lord Clare's regiment. MacDonough, leaping from his horse, accommodated the Englishman at once, and thus, while the two men fought their combat, the battle itself had to wait. Suddenly MacDonough ran the Englishman through, and as the latter toppled over backwards, the Irish raised a tremendous cheer and hurled themselves upon the English like a thunderbolt. The sudden violence of the shock threw the British into the utmost disorder and as they began to recoil, the Irish, not taking time to fire, gave them the sabre, the bayonet, or the musket-butt,—whichever of the three was handy.

Matters were going now fairly well. The attack by the Irish had given the French time to re-form; and in the speed with which he did this work and then pushed the depleted regiments again into action, Saxe showed a positive genius. Unfortunately the first French cavalrymen who came up mistook the Irish Brigade for Englishmen, owing to the fact that the Irish wore scarlet coats like the common foe; a few of the Irish were thus through accident cut down by the carabiniers; but the cry of "Vive La France!" which the Irish raised soon put the others to rights before much harm was done. The rally of the French was perfect and as the regiments, one after another, came wheeling again into line, the drums of the English began to beat a retreat, and the redcoats drew slowly off, firing back ugly volleys as they went. Their ranks had been frightfully decimated; several of the regi-

ments had left half their men on the fatal hill; one company of the Grenadiers had only eleven soldiers surviving. The Scots Guards were almost wiped out.

That battlefield in western Belgium was immensely creditable to British pluck, even though it remains in the annals of England one of her most memorable defeats. As for the French, Fontenoy is an event to which they point ever with large national pride. Great became the joy throughout France at the news of that victory; and greater still when that triumph brought in its wake the speedy reduction of all the fortified cities and towns which Austria had possessed in the Lowlands. Everywhere at this period of his life the king was hailed as Louis the Well Beloved; and even if Carlyle scoffs at the title, no one who studies the epoch with any thoroughness will reproach the monarch with being at this particular part of his career undeserving of popular esteem. Louis was just thirty-five years of age when Fontenoy was fought, comely of figure, agreeable in manners and an easy master. "His handsome face is characterized by an expression of benevolent grandeur and gentle majesty," says an authority with no intention or thought of flattering. The short ascendency of Madame de Chateauroux had terminated in the melancholy death of that obnoxious favorite; there was therefore at this epoch no barrier between Louis and the affections of his people. Three years after Fontenoy, however, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was drawn up; and Louis XV, although he was well aware that the splendid conquests made by France enabled and entitled France to dictate her will to Europe, nevertheless, let everything slip away, to the general disgust of a proud and scandalized nation. The sinister influences which blur the later annals of his reign had already set in; and to the infamy of such left-hand counsels historians attribute the policy of fatuous nonchalance which Louis XV manifested in regard to the negotiations at Aix-la-Chapelle. The luxurious ennui of the sovereign was to bear its fruit of disaster in the upheaval of horrors which startled the subsequent generation.

Saxe survived the glorious triumph of Fontenoy but five years, his life shortened no doubt by dint of continued excesses. His mother, the beautiful Aurore von Koenigsmarck, that tall, wily coquette before whom Charles XII recoiled and who might therefore consider herself more redoubtable than an army, became something of a Protestant La Valliere in her old days; for she entered the Lutheran abbey of Quedlimbourg, became its favoring benefactor and, finally dying within its walls, was there laid to repose with all the honors of her faith. Although a Swede, she was decidedly of dark complexion, large brilliant black eyes and exuberant tresses of black hair. Marshal Saxe, her son was, on the contrary, of an extremely blonde complexion, though in the contour of his features he resembled his mother. Saxe had a fine clear skin, light soft hair, blue eyes of very kindly expression and a countenance which, often smiling, invited one by its aspect of apparent frankness. The picture presented in this issue is from a beautiful pastel by Latour. George Sand, a woman of conspicuous literary virtues and perhaps of these exclusively, was a great-

grand-daughter of Saxe, and hence her estimate of Latour's portrait of Saxe possesses interest for us in this place: "Il a une cuirasse éblouissante et la tete poudrée, une belle et bonne figure qui semble toujours dire: 'En avant, tambour battant, mèche allumée!' et ne pas se soucier d'aprendre le francais pour justifier son admission à l'Académie."

Marshal Saxe died in 1750. He lies buried at Strasburg in the Protestant church of St. Thomas. The tomb is situated in the choir just beyond the point which the main altar used to occupy in the days of the ancient faith. It represents an allegorical grouping in marble, and is very beautiful; the conducting verger informed me that the sculptor, Pigalle, spent twenty years elaborating it; and indeed the perfection of each detail is marvellously wrought. At the feet of a figure of Saxe are emblems which symbolize the powers vanquished by him during the wars of Flanders: the eagle of Austria, the lion of Holland, and the overturned leopard of England, are there discernible. Near the base of the mausoleum is displayed the great marshal's coat-of-arms; it is set round with garlands, into which, as the writer conjectured, a sprig of Erin's immortal green shamrock ought perhaps to be woven. The Latin inscription reads thus: Mauritio Saxoni, Curlandiæ et Semigalliæ Duci, summo regiorum exercituum Præfecto, semper victori, Ludovicus XV victoriarum auctor et ipse dux poni jussit. Obiit 30 Nov. anno 1750, ætatis 45. This we may render into intelligent English as follows: "To Maurice of Saxony, Duke of Courland and of Semigallia, and ever victorious general-in-chief of the royal armies, Louis XV, the author of his victories and himself commander, erected this monument. He died Nov. 30th, 1750, at the age of 45."

The history of poor Thomas Arthur Lally subsequent to Fontenoy is singularly pathetic. The brave leader seconded every reckless effort which the Jacobites made on behalf of Prince Charlie; and while the latter was leading on his men by the route of the Highlands, Lally prepared to divert the British by making a descent on the southern counties of England. A small force under commands from Lally had scarcely landed in Kent when the disastrous tidings came that Cumberland had defeated the Pretender at Culloden; so that there remained for Lally's men the sole purpose of regaining the Continent. Later on, Lally, during the Seven Years' War, participated in the ill-starred expedition to India as commander of the king's troops. Brilliant courage and heroic ardor accomplished several victories until the lack of support by the supine home-government resulted in the non-despatching of reinforcements. Reverses set in on the seas; and at length Lally with his decreasing ranks was cooped up helplessly in Pondicherry. There he held out for six weeks, in spite of famine and the most distressing want of money and every necessity. His work, his resistance, his gritty pluck, during that memorable siege are now praised as one of the most magnanimous displays of heroism that the world has ever seen. Yet in those days the clamor of public opinion would not halt for reason. Lally, released by England, went voluntarily to Paris to face his accusers. "I bring hither my head and my innocence,"

he said. Fifty years of splendid service in the regiments of the king, white hairs and a bosom of scars, did not save him from the scaffold. On the 9th of May, 1766, he was beheaded, his sole attendant being the parish priest of St. Louis en l'Ile. "It was a murder committed with the sword of justice," writes Voltaire; and Guizot with similar feeling says: "King Louis XV and his government had lost India; the rage and shame blindly excited amongst the nation by this disaster was visited upon the head of the unhappy general who had been last vanquished in defending the remnants of French power." A worthy son, Trophime, who was but fifteen years of age at the time of Lally's execution, obtained the legal rehabilitation of his father's memory in 1780; and this son, known in history as Lally-Tollendal, became one of the most prominent figures in the Constituent Assembly of 1789 and carried himself with loftiest honor during the momentous period of the Revolution.

The Irish soldiers of Fontenoy bequeathed to their beloved France names which became so many synonyms for honor and worth and fidelity. The Lallys and the Dillons have ever since figured with the highest nobility of the nation. We find more than one Dillon raised to the dignity of an archbishop; another Dillon, who was married to a cousin of the future Empress Josephine, fought in America with Lafayette, and later, during the Reign of Terror in 1794, when he was commander-in-chief of the French Army of the North, perished on the guillotine. Again we find another Irish descendant, Clarke, selected by Napoleon as his Minister of War and given the title of Duke of Feltre. We find a Guillaume Meagher occupying one of the most prominent posts in the East Indian troubles; later still, in the early days of the now spent century we find an Abbé Maccarthy, famous as a courted preacher of such extraordinary merit that an eminent authority, Monsieur Icard, for many years the taciturn superior of the seminary of St. Sulpice, declared him to be head and shoulders above Lacordaire; we find a Macdonald, of Highland ancestry, but of Irish Brigade schooling, "the type of French honor," as Bourienne calls him, created a Marshal of France by the great Emperor upon the battlefield at Wagram. "The general opinion was," continues the secretary of Napoleon, "that the elevation of Macdonald added less to the Marshal's military reputation than it redounded to the honor of the Emperor." Just half a century after Wagram we find a MacMahon winning the battle of Magenta, receiving in recompense the honor of a dukedom, and destined later on to fill the highest magistracy in the gift of the French Republic.

The poet's sad utterance: "Le proscrit est un mort sans tombeau" seems thus to meet contradiction in the fate and character of this race of wanderers; for the Irish exiles, coalescing with the main body of French citizenship, became animated with all the spirit of their adopted soil and found themselves less alien in a generous grateful France than every they had been in Ireland itself. Poor hapless Erin! though burdened with injustices which cry even yet to the blue vault of heaven; though borne down by sorrows which have gathered around her like a familiar robe; though schooled in harsh distresses ever since the base, untold cruelties of that English

Robespierre, who is called Cromwell: despite all this, she yet maintains within her care a reservoir of earnest, upright souls; to this very hour also the procession of her exiles continues, and every out-going steamer from the cove of Queenstown brings to far lands its "Kelly and Burke and Shea." Through all her misfortunes Erin has nevertheless kept the faith of simple, rugged virtues; honesty, probity, purity, fidelity, devotion,—are the lessons she has taught her sons; and these, as we all know so well, are the things which weigh in the development of strong character, making of those who possess them good men during the years of peace and rendering them heroes upon the field of conflict.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

Students in colleges, normal schools, and universities, will welcome the new edition of "Psychology," by Rev. Michael Maher, S.J. This new book is not only guaranteed as to the soundness of its principles by the character and position of the author; but approved for its ability, its scholarliness, its accuracy and its up-to-dateness by a tribunal so eminent and so severely critical as the Examiners for the Doctorate of Literature of the London University.

A most satisfactory feature of the report of the Examiners is the altogether unusual fulness and liberality of praise accorded Father Maher. As a general rule the reports of the London University Examiners are always most laconic, practically confining themselves in such cases to the statement that the candidate "has qualified," or "attained sufficient marks." The following is convincing proof of the Examiners' appreciation of Father Maher's scholarly work.

Copy of Minute of the Senate, December 19th, 1900.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

D.'LIT. EXAMINATION, 1900.

MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE.

The Examiners report to the Senate that one Candidate presented himself at this Examination, and that he has passed namely:—Maher, Michael, Stonyhurst College.

The Examiners further report that Mr. Maher submitted as thesis, a work entitled "Psychology, Empirical and National," and that in consideration of the special excellence of this thesis they recommend that the degree of Doctor of Literature be conferred upon him without further examination.

The Examiners further report:

"The Thesis is undoubtedly sufficient without any further examination. The work offered, though primarily intended as a Manual, has many other claims to recognition. The writer is a good psychologist and a philosophical thinker of independent judgment. He claims that his work is a contribution to learning in the first instance, and the claim is made good. The references to scholastic writers make the work an addition of value to current English literature on the subject. The point of view adopted is that of neoscholasticism, but besides the learning exhibited in maintaining this position the work shows a very sufficient acquaintance with the other literature of the subject. The criticisms prove the author to be a man of acute power of mind, both in his special subject of psychology and in the larger questions of Epistemology and Metaphysics which the plan of the work includes.

S. ALEXANDER,
G. F. STOUT,
Examiners.

November 22d, 1900.

When it is borne in mind that the present board of examiners include Hegelians such as Dr. Stout, the Editor of Mind, and chief professor of Psychology at Oxford; and Professor Alexander of Manchester, Victoria University; and that the London University throughout its past history has been practically identified with the empirical sensationalist school of Mill, Bain and Sully; and when it is further recalled that Father Maher

throughout this volume devotes the most energetic criticism to the works of all these writers, it will be seen that the worth of such an authoritative and responsible pronouncement in favor of this book by a Catholic Philosopher is not easily exaggerated.

The success of the work in its new form, had, however, been foreshadowed by the popularity of the first edition even in unexpected quarters. A witness as unsuspect of partiality as the English Methodist Times, in reviewing the new edition, for which it declares that "it has nothing but praises," expresses its satisfaction "that the very first institution to adopt this work as a text-book was a Protestant theological college in the South of England. The book speedily found favor among the Presbyterian students in Ireland and was included in the programme of the Royal University there as a regular text book in the early nineties. Later on it was adopted by the State universities of Calcutta and Bombay and by other institutions. Meantime it had evoked a unanimous chorus of praise from Catholic reviews and professors on both sides of the Atlantic.

The fourth edition is, as we have said, virtually a new work, for with the exception of a few chapters at the beginning, it is entirely re-written; and by means of the very liberal use of small type it contains almost thrice the quantity of matter of the earlier editions. Indeed, as has been remarked by several of the Reviews, taking into account its bulk of 640 closely printed pages, its admirable anatomical illustrations, and its excellent paper, at its present published price of $1.75, it is by far the cheapest philosophical text-book for sale—a feature which considering the limited circulation and consequent high price of this class of works is specially deserving of commendation in a Catholic manual.

The particular excellence of Father Maher's handling of Scholastic Psychology singled out by nearly all the reviews is its "actuality." He clearly is of the opinion that the truest and best philosophy ought not to remain in the condition of an esoteric body of doctrine dealing mainly with mediæval heresies to be studied by our ecclesiastical only in the Latin tongue and to be ignored by all the world besides. St. Thomas and the great schoolmen of the thirteenth century faced the questions of their own day, appealed to the best intellects of their time and resolutely handled their difficulties in a language and phraseology then understood by all educated men. They criticised the philosophies of pagan Greeks and Arabian infidels because those were the systems of thought that stirred men's minds. They expurgated and refuted Aristotle and Plato, Averrhols and Doicenna; but they also adopted and assimilated the grains of golden truth which each of these had in his measure discovered. Father Maher evidently believes that the aim and the method of the Catholic philosopher of the twentieth century should be the same. Whilst thoroughly loyal to the old teaching, he seemingly has felt the urgent need of something more being done than had yet been accomplished to bring that teaching into contact with modern thought and to make it really meet the necessities of our time. The old principles must be got to bear not merely on the obsolete questions of the the schools, but on the living problems of the present hour; and the answers must be delivered in the language and phraseology of modern thought, if the philosophy of the Church is ever to have influence on the educated world of the future. Translations of Latin manuals or handbooks employ what seems to the English reader a semi-barbarous terminology, created by the mere anglicizing of debased Latin terms will not appeal with much force to the cultured mind, or at all events to those in most need of a sound philosophy. The fact that the English language is the richest the world has yet seen, and the most flexible in its capacity for the expression of the various shades of human thought, has long been a weighty objection to the assertion that a true system of philosophy cannot be expounded in it with reasonable accuracy. And the view that the only method by which the American or English student could become possessed of a sound philosophy was first to learn the Latin language, and then laboriously to master the extremely difficult terminology and nomenclature of the scholastic idiom was becoming more and more difficult to maintain every day.

Herein lies the special value of Father Maher's work. It contains an accurate presentation of the essentials of the scholastic psychology expressed with a clearness and precision of thought that has gained praise from all quarters; and in a language and phraseology intelligible to every educated English reader. The student of modern philosophy will

find himself able without the labors of an apprenticeship in scholastic terminology to obtain a clear grasp of the old teaching. On the other hand the scholastic student who reads this work will find the doctrines, which he has hitherto formulated to himself only in Latin phrases—perhaps but obscurely understood—rendered here in their precise modern equivalents. But the rendering of the old teaching in modern dress is but a small portion of the work. "My desire," the author tells us in the "Preface" has been not merely to expound, but to expand the old system; not merely to defend its assured truths, but to test its principles, to develop them, to apply them to the solution of modern problems and to re-interpret its generalizations in the light of the most recent researches"; and he claims on good grounds to have shown "that not a little of what is supposed to be new has been anticipated, and that most of what is true can be easily assimilated by the old system."

When we turn to examine in detail the new edition of the work, the chief features that strike the reader are the increased space devoted to all the modern topics. The physiological conditions of mental life and the functions of the brain are dealt with at great length, and the results of the most recent researches of Flechsig and other leading authorities are given with criticisms that should prove very helpful to the student. Several well executed and useful illustrations of the brain and nervous system are introduced. The sections dealing with psychophysics and psychometry are enlarged. All the chapters subsequent to the ninth are re-written and considerably lengthened. The treatment of the problem of Free-will is much more complete than in the earlier editions, and the present chapter on immortality is quite three times as long. The new supplementary essay on "Hypnotism" and the treatment of "alterations of personality" are of especial interest at the present time.

Particularly useful to the American will be the exhaustive criticisms of the theories of James and Hoffding, whose works are so widely read throughout the States. Indeed, the lion's share of the new criticism in this last edition is devoted to recent American psychological literature, and the names of Ladd, Baldwin, Dewey and James quite rival those of Hamilton, Bain, Spencer, Sully and the older English phychologists in the frequency of their occurrence.

There is one class of students, however, who will derive particular help from the new edition of Father Maher's book—those interested in the application of psychology to education. Father Maher's position as Examiner for the Diploma in Teaching in the Royal University of Ireland seems to have impressed on him the need which Catholic students at Normal schools and training colleges have of a sound and detailed treatment of those psychological topics which are most intimately connected with the Theory of Education. At all events, the large quantity of new matter dealing with Apperception, Attention, Memory, and the Development of volitional and intellectual faculties will be of the utmost service to the student of scientific pedagogy; and the list of sections of special interest to the educationalist given in the preface will be of great convenience to the teacher studying psychology with a special view to its bearing on his own profession. For, unfortunately, our most popular handbooks of psychological pedagogy are at the present day based on very unsound and unwholesome philosophies.

The success of Father Maher's Psychology is, however, also at least in part due to the interest with which it appeals, and the ease with which its reasoning on some of the chief problems of philosophy is followed by the general reader. For the author explicitly rejects the view adopted in most of our recent text-books that psychology as a science is no part of philosophy. He thus states his position, with a touch of scorn not altogether undeserved by some of the English and American manuals." There is at least one phase of current psychological literature to which my opposition is in no way diminished—the prevalent view that the science of psychology and the philosophy of the human mind can be shut up in water-tight compartments and rendered completely independent of one another. Indeed, the now customary vehement protestations of psychologists that their works are innocent of all philosophical beliefs—if not also devoid of all metaphysical foundations—and the austere gravity with which they are wont to apologize whenever they make mention of the soul, or allude to such irrelevant matters as the possibility of a future life, the origin of the human mind, or its connection with the body, have often appeared to me liable to give rise to the suspicion that the sense of humor is incompatible with psychological eminence.

For it is now taken for granted by the most distinguished of these writers, that of all human beings, the student of psychology feels least interested in the questions as to whether he has a soul, or what is to become of it; and that of all branches of human knowledge the science of the mind has less to say on such a topic. In fact, to trespass in such alien matters is universally assumed to be the gravest of professional delinquencies." (Preface, p. VII.) The rational instinct which ever impels man to seek after the metaphysical explanation of things cannot be suppressed or extinguished, as long as human nature exists, and however much positivist or phenomenalist psychologists may exhort their readers to banish the idea of a soul or a future life from their minds, as idle and hopeless questions, mankind will in every successive generation come back to seek an answer to these eternal problems, and it is only the writer who candidly and honestly faces them that will really speak to the human soul.

Longmans, Green & Co. New York. $1.75.

Rev. Thomas E. Cox, whose "Biblical Treasury" won such generous praise as a work of great usefulness, has recently published a series of Lenten lectures on the True Church, its marks and attributes. Writing under the title, "The Pillar and Ground of the Truth," Father Cox treats of the Existence, the Unity, the Holiness, the Catholicity, the Apostolicity, the Infallibility, and the Indefectibility of the Church. The scriptural quotations which are conspicuously abundant have all been verified, and the references placed at the end of each chapter. This book will be a valuable addition to Church and parochial libraries.

Dwelling on the mission of such a work as this, Very Rev. Charles Grannan, S. T. D., Dean of the Divinity School, Catholic University of America, calls attention to the great need of presenting to each new generation of Christians these notes of the True Church, "For a clear idea of what the Church is, and of her claims on the conscience of Christians, is a matter of fundamental importance in every course of religious instruction to Catholics, and especially to converts." Continuing, he says:

"Father Cox has evidently studied his theme so thoroughly as to have acquired a strong grasp on it in all its bearings. He is thus able to separate the essential from the accidental, to omit or to subordinate the latter, and to present the former in bold outline. He is also master of a style admirably adapted to the purpose of exposition. In the beginning of every lecture, by means of definition, obverse iteration, and other devices familiar to the skillful expositor, he clears the ground for the subsequent discussion of the topics in detail. The real question at issue is thus made to stand out alone and in bold relief on the mental horizon, stripped of all such accessory details as would draw away the attention of the reader from the main point under consideration. His purpose seems to be not only that the reader may, but that he must, understand what is said."

J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago. $1.00.

In the "Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell," it is related that on one occasion, when Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., was giving a retreat to the Sisters, he asked Sister Veronica, a native of Kinsale, if she knew Sister Mary Baptist and she replied, "Father, I do indeed, and I could write a book about her." Whereupon Father Russell said, "Well, I may one day write a book about her." A delightful collection of reminiscences, letters, and anecdotes, recently given to the public in book form is the fulfilment of this partial promise made thirty years ago. There is a peculiar charm in the opening chapter which discloses to the reader the happy, wholesome life in Killowen, and introduces one by one the gifted members of the household. Seafield, the old-fashioned, comfortable house, with its compact little territory of sixteen acres, lying in the shelter of a short range of the Mourne Mountains, and looking over the Lough, stands out clearly to our view as with rare skill in words the author, Rev. Matthew Russell. S. J., recalls the scene: the wing for the new inmates, the pleasant porch, the graveled sweep in front "so carefully raked every Saturday evening," the band of handsome children zealously guarded by Miss Margaret O'Connell, "a lady of great worth and ability," and the homely little chapel where the pure, strong faith of Irish Catholics was demonstrated by the weekly gathering at the Communion rail.

No wonder that the California Sister of Mercy looked back at this time with wistful affection, frequently referring to it in home letters full of tender en-

quiries. The temptation to linger with these happy reminiscences is great, but to dwell upon them at length would be to deprive the reader of the fuller pleasure of hearing them recalled by a member of the happy family at Seafield. It is fortunate indeed that "the little boy in the blue frock" had such a retentive memory.

One of the letters from Sister Mary Baptist, dated September 21, 1883, contains a most interesting account of Lord Charles Russell's visit to California, a visit of which we learn more from the passages transcribed from his diary. It is creditable to the heart of the eminent jurist that despite the many diverting scenes and experiences of this tour in a strange country he was concerned with the disappointment of the beloved sister that a certain promise had not been kept. "Although they have been promised to her," he writes, "Kate (Sister Mary Baptist) has not received the photos of Margaret, Lily, May and Bertie. This should be seen to. I am sure also she would like photos of little Willie and Alice." His impressions of the country and its people, and the reception accorded him are the subject matter of several entertaining pages.

It would be impossible to attempt here even limited review of the work accomplished by Mother Mary Russell, of the influence of her character, and the deeds of love for the poor and afflicted that marked the ministry of this pioneer Sister of Mercy in California.

Apostleship of Prayer, New York.

The Divinity of Jesus Christ, An Argument, translated from the French of Mgr. Emile Bougaud, by C. L. Currie, embraces the author's statement of his argument, its premises and its conclusions, and is presented to English readers in the hope that it will be received as a valuable contribution to the literature on the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Abbe Bougaud believed that those who outwardly are the most bitter opponents of Christianity are in their hearts desirous to find it, and that much of their antagonism was due to ignorance of the truth. He therefore devoted his talent to their enlightenment, and his great work bears witness to his zeal for souls "that they may have the knowledge of that love whose charm I have tasted."

The publication of the translation of the argument on the Divinity of Jesus Christ is well timed. Though only a fragment of his great work, it is replete with convincing proofs that must influence the mind of the unbeliever. It should be widely circulated.

Wm. H. Young & Co., New York. $1.00.

Success and a wide field to "Truth," the new Catholic quarterly published in Boston. As befits its name it speaks out frankly and freely, announcing its mission, disclosing its hopes, and appealing for the support that we earnestly trust it will receive. Judging by the numbers issued, it certainly deserves to prosper. Its literary excellence is guaranteed by the fact that Rev. Francis A. Cunningham is in the editorial chair, and those who have followed with deep interest and much profit his work in DONAHOE'S and other Catholic publications will join with us in wishing him a cordial "God-speed" in this new field of labor.

The spirit in which "Truth" enters on its mission is manifested in these words: "In taking up the defence of Catholic interests both in the country at large and especially in our own state, we would not wish to appear antagonistic to any good work which is being done anywhere. One cannot help but recognize the spirit of large liberality with which our non-Catholic neighbors meet us, and we are grateful for it. Yet, we believe that their co-operation and generous concern would go even farther if they but understood more clearly what the Catholic people mean, and how the good done to us cannot help but rebound to the advantage of the State."

Price, 15c a single number. 50c per year.

A remarkable book in many ways is "The Wizard's Knot," by Rev. Wm. Barry, D.D. Weird as its title, this story lacks no element of a blood-curdling character. Renmore is an ideal habitation for ghosts, and if the reader does not feel their presence it certainly is not the fault of the author. Note this instance of Dr. Barry's skill in producing shivers and creepy sensations.

"As they reached the stair-head, a gust more impetuous than before dashed the open doors together. They could see nothing. Next minute the doors swung back; a dim, solid outline, as of some figure interposing, hid the fire from them. 'God's life! what's that?' cried O'Sullivan."

O'Sullivan is an unusual type. For that matter all the characters are unusual. For instance, in what other story

of Irish life, high or low, will you find two faithless wives? Or in what recital of the fortunes of Irish peasantry will you find a priest taking so minor a part? There is a Father Falvey, it is true, but he is brought in chiefly to perform the marriage ceremony at the death bed of Sir Philip, who sustained mortal injury in a duel, and in his last moments requests Joan to sing him "The Brow of Nefin." Joan, with a deeper sense of propriety asks him, "Aren't you sorry for all the sin committed?' and he nods assent. But his thoughts are evidently on the song and listening to it "Philip saw no more of this world." It is an uncanny scene to take place in an even nominally Catholic household. But it prepares one for the gruesome happening in the next chapter, the suicide of Lady Liscarroll. "A sad misadventure," says Dr. Driscol, and he volunteers the information, "Some women always carry laudanum with them." A strange bit of knowledge for an Irish doctor to have gleaned in his practice.

"The Wizard's Knot" will be much read, and it must be admitted that having brought his audience to the threshhold of Renmore, Dr. Barry never for one moment loses his influence over them till the end is reached.

So adroit is he that when there is danger of overtaxing one's credulity he diverts the attention by inimitable nature sketches, such as that descriptive of a day in May. It is in such sketching that he is at his best; it is never over-colored nor exaggerated, two faults that seriously mar other parts of his work.

The critics say it is a great book. And perhaps it is. But the average Catholic reader will pause now and again to ask himself if it is possible that a Catholic priest produced it with its elements of dishonored hearths, ruined lives and pagan deaths.

The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

In a preface dated from "The Sparrow's Perch under the Eaves," on the first day of the twentieth century, Mary Catherine Crowley defines the purpose of her novel, "A Daughter of New France." It is restful in those days of "historic novels" to discover one with a higher motive than the mere amusement of the reader. Grave seigneurs and haughty dames have been ruthlessly haled from their graves to take part in vaudeville performances. They have become the puppets of the modern novelist, and many are the indignities inflicted upon them as essentials of the formula of the historic story. We are very familiar with the impossible situations, magnificent accessories of costume, and scenic effects worked out on a properly extensive background; even "albeit" and "an it pleasure you" have an every-day sound, and sword play no longer disconcerts us. The historic novel has ceased to be a serious achievement.

But the writer with definite purpose, constructive skill, and a nice understanding of the value of dramatic material drawn from the archives of history can always command her audience, and this Miss Crowley does most effectively in her latest work. Of a surety it will endure by right of its own merit.

From the treasure houses of Canadian history the writer has drawn the material for her narrative, which sketches the society of the city of Champlain at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Cadillac, the brilliant Gascon chevalier, who laid the foundations of Detroit; the loyal Therese; Normand, the dreamer; Barbe, the beautiful maiden; the brave Frontenac, the devoted Recollects, and the host of minor characters,—voyageurs, coureurs de bois, soldiers and seigneurs, and the women who loved them and shared their fortunes—afford rare studies for a clever pen, and the present writer has proved herself equal to the task of worthily depicting them. The scenes are well planned, the grouping admirable, and the action sufficiently rapid to carry the reader on with pleasurable anticipation of what the next chapter will disclose. "A Daughter of New France" is indeed a book to be commended to readers, young and old, and will make a school premium that will not only be prized as a mark of merit, but also for its worth.

It will be read from cover to cover in the pleasant effort to follow the wanderings of the chevalier who had so much of triumph, of gratified ambition; and so much of the bitterness of loss of honors, fortune, power. It is truly a charming story.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass. $1.50.

A color scheme of restful tones of green, shamrocks scattered on a lighter ground, and a thread of gold encircling the title and author's name, is in itself an inducement to pick up the dainty vol-

ume recording "Penelope's Irish Experiences" as narrated by Kate Douglas Wiggin. To have followed Penelope through Scotland and England, as was our privilege, was to be prepared in part for the charm of this third book of travel notes. But even with this preparation one experiences a genuine thrill of surprise at the sympathetic touch, the alert sense of humor—so Celtic in itself—and the delicate appreciation of traits of Irish character revealed in the work of a New England writer. Here and there is a delightful bit of sarcasm that occasionally becomes keen-edged, as when Penelope describes her fellow travelers on the coach, —the Protestant clergyman beguiling his time "by observations for a volume to be called The Relations between Priests and Pauperism"; and the portly Londoner, he of "the comparative type" whose dislike of things Irish is so great "that he minds getting wet the more because he hates Irish whiskey." While praising the "circular tour" the chaperon of the party is moved to wonder why "while educating the minds of millions it should have ruined their manners, unless indeed they had none when they were at home." This is a happy solution of the problem.

Yielding to varying moods as readily as the Irish climate lends itself to smiles and tears, Penelope draws us on, league after league, across the country, and in at many a cabin door where blind Timsey, lame Dan, omadhaun Pat, Mida's loving mother, and many another typical character, banish all thoughts of incompatible tourists and fill the mind instead with tender little pictures of home love, constancy, devotion to duty, and unaffected piety. Now and again there is a bit of portraiture in lighter vein, but it is so cleverly done, and with such goodnature, that we condone the artist's flippancy—as well as spasmodic lapses into faulty brogue. Yes, even bits of patent romancing as that depicting Dublin sobbing with loyalty and love for the Queen are forgiven. They are infrequent blemishes.

Many are the acquaintances made on this leisurely jaunt, entertaining folks from all walks of life, and each one stamped with an individuality to be found only in Ireland. Witness Biddy Tuke, "that pleasant figure," so content with her little share of life's blessings and so proud of the good sons, "four to carry her and one to walk after" when she shall be borne out through the low doorway; and there's Phelim O'Rourke, and the Bocca, and Mr. Shamrock, who can silence the clergyman, and the light-hearted Barney with the mellow voice and store of legends; his irresistible chuckle is a joy to remember; and Jamsey Flannigan, who saw the fairies, and the railway porter who put his head in at the half door to ask, "Is there any one there for here?"

There's no worrying about trains for these travelers. "If you don't catch one you'll catch another," says the philosophic Mr. Brodigan, untroubled even by an engagement with "the man at the other end of the line." "There's always something to amuse you in the town," he says. "If it's your own business you're coming on he knows you'll find him; and if it's his business, then begorra, let him find you." This philosophy is a trifle difficult for Americans to accept, but it must mean longer life and more contented minds.

"I seem to have known all these people before," says Penelope, and so will many of her readers say, as all troop out to the music of a wedding march—a wedding that is to be—and Himself patiently waits until Herself in a burst of emotion speaks her words of farewell. Such pretty words!

"Good-by Silk of the Kine! calling the friendly spot by one of the endearing names given her by her lovers in the sad old days. Good-by, Little Black Rose, growing on the stern Atlantic shore! Good-by Rose of the World, with your jewels of emerald and amethyst, the green of your fields, and the misty purple of your hills! Good-by, Shan Van Vocht, Poor Little Old Woman! We are going back, Himself and I, to the Ollean Ur, as you used to call our new island,—going back to the hurly-burly of affairs, to prosperity and opportunity; but we shall not forget the lovely Lady of Sorrows looking out to the west with the pain of a thousand years in her ever youthful eyes. Good-by, my Dark Rosaleen, good-by."

Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass. $1.25.

"A Popular Manual of the Grand Jubilee," by Rev. Joseph Jackman, C.SS.R. It is not a mere compilation of prayers, but an abridged treatise full of doctrine, treating of the nature of the Jubilee, explaining the prescribed conditions, answering in a solid and clear manner all the queries and doubts concerning it. It also presents the people with a choice selection of prayers suitable to this holy time.

P. J. Kennedy, New York. Single copy, 5cents; $2.50 per 100.

# QUESTION BOX.

I. What is the difference between the gospel on Palm Sunday and on other Sundays?

II. How is it that the holy sacrifice of the Mass cannot be offered on Good Friday.

III. How is it that the organ plays but a part of the Mass on Holy Thursday?

IV. Is chicken meat, and can the same be eaten by Catholics on Friday.

V. What are the compulsory rules laid down by the church governing Catholics as to sending their children to parochial schools instead of public schools?

VI. As we "believe in the communion of saints," can Mass be offered up for any *one* person?

VII. How is it that so many priests are so fond of accumulating wealth, and that many of them are not considered (among their own flock) as trustworthy as many of the lay men?

A. I. There are four Evangelists, or writers of the Gospel, or good tidings from our Lord Jesus Christ. According to the writer, we have the Gospel named, the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, or St. John. For each Sunday of the year, and in fact for every day in the year, the church has selected a portion of these writings of the Evangelists to be read during the Mass. The selection is from the Gospel, the selection is called the Gospel, and the portion of the Mass wherein it is read is called the Gospel of the Mass. On Sundays the Gospel is read aloud and in English to the people, as it is read or sung in Latin during the Mass. Generally, the selection read as the Gospel in the Mass is very short, a parable, a lesson in doctrine, a miracle, some one or two incidents in our Lord's life. On Palm Sunday is read the account of our Lord's Passion as written by St. Matthew; on Tuesday of Holy Week, as written by St. Mark; on Wednesday, as written by St. Luke; and on Good Friday, as written by St. John; Naturally, the full account of the passion, death and burial of Jesus is long by comparison with the short Gospels of the other Sundays and other days. Yet the portion selected as the Gospel itself on each of the four days when the Passion is read is of about the same length as on other days. The priest pauses in the reading of the Passion, when near its close, and reads or sings as on any other day the portion marked for the Gospel of the day or feast.

II. The question supposes that Mass cannot be offered on Good Friday. This is supposing too much. Mass could be offered if the church so wished, but the church does not offer Mass on that day. The Mass has about it something of joy and consolation, even in commemorating the passion and death of Christ. Even all Nature mourned on the Friday when Jesus died, and Good Friday is of all days, the one day of intense and absorbing sorrow. Again, on Good Friday, we are called to contemplate the real death of Jesus Christ, and the church has not considered it fitting to represent His death in mystical manner on that day. So she has no consecration or change of bread and wine on Good Friday into the Body and Blood of Christ. The day before, at the Mass, the priest consecrates two Hosts, one of which He received in Holy Communion, while he placed the other in the repository for the adoration of the people on Holy Thursday. On Good Friday this Sacred Host is brought to the altar. After some prayers and rites such as are used on other days at Mass, the priest receives this Host consecrated the day before. After this, his Holy Communion, he leaves the altar. From the fact that the Host was consecrated on Holy Thursday to be reserved and taken by the priest in Holy Communion on Good Friday, the prayers and ceremonies at the altar on Good Friday are called the Mass of the Presanctified. This evidently is not a Mass at all.

III. During Holy Week, the church is occupied solely with the sufferings of Christ, and she reserves even her natural joy at the institution of the Blessed Eucharist for another time. So, as soon as the Gloria has been said by the priest in the Mass of Holy Thursday, the organ is silent, and the bells cease ringing. These have regard to gladness, and will again be heard on Holy Saturday, when the church is all gladsome in the glory of the Resurrection.

IV. Chicken is certainly meat. To eat it on Friday is to violate the law of the Church.

V. Portia bids the Jew be merciful.

Shylock: On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Portia:

The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

The "compulsion" of the church is not compulsion. Hers is the quality of mercy, blessing the one who sends the child to the Catholic school, and blessing the child that is sent. The parent has the right over the child, this right belongs to the father and the mother, not to the state. The church forbids the parent to abdicate or surrender his right over his own child. The parent has the duty of providing for the child in his whole nature, physical, mental, moral, in and for his whole life, here and hereafter, for the child has an immortal soul, and his life only begins on this earth: it never ends. No provision is made in the public schools for the moral nature of the child. This is a hard statement, but perfectly true. It has behind it the authority of vast numbers of thinking men and women of our own times. It has the frightful lessons of godless education to establish it. No religion; no morality. No Catholic can accept the absurdity of morality without religion. A great statesman, an extraordinary man, once the whole nation honored him, though many now seek to forget him, George Washington, was not afraid to assert this self-evident truth; morality without religion is impossible. No religion in the public schools, no authority to teach morality, no sanction on which to inculcate it. A teacher may teach good, but so long as he does not teach moral badness, he may offer all kinds of falsehoods, theories, absurdities, any and all things shocking and hurtful to Catholic faith and Catholic truth. If parents realized the dangers encountered by their children, they would use their own compulsion, or their own pride, and save the little ones from dangers, positive and negative. The negative dangers are no less cruel and harmful than the positive. The child will die in the air that has no life elements, as he will in a poisonous atmosphere. The parent must somewhere provide for the moral life of the child. The public school cannot do this, the Sunday school, one short, distracted, noisy hour in each 168 hours cannot do it, and in a vast majority of cases, the homes either cannot or will not do it. There is the compulsion of conscience that the heart, the soul of the child must be kept in the life of faith and morality; there is the compulsion of being prepared for the Judgment of Him who shall ask of the parent, not of the State, an account of stewardship over the child's immortal soul. This is the compulsion of the church, the placing before the parents the stern and undeniable truth, that they, with a right and a duty that they cannot shirk, and cannot escape, and cannot transfer, must, first and last, provide for *all* the child needs. Where the Catholic school exists, the parents act but in simplest wisdom to profit by such a great help in their duty. Failing to use such a help, and failing to do for the souls of their children, great is the evil they bring on themselves and on their children. Yet so easily all might have been of blessing.

VI. Because of the communion of saints, all the faithful on earth share in all the prayers, Masses, and good works offered by the church. But all do not necessarily share alike. To consider particularly the holy sacrifice of the Mass: the priest who offers has a special benefit, the server of the Mass and all the people who are present share in the fruits of the sacrifice. And while the sacrifice itself in its merits does not depend upon the devotion of those present, depending solely upon Jesus Christ Himself, the Priest and Victim, the fruits of the sacrifice come to the people according to their prayers and desires. And outside of those present, the Church in a general way is praying through the priest who is saying the Mass, for all her children throughout all the world. And so all have some share by the intention of the church and by her petition in all the Masses she offers. In addition to all these, the priest may say the Mass for a special intention, for one or more special persons. This does not deprive any of the others who are joined in the communion of saints of their benefits in the holy sacrifice. The Heart of Jesus is too great and generous that He should be obliged to take from some to give to others. But the person or persons for whom the Mass is offered receives not only the same benefits as do the other

members of the church, as do those present at the oblation, but in addition, very special favors and fruits of the Great Action.

VII. There were twelve Apostles. One of them, Judas, loved money. There is no evidence that the eleven others ever cared for it, but every proof to the contrary, every proof that they never kept, or hoarded, money. Among the priests today, if the true state of their personal finances were known, there would not be found even one in twelve accumulating wealth. And, certainly, if the proportion does not fall below that of the Apostles, there is little ground for surprise or legitimate blame. Very few priests have really the wish to become wealthy: very few, right in our land, for instance, have the opportunity. Where here and there one man dies, leaving a sum of money, insignificant perhaps when compared with the wealth of the world's rich men, but considerable the people say for a priest, comment and scandal follow. Judas is mentioned and talked about, while all the zeal, disinterestedness and sacrifice of the other Apostles go unobserved. Where one of our priests may have money, ninety-nine others in the length and breadth of the land have not so much ever coming their way as an ordinary tradesman, physician and lawyer. The very great number of the priests are not accumulating wealth, and have no desire for wealth. Too frequently the people say the priest wants money, when they know he is appealing not for himself, but for the necessary support of church, school and religious and charitable works. And of the priests who may have something over and above of their personal income, how many give with a willing heart back to the people in various ways of religion and charity. These are not the things spoken of, because our Lord tells us that even our left hand should not know what the right does in that way. But these things are, and their fruit is manifold.

Human nature is ever fault-finding and ready to criticise. Even the most worthy priest will have his critics. And those who carp and blame will greatly magnify a business error, a lack of shrewdness in business matters. The critics in most cases would like to show how affairs should be managed. Well, we are not to expect perfection. And the imperfect ones who grumble too easily, sometimes with cause, need not become entirely excited, if all the priests of their acquaintance are not trained in finance and the ways of business. If successful in money matters, the priest is blamed by some; if unsuccessful, he is blamed by others. Meanwhile, if he devotes his life to save souls, God will help him even through his errors, and bless the people through his zeal.

If the correspondent who signs himself "A Lutheran Communicant and reader of Donahoe's Magazine," will send his name and address to this department, the editor will be pleased to refer to his letter either by private correspondence, or through the Question Box.

Q. Was St. Rita an Augustinian nun, and does such an order exist in the United States?

A. Yes, to the first part of the question; no, to the second. There are very few communities of these nuns anywhere, even in Italy.

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## SKETCH OF THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

Few people who are not well informed concerning the history of cycling are familiar with the story of the Columbia bicycle. It was in 1877 that Colonel Albert A. Pope, who had for some years been devoting a part of his time to the exploitation of new inventions, became thoroughly interested in the commercial possibilities of the bicycle, then manufactured only in England. John Harrington, an English cycle maker, and one of Colonel Pope's friends, happened to be visiting in this country, and in conversation with the Colonel learned of his belief that bicycles could be manufactured profitably on this side of the water. He volunteered to supervise the construction of an experimental model, which was made. The total cost of this machine was $388, and on it Colonel Pope learned to ride. It weighed about 75 pounds. Mr. Harrington returned to England in the fall of 1877 with a commission to send over a few bicycles for the Colonel to sell. The results attending the handling of this small importation confirmed the Colonel's belief that bicycles were thoroughly practical machines with a positive future, and he de-

cided at once to manufacture them, using the model already referred to as a pattern. A number of changes were made in the model and some of the best points of the latest English made machines were incorporated in it.

Colonel Pope decided to build fifty machines and began looking about for a manufacturer. Upon the recommendation of an attorney whom he had consulted regarding patents, he placed the order with the Weed Sewing Machine Company of Hartford, Conn., in the spring of 1878. The Weed Company accepted the order rather reluctantly, as some of the directors believed that the bicycle would never amount to anything more than an expensive toy for which there could be only a limited sale, and that as the first order would probably be the last, it would hardly pay to make arrangements for fulfilling the contract. Colonel Pope, however, had great faith in his idea and ultimately succeeded in bringing the majority of the directors to favor his scheme.

Before the first contract was completed the Weed people encountered a good many unlooked for structural difficulties, and for a time the views of the opposing directors seemed to be thoroughly substantiated. But the order was finally completed to the satisfaction of Colonel Pope.

The name "Columbia" was applied from the start to bicycles manufactured for the Pope Manufacturing Company. Realizing the importance of selecting a good name, the Colonel one day had a list made of the names which had been submitted by various people at his request. When the list was completed he had it read over to him aloud, and as the name "Columbia" was pronounced, he decided at once that it was the name for the new bicycle.

The Pope Manufacturing Company had been organized in 1877, and the American bicycle industry first began with the manufacture of the Columbia by the Weed company for the Pope company. Colonel Pope tells in an interesting way of the trouble that was experienced by the Weed company in making almost every part of the machines included in the first order. The forging of the head was found to be a very difficult thing to accomplish as it was the largest sized forging that at that time had ever been attempted in this country. First off, the finishing die broke on the eleventh stroke, and it was only after much experimenting and repeated trials that the heads were finally made. How to get rims for the wheels of proper shape to hold the round rubber tires presented another complex problem. There were no facilities for rolling the rims, and it was impossible, of course, to procure them all made. Finally, a lot of angle iron was found which was readily worked into the form required, except that the groove for receiving the tires was V-shaped instead of round. Naturally, trouble was experienced in procuring a cement tenacious enough to hold the round tires to the flat sides of the rims, but it was found at last, and it is a matter of history that riders of the first Columbias had comparatively little trouble from their tires loosening, although this difficulty had been experienced with almost every English bicycle previously brought into this country.

The original Columbia saddle was of sheet iron cut from a die and covered with leather stitched down. The handbars and cranks were of a tough grade of Norway iron and were a distinct improvement upon the English product, which had already won a reputation for brittleness. The tires were made of Para rubber by a New Haven firm, and with the exception of the tires, every part of the machine, even to the nipples and screws, was made in Hartford. The first Columbias weighed about 60 pounds each and at that were lighter than many of the wheels imported from England.

Colonel Pope thinks that probably fifty people learned to ride on each of the fifty old high bicycles turned out under that first contract. Considering the amount of punishment they had to stand, they stood up marvelously. Some of them were still running when the safety type came in about 1888. The first fifty sold readily and further contracts were placed with the Weed company, which was soon devoting a good deal of space to the requirements of the Pope Manufacturing Company.

During 1878 the Pope Manufacturing Company established salesrooms and a bicycle riding school in Boston, and issued its first regular trade catalogue, a book of twenty pages. A year later an agency system and uniform price system were effected, and within another year two new models were added to the list of its machines. In 1882 a branch house was established at New York, and the English makers had begun to find the company a formidable competitor. About that time Thomas Stevens rode around the world on an Expert Columbia,

Columbias had made new track records, and the name of the machine and its manufacturers had become very widely known. In 1884 a branch house was established in Chicago, and the business of the company widely extended. The output of bicycles at the Weed factory increased annually until 1890 when the Pope company absorbed the Weed company and assumed full control of the plant.

In 1891, rapidly increasing business made a great enlargement of the factory necessary, and large additions were made to the force of employees. In 1894 the handsome office building was erected, and the following year all the interests of the Pope Manufacturing Company were concentrated at Hartford. In 1896 further additions to the bicycle plant were made and new buildings were again added in 1898.

In 1899, control of the Columbia factories was assumed by the American Bicycle Company.

The making of Columbia bicycles has now been carried on for nearly twenty-five years, and the approach of the quarter century mark has been signalled by new and gratifying successes. The production of the Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless in 1897 marked a new era in the history of the factories, and the more recent achievements of this machine on road and track have established beyond question the superiority of bevel gears as compared with the chain for power transmission. The production of the Columbia Coaster Brake has also had a marked effect upon cycling, greatly increasing its advantages to the rider, especially in the direction of safety. In 1900 the chainless and chain Columbias in competition with all other American bicycles earned for the Columbia Factories the Grank Prix (highest award) at the Paris Exposition.

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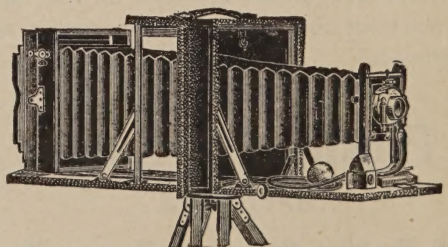

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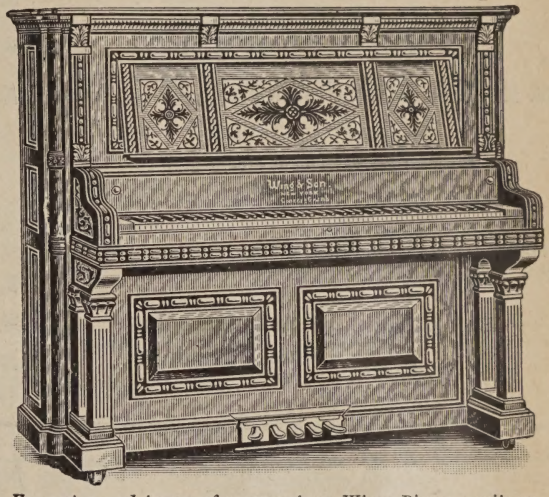

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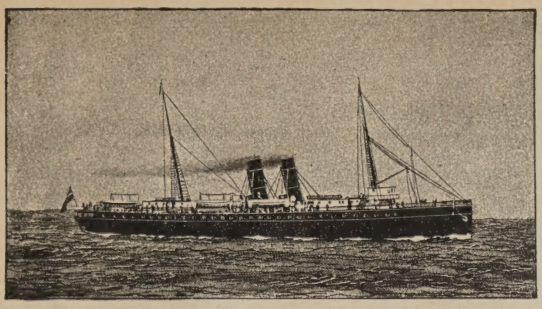

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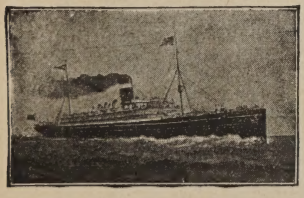

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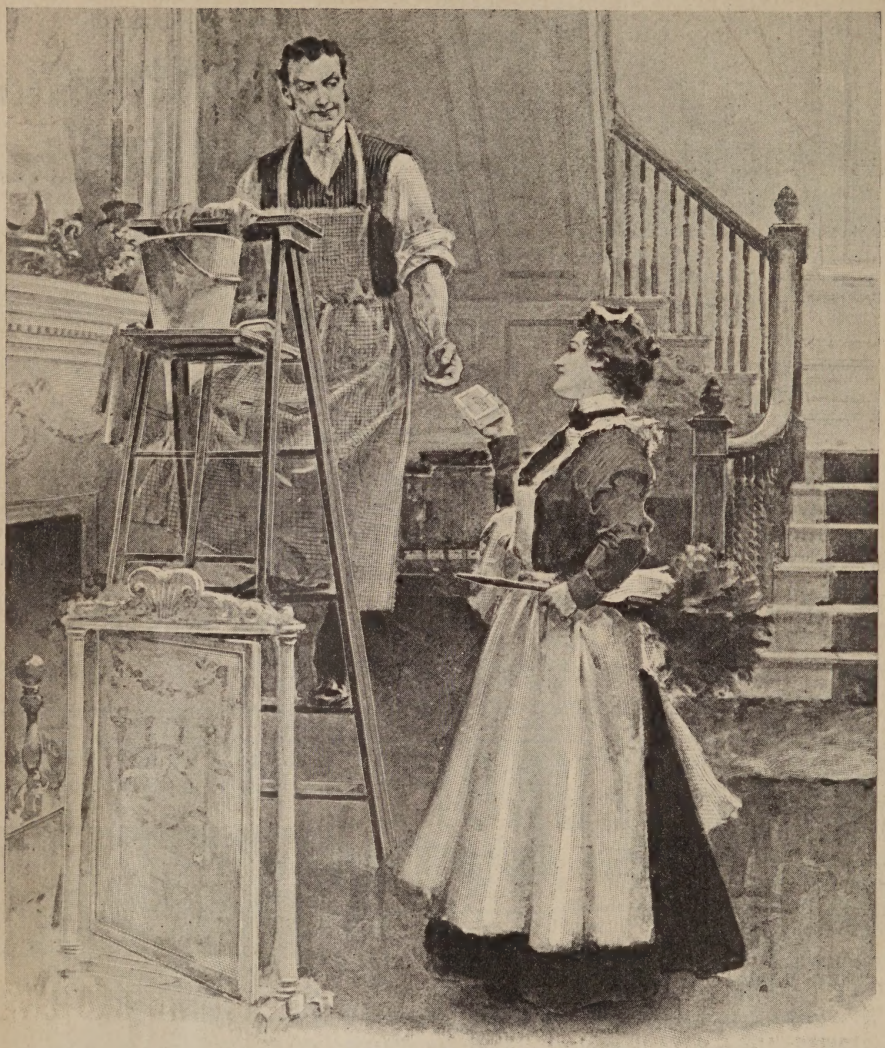

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